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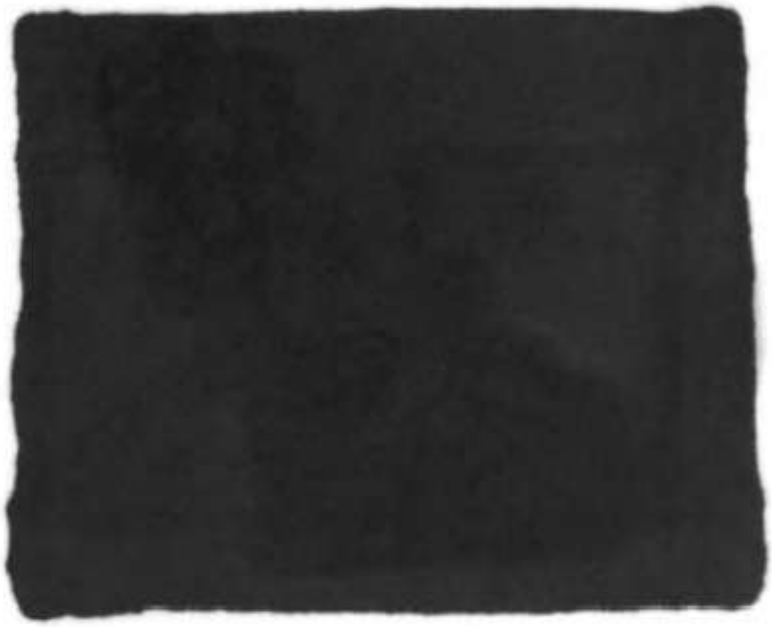

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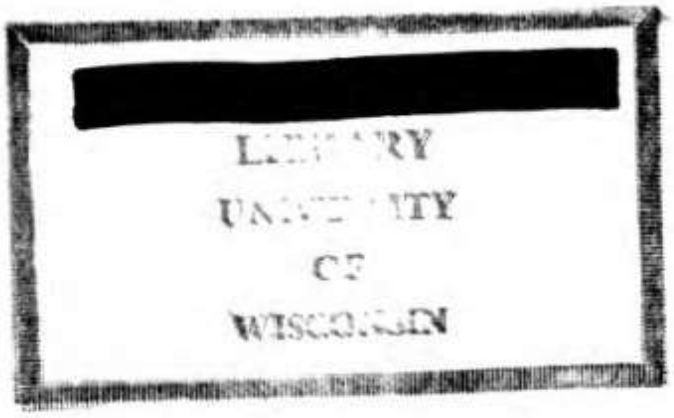

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THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

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HISTORY

OF THE

UNITED NETHERLANDS

FROM THE DEATH OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

TO THE TWELVE YEARS' TRUCE

BY

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., LL.D.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, ETC.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. II

1584-89

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

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FIVE great rivers hold the Netherland territory in their coils. Three are but slightly separated—the Yssel, Waal, and ancient Rhine, while the Scheldt and Meuse are spread more widely asunder. Along each of these streams were various fortified cities, the possession of which, in those days, when modern fortification was in its infancy, implied the control of the surrounding country. The lower part of all the rivers, where they mingled with the sea and became wide estuaries, belonged to the Republic, for the coasts and the ocean were in the hands of the Hollanders and English. Above, the various strong places were alternately in the hands of the Spaniards and of the patriots.

Thus Antwerp, with the other Scheldt cities, had fallen into Parma's power, but Flushing, which controlled them all, was

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held by Philip Sidney for the Queen and States. On the Meuse, Maastricht and Roermond were Spanish, but Venloo, Grave, Meghem, and other towns, held for the commonwealth. On the Waal, the town of Nymegen had, through the dexterity of Martin Schenk, been recently transferred to the royalists, while the rest of that river's course was true to the republic. The Rhine, strictly so called, from its entrance into Netherland, belonged to the rebels. Upon its elder branch, the Yssel, Zutphen was in Parma's hands, while, a little below, Deventer had been recently and adroitly saved by Leicester and Count Meurs from falling into the same dangerous grasp.

Thus the triple Rhine, after it had crossed the German frontier, belonged mainly, although not exclusively, to the States. But on the edge of the Batavian territory, the ancient river, just before dividing itself into its three branches, flowed through a debateable country which was even more desolate and forlorn, if possible, than the land of the obedient Provinces.[1]

This unfortunate district was the archi-episcopal electorate of Cologne. The city of Cologne itself, Neusz, and Rheinberg, on the river, Werll and other places in Westphalia and the whole country around, were endangered, invaded, ravaged, and the inhabitants plundered, murdered, and subjected to every imaginable outrage, by rival bands of highwaymen, enlisted in the support of the two rival bishops—beggars, outcasts, but high-born and learned churchmen both—who disputed the electorate.

At the commencement of the year a portion of the bishopric was still in the control of the deposed protestant elector Gebhard Truchsess, assisted of course by the English and the States. The city of Cologne was held by the Catholic elector, Ernest of Bavaria, bishop of Liege ; but Neusz and Rheinberg were in the hands of the Dutch republic.

The military operations of the year were, accordingly, along the Meuse, where the main object of Parma was to

[1] Meteren, xiii. 235ᵛᵒ.

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wrest Grave from the Netherlands; along the Waal, where, on the other hand, the patriots wished to recover Nymegen; on the Yssel, where they desired to obtain the possession of Zutphen; and in the Cologne electorate, where the Spaniards meant, if possible, to transfer Neusz and Rheinberg from Truchsess to Elector Ernest. To clear the course of these streams, and especially to set free that debateable portion of the river-territory which hemmed him in from neutral Germany, and cut off the supplies from his starving troops, was the immediate design of Alexander Farnese.

Nothing could be more desolate than the condition of the electorate. Ever since Gebhard Truchsess had renounced the communion of the Catholic Church for the love of Agnes Mansfeld, and so gained a wife and lost his principality, he had been a dependant upon the impoverished Nassaus, or a supplicant for alms to the thrifty Elizabeth. The Queen was frequently implored by Leicester, without much effect, to send the ex-elector a few hundred pounds to keep him from starving, as "he had not one groat to live upon,"[1] and, a little later, he was employed as a go-between, and almost a spy, by the Earl, in his quarrels with the patrician party rapidly forming against him in the States.

At Godesberg—the romantic ruins of which stronghold the traveller still regards with interest, placed as it is in the midst of that enchanting region where Drachenfels looks down on the crumbling tower of Roland and the convent of Nonnenwerth—the unfortunate Gebhard had sustained a conclusive defeat. A small, melancholy man, accomplished, religious, learned, "very poor but very wise," comely, but of mean stature, altogether an unlucky and forlorn individual,[2]

[1] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 378.

[2] "When I spake of the Elector here," said Leicester, "I assure you he is a very wise gentleman; and if it were possible to set him in his place again, these countries were soon at quiet. . . . . He is exceeding poor, and great pity. Believe me, my Lord, he is worthy to be esteemed. He doth greatly love and honour her Majesty. I would to God your Lordship could but procure her Majesty to bestow 500 or 600 pound on him for a token. I have received more comfort and good advice of him than of any man here. He is very virtuous, and very sound in religion; very grave, and a comely person, but of a mean stature. His adversary doth all he can to put the King of Spain into his territories, yea,

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he was not, after all, in very much inferior plight to that in which his rival, the Bavarian bishop, had found himself. Prince Ernest, archbishop of Liege and Cologne, a hanger-on of his brother, who sought to shake him off, and a stipendiary of Philip, who was a worse paymaster than Elizabeth, had a sorry life of it, notwithstanding his nominal possession of the see. He was forced to go, disguised and in secret, to the Prince of Parma at Brussels,[1] to ask for assistance, and to mention, with lacrymose vehemence, that both his brother and himself had determined to renounce the episcopate, unless the forces of the Spanish King could be employed to recover the cities on the Rhine. If Neusz and Rheinberg were not wrested from the rebels, Cologne itself would soon be gone. Ernest represented most eloquently to Alexander, that if the protestant archbishop were reinstated in the ancient see, it would be a most perilous result for the ancient church throughout all northern Europe. Parma kept the wandering prelate for a few days in his palace in Brussels, and then dismissed him, disguised and on foot, in the dusk of the evening, through the park-gate.[2] He encouraged him with hopes of assistance, he represented to his sovereign the importance of preserving the Rhenish territory to Bishop Ernest and to Catholicism, but hinted that the declared intention of the Bavarian to resign the

even into Cologne itself. He is very poor, and weary of his keeping that place with such charge. His bishopric of Liege is all spoiled also with these wars, and he no longer able to maintain his charges. A small matter would set up this man now. He hath many friends in Germany, and more of late than ever he had." Leicester to Burghley, 28 Feb. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

Lord North had also conceived a favourable opinion of Truchsess, whom he spoke of as a "rare gentleman, notably furnished with excellent gifts, religious, and worthy of all honour and estimation." North to Burghley, 28 Feb. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Parma to Philip II. 28 Feb. 1586. (Archivo de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada, II. 426.

[2] Parma to Philip II. (MS. last cited.) Compare Strada, who appears to be very much mistaken in representing the Elector Ernest as having been dismissed by Parma with great state, and with a magnificent escort of Belgian nobility,—"because no mask can ever entirely disguise a prince, and because suns, even when under a cloud, have more spectators than ever."

"Nempe nulla larva totum principem tegit; immo soles, etiam isti quum deficiunt, tunc maxime spectatores habent," and so on, II. 427.

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dignity, was probably a trick, because the archi-episcopate was no such very bad thing after all.[1]

The archi-episcopate might be no very bad thing, but it was a most uncomfortable place of residence, at the moment, for prince or peasant. Overrun by hordes of brigands, and crushed almost out of existence by that most deadly of all systems of taxations, the 'brandschätzung,' it was fast becoming a mere den of thieves. The 'brandschätzung' had no name in English, but it was the well-known impost, levied by roving commanders, and even by respectable generals of all nations. A hamlet, cluster of farm-houses, country district, or wealthy city, in order to escape being burned and ravaged, as the penalty of having fallen into a conqueror's hands, paid a heavy sum of ready money on the nail at command of the conqueror. The free companions of the sixteenth century drove a lucrative business in this particular branch of industry; and when to this was added the more direct profits derived from actual plunder, sack, and ransoming, it was natural that a large fortune was often the result to the thrifty and persevering commander of free lances.

Of all the professors of this comprehensive art, the terrible Martin Schenk was preeminent; and he was now ravaging the Cologne territory, having recently passed again to the service of the States. Immediately connected with the chief military events of the period which now occupies us, he was also the very archetype of the marauders whose existence was characteristic of the epoch. Born in 1549 of an ancient and noble family of Gelderland, Martin Schenk had inherited no property but a sword. Serving for a brief term as page to the Seigneur of Ysselstein, he joined, while yet a youth, the banner of William of Orange, at the head of two men-at-arms. The humble knight-errant, with his brace of squires, was received with courtesy by the Prince and the Estates, but he soon quarrelled with his patrons. There was a castle of

[1] "Porque no le esta tan mal el electorado." MS. letter of Parma last cited.

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Blyenbeek, belonging to his cousin, which he chose to consider his rightful property, because he was of the same race, and because it was a convenient and productive estate and residence. The courts had different views of public law, and supported the ousted cousin. Martin shut himself up in the castle, and having recently committed a rather discreditable homicide, which still further increased his unpopularity with the patriots, he made overtures to Parma.[1] Alexander was glad to enlist so bold a soldier on his side, and assisted Schenk in his besieged stronghold. For years afterwards, his services under the King's banner were most brilliant, and he rose to the highest military command, while his coffers, meantime, were rapidly filling with the results of his robberies and 'brandschätzungs.' "'Tis a most courageous fellow," said Parma, "but rather a desperate highwayman than a valiant soldier."[2] Martin's couple of lances had expanded into a corps of free companions, the most truculent, the most obedient, the most rapacious in Christendom. Never were freebooters more formidable to the world at large, or more docile to their chief, than were the followers of General Schenk. Never was a more finished captain of highwaymen. He was a man who was never sober, yet who never smiled. His habitual intoxication seemed only to increase both his audacity and his taciturnity, without disturbing his reason. He was incapable of fear, of fatigue, of remorse. He could remain for days and nights without dismounting—eating, drinking, and sleeping in the saddle; so that to this terrible centaur his horse seemed actually a part of himself. His soldiers followed him about like hounds, and were treated by him like hounds. He habitually scourged them, often took with his own hand the lives of such as displeased him, and had been known to cause individuals of them to jump from the top of church steeples[3] at his command; yet the pack were ever stanch to his orders, for they knew that he always

[1] Meteren, xiii. 231, 'Levensbeschryving Nederl. Mannen,' vol. ii. *in voce*. Strada, II. 633, *et aliunde*.

[2] Parma to Philip II., 6 June, 1585. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[3] Archer, in Stowe, 739.

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led them where the game was plenty. While serving under Parma he had twice most brilliantly defeated Hohenlo. At the battle of Hardenberg Heath he had completely outgeneralled that distinguished chieftain, slaying fifteen hundred of his soldiers at the expense of only fifty or sixty of his own. By this triumph he had preserved the important city of Groningen for Philip, during an additional quarter of a century, and had been received in that city with rapture. Several startling years of victory and rapine he had thus run through as a royalist partisan. He became the terror and the scourge of his native Gelderland, and he was covered with wounds received in the King's service. He had been twice captured and held for ransom. Twice he had effected his escape. He had recently gained the city of Nymegen. He was the most formidable, the most unscrupulous, the most audacious Netherlander that wore Philip's colours; but he had received small public reward for his services, and the wealth which he earned on the high-road did not suffice for his ambition. He had been deeply disgusted, when, at the death of Count Renneberg, Verdugo, a former stable-boy of Mansfeld, a Spaniard who had risen from the humblest rank to be a colonel and general, had been made governor of Friesland. He had smothered his resentment for a time however, but had sworn within himself to desert at the most favourable opportunity. At last, after he had brilliantly saved the city of Breda from falling into the hands of the patriots, he was more enraged than he had ever been before, when Haultepenne, of the house of Berlaymont, was made governor of that place in his stead.

On the 25th of May, 1585, at an hour after midnight, he had a secret interview with Count Meurs, stadholder for the States of Gelderland, and agreed to transfer his mercenary allegiance to the republic. He made good terms. He was to be lieutenant-governor of Gelderland, and he was to have rank as marshal of the camp in the States' army, with a salary of twelve hundred and fifty guilders a month. He agreed to resign his famous castle of Blyenbeek, but was to

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be reimbursed with estates in Holland and Zeeland, of the annual value of four thousand florins.[1]

After this treaty, Martin and his free lances served the States faithfully, and became sworn foes to Parma and the King. He gave and took no quarter, and his men, if captured, "paid their ransom with their heads."[2] He ceased to be the scourge of Gelderland, but he became the terror of the electorate. Early in 1586, accompanied by Herman Kloet, the young and daring Dutch commandant of Neusz, he had swept down into the Westphalian country, at the head of five hundred foot and five hundred horse. On the 18th of March he captured the city of Werll by a neat stratagem. The citizens, hemmed in on all sides by marauders, were in want of many necessaries of life, among other things, of salt. Martin had, from time to time, sent some of his soldiers into the place, disguised as boors from the neighbourhood, and carrying bags of that article. A pacific trading-intercourse had thus been established between the burghers within and the banditti without the gates. Agreeable relations were formed within the walls, and a party of townsmen had agreed to cooperate with the followers of Schenk. One morning a train of waggons laden with soldiers neatly covered with salt, made their appearance at the gate. At the same time a fire broke out most opportunely within the town. The citizens busily employed themselves in extinguishing the flames. The salted soldiers, after passing through the gateway, sprang from the waggons, and mastered the watch. The town was carried at a blow. Some of the inhabitants were massacred as a warning to the rest; others were taken prisoners and held for ransom; a few, more fortunate, made their escape to the citadel. That fortress was stormed in vain, but the city was thoroughly sacked. Every house was rifled of its contents. Meantime Haultepenne collected a force of nearly four thousand men, boors, citizens, and soldiers, and came to besiege Schenk in the town, while,

[1] 'Nederl. Mannen,' &c., *ubi sup.*
[2] Doyley to Burghley, June 24, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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at the same time, attacks were made upon him from the castle. It was impossible for him to hold the city, but he had completely robbed it of every thing valuable. Accordingly he loaded a train of waggons with his booty, took with him thirty of the magistrates as hostages, with other wealthy citizens, and marching in good order against Haultepenne, completely routed him, killing a number variously estimated at from five hundred to two thousand, and effected his retreat, desperately wounded in the thigh, but triumphant, and laden with the spoils to Venlo on the Meuse, of which city he was governor.[1]

"Surely this is a noble fellow, a worthy fellow," exclaimed Leicester, who was filled with admiration at the bold marauder's progress, and vowed that he was "the only soldier in truth that they had, for he was never idle, and had succeeded hitherto very happily."[2]

And thus, at every point of the doomed territory of the little commonwealth, the natural atmosphere in which the inhabitants existed was one of blood and rapine. Yet during the very slight lull, which was interposed in the winter of 1585–6 to the eternal clang of arms in Friesland, the Estates of that Province, to their lasting honour, founded the university of Franeker. A dozen years before, the famous institution at Leyden had been established, as a reward to the burghers for their heroic defence of the city. And now this new proof was given of the love of Netherlanders, even in the midst of their misery and their warfare, for the more humane arts. The new college was well endowed from ancient church-lands, and not only was the education made nearly gratuitous, while handsome salaries were provided for the professors, but provision was made by which the poorer scholars could be fed and boarded at a very moderate expense. There was a table

[1] Meteren, Strada, Nederl. Mannen, &c., *ubi sup.* Bor. II. 699, 700. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 79, 139, 141, 167, 227, 265, 475. Lord North to Burghley, Feb. 28, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Leicester to Burghley, same date. Ibid. MS. Leicester to Burghley and Walsingham, 15 March, 1586. Ibid. MS.

[2] Leicester to Burghley and Walsingham. MS. *ubi sup.*

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provided at an annual cost to the student of but fifty florins (5*l.*), and a second and third table at the very low price of forty and thirty florins respectively. Thus the sum to be paid by the poorer class of scholars for a year's maintenance was less than three pounds sterling a year. The voice with which this infant seminary of the Muses first made itself heard above the din of war was but feeble, but the institution was destined to thrive, and to endow the world, for many successive generations, with the golden fruits of science and genius.[1]

Early in the spring, the war was seriously taken in hand by Farnese. It has already been seen that the republic had been almost entirely driven out of Flanders and Brabant. The Estates, however, still held Grave, Megem, Batenburg, and Venlo upon the Meuse. That river formed, as it were, a perfect circle of protection for the whole Province of Brabant, and Farnese determined to make himself master of this great natural moat. Afterwards, he meant to possess himself of the Rhine, flowing in a parallel course, about twenty-five miles further to the east. In order to gain and hold the Meuse, the first step was to reduce the city of Grave. That town, upon the left or Brabant bank, was strongly fortified on its land-side, where it was surrounded by low and fertile pastures, while, upon the other, it depended upon its natural foss, the river. It was, according to Lord North and the Earl of Leicester, the "strongest town in all the Low Countries, though but a little one."[2]

Baron Hemart, a young Gueldrian noble, of small experience in military affairs, commanded in the city, his garrison being eight hundred soldiers, and about one thousand burgher guard.[3] As early as January, Farnese had ordered Count Mansfeld to lay siege to the place. Five forts had accord-

[1] Bor, II. 672.

[2] North to Burghley, 29 May, 1586. S. P. Office MS. Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, 16 June, 1586. S. P. Office MS.

[3] Bor, II. 707, 708. Hoofd, Verv. 154, 155. Strada, II. 410. Wagenaar, viii. 126.

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ingly been constructed, above and below the town, upon the left bank of the river, while a bridge of boats thrown across the stream led to a fortified camp on the opposite side. Mansfeld, Mondragon, Bobadil, Aquila, and other distinguished veterans in Philip's service, were engaged in the enterprise. A few unimportant skirmishes between Schenk and the Spaniards had taken place, but the city was already hard pressed, and, by the series of forts which environed it, was cut off from its supplies. It was highly important, therefore, that Grave should be relieved, with the least possible delay.

Early in Easter week, a force of three thousand men, under Hohenlo and Sir John Norris, was accordingly despatched by Leicester, with orders, at every hazard, to throw reinforcements and provisions into the place. They took possession, at once, of a stone sconce, called the Mill-Fort, which was guarded by fifty men, mostly boors of the country.[1] These were nearly all hanged for "using malicious words," and for "railing against Queen Elizabeth,"[2] and—a sufficient number of men being left to maintain the fort—the whole relieving force marched with great difficulty—for the river was rapidly rising, and flooding the country—along the right bank of the Meuse, taking possession of Batenburg and Ravenstein castles, as they went. A force of four or five hundred Englishmen was then pushed forward to a point almost exactly opposite Grave, and within an English mile of the head of the bridge constructed by the Spaniards. Here, in the night of Easter Tuesday, they rapidly formed an entrenched camp, upon the dyke along the river, and, although molested by some armed vessels, succeeded in establishing themselves in a most important position.[3]

April $\frac{5}{15}$, 1586.

On the morning of Easter Wednesday, April 16, Mansfeld, perceiving that the enemy had thus stolen a march upon him,

[1] Occurrences from Holland, April, $\frac{11}{21}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid. Comparo 'Leycest. Corresp.' p. 218, April 5, 1586.

[3] Occurrences from Holland, MS.

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ordered one thousand picked troops, all Spaniards, under Casco and other veterans, to assault this advanced post.[1] A reserve of two thousand was placed in readiness to support the attack. The Spaniards slowly crossed the bridge, which was swaying very dangerously with the current, and then charged the entrenched camp at a run. A quarrel between the different regiments as to the right of precedence precipitated the attack, before the reserve, consisting of some picked companies of Mondragon's veterans, had been able to arrive. Coming in breathless and fatigued, the first assailants were readily repulsed in their first onset. Aquila then opportunely made his appearance, and the attack was renewed with great vigour. The defenders of the camp yielded at the third charge and fled in dismay, while the Spaniards, leaping the barriers, scattered hither and thither in the ardour of pursuit. The routed Englishmen fled swiftly along the oozy dyke, in hopes of joining the main body of the relieving party, who were expected to advance, with the dawn, from their position six miles farther down the river. Two miles long the chace lasted, and it seemed probable that the fugitives would be overtaken and destroyed, when, at last, from behind a line of mounds which stretched towards Batenburg and had masked their approach, appeared Count Hohenlo and Sir John Norris, at the head of twenty-five hundred Englishmen and Hollanders. This force advanced as rapidly as the slippery ground and the fatigue of a two hours' march would permit to the rescue of their friends, while the retreating English rallied, turned upon their pursuers, and drove them back over the path along which they had just been charging in the full career of victory. The fortune of the day was changed, and in a few minutes Hohenlo and Norris would have crossed the river and entered Grave, when the Spanish companies of Bobadil and other commanders were seen marching along the quaking bridge.

April $\frac{6}{16}$, 1586.

[1] Strada, II. 413, *seq.* Hoofd, Vervolgh, 154, 155. Occurrences, &c. MS. Bruce's 'Leycest. Corresp. 223, 226.

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Three thousand men on each side now met at push of pike on the bank of the Meuse.[1] The rain was pouring in torrents, the wind was blowing a gale, the stream was rapidly rising, and threatening to overwhelm its shores. By a tacit and mutual consent, both armies paused for a few moments in full view of each other. After this brief interval they closed again, breast to breast, in sharp and steady conflict. The ground, slippery with rain and with blood, which was soon flowing almost as fast as the rain, afforded an unsteady footing to the combatants. They staggered like drunken men, fell upon their knees, or upon their backs, and still, kneeling or rolling prostrate, maintained the deadly conflict. For the space of an hour and a half the fierce encounter of human passion outmastered the fury of the elements. Norris and Hohenlo fought at the head of their columns, like paladins of old. The Englishman was wounded in the mouth and breast, the Count was seen to gallop past one thousand musketeers and caliver-men of the enemy, and to escape unscathed. But as the strength of the soldiers exhausted itself, the violence of the tempest increased. The floods of rain and the blasts of the hurricane at last terminated the affray. The Spaniards, fairly conquered, were compelled to a retreat, lest the rapidly rising river should sweep away the frail and trembling bridge, over which they had passed to their unsuccessful assault. The English and Netherlanders remained masters of the field. The rising flood, too, which was fast converting the meadows into a lake, was as useful to the conquerors as it was damaging to the Spaniards.

In the course of the few following days, a large number of boats was despatched before the very eyes of Parma, from Batenburg into Grave; Hohenlo, who had "most desperately adventured his person" throughout the whole affair, entering the town himself. A force of five hundred men, together with provisions enough to last a year, was thrown into the city, and the course of the Meuse was,

April $\frac{6}{16}$, 1586.

[1] Strada, II. 413, 414. Occurrences from Holland, MS.

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apparently, secured to the republic. In this important action about one hundred and fifty Dutch and English were killed, and probably four hundred Spaniards, including several distinguished officers.[1]

The Earl of Leicester was incredibly elated so soon as the success of this enterprise was known. "Oh that her Majesty knew," he cried, "how easy a match now she hath with the King of Spain, and what millions of afflicted people she hath relieved in these countries. This summer, this summer, I say, would make an end to her immortal glory."[2] He was no friend to his countryman, the gallant Sir John Norris—whom, however, he could not help applauding on this occasion,—but he was in raptures with Hohenlo. Next to God, he assured the Queen's government that the victory was owing to the Count. "He is both a valiant man and a wise man, and the painfullest that ever I knew," he said; adding —as a secret—that "five hundred Englishmen of the best Flemish training had flatly and shamefully run away," when the fight had been renewed by Hohenlo and Norris. He recommended that her Majesty should send her picture to the Count, worth two hundred pounds, which he would value at more than one thousand pounds in money, and he added that "for her sake the Count had greatly left his drinking."[3]

[1] Leicester to Burghley, April $\frac{6}{16}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) R. Cavendish to Burghley, April $\frac{8}{18}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Lord Willoughby to Burghley, $\frac{9}{19}$ April, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Occurrences from Holland, MS. Bruce's Leyc. Corresp.' 226, 244, 245, 252, 253. Parma to Philip II $\frac{27}{19}$ April and 9 May, 1586. (Archivo de Simancas, MS.)

Lord North to Burghley, $\frac{2}{12}$ May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) "Count Hollock performed this service with wisdom and most valiantly in his own person. I cannot give him too much praise, because there is so much due to him."

Compare Strada, II. 413, 414. Meteren, xiii. 234. Hoofd, 155, *seq. et al.* It is of slight consequence, at the present day, to know the exact number of the combatants who perished in this hotly-contested, but now forgotten field. As a specimen of conflicting statistics, after a battle, it is worth while to observe that, according to some *eye-witnesses*, nine hundred Spaniards were killed, and, according to others, thirty, while, on the other hand, the statement of the loss sustained by their antagonists varied from fifty to seven hundred.

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 264, May $\frac{8}{18}$, 1586.

[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 245.

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As for the Prince of Parma, Leicester looked upon him as conclusively beaten. He spoke of him as "marvellously appalled" by this overthrow of his forces, but he assured the government that if the Prince's "choler should press him to seek revenge," he should soon be driven out of the country. The Earl would follow him "at an inch," and effectually frustrate all his undertakings. "If the Spaniard have such a May as he has had an April," said Lord North, "it will put water in his wine."[1]

Meantime, as St. George's Day was approaching, and as the Earl was fond of banquets and ceremonies, it was thought desirable to hold a great triumphal feast at Utrecht. His journey to that city from the Hague was a triumphal procession. In all the towns through which he passed he was entertained with military display, pompous harangues, interludes, dumb shows, and allegories. At Amsterdam—a city which he compared to Venice for situation and splendour, and where one thousand ships were constantly lying—he was received with "sundry great whales and other fishes of hugeness," that gambolled about his vessel, and convoyed him to the shore. These monsters of the deep presented him to the burgomaster and magistrates who were awaiting him on the quay. The burgomaster made him a Latin oration, to which Dr. Bartholomew Clerk responded, and then the Earl was ushered to the grand square, upon which, in his honour, a magnificent living picture was exhibited, in which he figured as Moses, at the head of the Israelites, smiting the Philistines hip and thigh.[2] After much mighty banqueting in Amsterdam, as in the other cities, the governor-general came to Utrecht. Through the streets of this antique and most picturesque city flows the palsied current of the Rhine, and every barge and bridge were decorated with the flowers of spring. Upon this spot, where, eight centuries before the Anglo-Saxon Willebrod had first astonished the wild Frisians with the

[1] North to Burghley, $\frac{2}{12}$ May, 1586. S. P. Office MS.

[2] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 476, *seq.*

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pacific doctrines of Jesus, and had been stoned to death as his reward, stood now a more arrogant representative of English piety. The balconies were crowded with fair women, and decorated with scarves and banners. From the Earl's residence—the ancient palace of the Knights of Rhodes—to the cathedral, the way was lined with a double row of burgher guards, wearing red roses on their arms, and apparelled in the splendid uniforms for which the Netherlanders were celebrated. Trumpeters in scarlet and silver, barons, knights, and great officers, in cloth of gold and silks of all colours; the young Earl of Essex, whose career was to be so romantic, and whose fate so tragic; those two ominous personages, the deposed little archbishop-elector of Cologne, with his melancholy face, and the unlucky Don Antonio, Pretender of Portugal, for whom, dead or alive, thirty thousand crowns and a dukedom[1] were perpetually offered by Philip II.; young Maurice of Nassau, the future controller of European destinies; great counsellors of state, gentlemen, guardsmen, and portcullis-herald, with the coat of arms of Elizabeth, rode in solemn procession along. Then great Leicester himself, "most princelike in the robes of his order," guarded by a troop of burghers, and by his own fifty halberd-men in scarlet cloaks trimmed with white and purple velvet, pranced gorgeously by.[2]

The ancient cathedral, built on the spot where Saint Willebrod had once ministered, with its light, tapering, brick tower, three hundred and sixty feet in height, its exquisitely mullioned windows, and its elegantly foliaged columns, soon received the glittering throng. Hence, after due religious ceremonies, and an English sermon from Master Knewstubs, Leicester's chaplain, was a solemn march back again to the palace, where a stupendous banquet was already laid in the great hall.[3] April, 1586.

On the dais at the upper end of the table, blazing with

[1] Declaration of Don Antonio, in Bor, II. 769.
[2] Holingshed, iv. 658, *seq.* Stowe, 717. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 145. [3] Ibid.

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plate and crystal, stood the royal chair, with the Queen's plate and knife and fork before it, exactly as if she had been present, while Leicester's trencher and stool were set respectfully quite at the edge of the board. In the neighbourhood of this post of honour sat Count Maurice, the Elector, the Pretender, and many illustrious English personages, with the fair Agnes Mansfeld, Princess Chimay, the daughters of William the Silent, and other dames of high degree.

Before the covers were removed, came limping up to the dais grim-visaged Martin Schenk, freshly wounded, but triumphant, from the sack of Werll, and black John Norris, scarcely cured of the spear-wounds in his face and breast received at the relief of Grave. The sword of knighthood[1] was laid upon the shoulder of each hero, by the Earl of Leicester, as her Majesty's vicegerent; and then the ushers marshalled the mighty feast. Meats in the shape of lions, tigers, dragons, and leopards, flanked by peacocks, swans, pheasants, and turkeys "in their natural feathers as in their greatest pride," disappeared, course after course,—sonorous metal blowing meanwhile the most triumphant airs. After the banquet came dancing, vaulting, tumbling, together with the "forces of Hercules, which gave great delight to the strangers," after which the company separated until evensong.

Then again, "great was the feast," says the chronicler,—a mighty supper following hard upon the gigantic dinner. After this there was tilting at the barriers, the young Earl of Essex and other knights bearing themselves more chivalrously than would seem to comport with so much eating and drinking. Then, horrible to relate, came another "most sumptuous banquet of sugar-meates for the men-at-arms and the

[1] Bor. II. 699, 700. Stowe, Holinshed, *ubi sup.* 'Leyc. Corresp.' 252, 253, April $\frac{16}{26}$, 1586.

"*Shenks* is a worthy fellow," said Leicester, who never could get nearer than this to the name of the terrible partisan. He also mentioned that he had given the worthy fellow a chain, as from her Majesty; adding, with an eye to Elizabeth's thrift, that if she thought he had paid too much for it, he would cheerfully pay the balance over what seemed the right sum out of his own pocket. 'Leyc. Corresp.' 227, 228.

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ladies," after which, it being now midnight, the Lord of Leicester bade the whole company good rest, and the men-at-arms and ladies took their leave.[1]

But while all this chivalrous banqueting and holiday-making was in hand, the Prince of Parma was in reality not quite so much "appalled" by the relief of Grave as his antagonist had imagined. The Earl, flushed with the success of Hohenlo, already believed himself master of the country, and assured his government, that, if he should be reasonably well supplied, he would have Antwerp back again and Bruges besides "before mid June."[2]

Never, said he, was "the Prince of Parma so dejected nor so melancholy since he came into these countries, nor so far out of courage."[3] And it is quite true that Alexander had reason to be discouraged. He had but eight or nine thousand men, and no money to pay even this little force. The soldiers were perishing daily, and nearly all the survivors were described by their chief as sick or maimed. The famine in the obedient Provinces was universal, the whole population was desperate with hunger; and the merchants, frightened by Drake's successes, and appalled by the ruin all around them, drew their purse-strings inexorably.[4] "I know not to what saint to devote myself," said Alexander.[5] He had been compelled, by the movement before Grave, to withdraw Haultepenne from the projected enterprise against Neusz, and he was quite aware of the cheerful view which Leicester was inclined to take of their relative positions. "The English think they are going to do great things," said he, "and consider themselves masters of the field."[6]

Nevertheless, on the 11th May, the dejected melancholy man had left Brussels, and joined his little army, consisting of three thousand Spaniards and five thousand of all other

[1] Stowe, Holinshed, Bor, Hoofd, *ubi supra*.

[2] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 251, $\frac{30 \text{ April}}{10 \text{ May}}$, 1586.

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Cierran la bolsa." Parma to Philip, 9 May, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[5] Same to same, 27 April, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[6] Letter of 9 May, MS.

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nations.[1] His veterans, though unpaid, ragged, and half-starved, were in raptures to have their idolized commander among them again, and vowed that under his guidance there was nothing which they could not accomplish. The King's honour, his own, that of the army, all were pledged to take the city. On the success of that enterprise, he said, depended all his past conquests, and every hope for the future. Leicester and the English, whom he called the head and body of the rebel forces, were equally pledged to relieve the place, and were bent upon meeting him in the field.[2] The Earl had taken some forts in the Batavia—Betuwe, or "good meadow," which he pronounced as fertile and about as large as Herefordshire,[3]—and was now threatening Nymegen, a city which had been gained for Philip by the last effort of Schenk, on the royalist side. He was now observing Alexander's demonstrations against Grave, but, after the recent success in victualling that place, he felt a just confidence in its security. May 11, 1586.

On the 31st May the trenches were commenced, and on the 5th June the batteries were opened. The work went rapidly forward when Farnese was in the field. "The Prince of Parma doth batter it like a Prince,"[4] said Lord North, admiring the enemy with the enthusiasm of an honest soldier. On the 6th of June, as Alexander rode through the camp to reconnoitre, previous to an attack, a well-directed cannon ball carried away the hinder half of his horse.[5] The Prince fell to the ground, and, for a moment, dismay was in the Spanish ranks. At the next instant, though somewhat bruised, he was on his feet again, and, having found the breach sufficiently promising, he determined on the assault. 31st May, 1586.

As a preliminary measure, he wished to occupy a tower

[1] Parma to Philip II. 27 May, 1586. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] Parma to Philip II. 27 May, 11 June, 1586. (Ibid.)
[3] Leicester to the Queen, 27 May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] North to Burghley, 29 May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[5] Stowe, 718. Strada II. 416.

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which had been battered nearly to ruins, situate near the river. Captain de Solis was ordered, with sixty veterans, to take possession of this tower, and to "have a look at the countenance of the enemy, without amusing himself with anything else."[1] The tower was soon secured, but Solis, in disobedience to his written instructions[2] led his men against the ravelin, which was still in a state of perfect defence. A musket-ball soon stretched him dead beneath the wall, and his followers, still attempting to enter the impracticable breach, were repelled by a shower of stones and blazing pitch-hoops. Hot sand, too, poured from sieves and baskets, insinuated itself within the armour of the Spaniards, and occasioned such exquisite suffering, that many threw themselves into the river to allay the pain. Emerging refreshed, but confused, they attempted in vain to renew the onset. Several of the little band were slain, the assault was quite unsuccessful, and the trumpet sounded a recal.[3] So completely discomfited were the Spaniards by this repulse, and so thoroughly at their ease were the besieged, that a soldier let himself down from the ramparts of the town for the sake of plundering the body of Captain Solis, who was richly dressed, and, having accomplished this feat, was quietly helped back again by his comrades from above.[4]

To the surprise of the besiegers, however, on the very next morning came a request from the governor of the city, Baron Hemart, to negociate for a surrender. Alexander was, naturally, but too glad to grant easy terms, and upon the 7th of June the garrison left the town with colours displayed and drums beating, and the Prince of Parma marched into it, at the head of his troops. He found a year's provision there for six thousand men, while, at the same time, the walls had suffered so little, that he must have been obliged to wait long for a practicable breach.[5]

[1] Parma to Philip, 11 June, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)
[2] Parma to Philip II., MS. just cited.
[3] Strada, II. 417. Bor, II. 707, 708.
[4] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 288.
[5] Strada, II. 418. Bor, II. 707, 708. Parma to Philip II. 27 May, 11 June, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) North

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"There was no good reason even for women to have surrendered the place," exclaimed Leicester, when he heard the news.[1] And the Earl had cause to be enraged at such a result. He had received a letter only the day before, signed by Hemart himself and by all the officers in Grave, asserting their determination and ability to hold the place for a good five months, or for an indefinite period, and until they should be relieved. And indeed all the officers, with three exceptions, had protested against the base surrender. But at the bottom of the catastrophe—of the disastrous loss of the city and the utter ruin of young Hemart—was a woman. The governor was governed by his mistress, a lady of good family in the place, but of Spanish inclinations, and she, for some mysterious reasons, had persuaded him thus voluntarily to capitulate.[2]

Parma lost no time, however, in exulting over his success. Upon the same day the towns of Megen and Batenburg surrendered to him, and immediately afterwards siege was laid to Venlo, a town of importance, lying thirty miles farther up the Meuse. The wife and family of Martin Schenk were in the city, together with two hundred horses, and from forty to one hundred thousand crowns in money, plate, and furniture belonging to him.[3]

That bold partisan, accompanied by the mad Welshman,

to Burghley, $\frac{19 \text{ May}}{8 \text{ June}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{6}{16}$ June, 1586. (Ibid.)

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 288.

[2] Meteren, xiii. 235. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 299-310. Strada, II. 418. Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{6}{16}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) North to Burghley, $\frac{13}{23}$ June, 1586. (Ibid.)

"The governor, Hemart," said North, "is a gentleman of Gelder, of great kindred, living, and acquaintance. There be many vehement presumptions to argue a treacherous practice with the enemy. The best that can be made of it was most vile cowardice, mixed with such negligence as is unspeakable. In the time of that siege he spent his time in his house, followed with his harlot, and when he came abroad he could not be gotten by entreaty of captains, burghers, or soldiers to do anything for the defence of the town, but straightway entered into a continence of the people, wishing rather to give up the town than suffer the blood of so many innocents to be spilt. Which purpose he did prosecute with speed, and sent a drum to the enemy for parley. The town was impossible to be assaulted," &c. &c.

[3] North to Burghley $\frac{26 \text{ June}}{6 \text{ July}}$ 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) T. Doyley to Burghley, $\frac{24 \text{ June}}{4 \text{ July}}$ 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Roger Williams, at the head of one hundred and thirty English lances and thirty of Schenk's men, made a wild nocturnal attempt to cut their way through the besieging force, and penetrate to the city. They passed through the enemy's lines, killed all the corps-de-garde, and many Spanish troopers —the terrible Martin's own hand being most effective in this midnight slaughter—and reached the very door of Parma's tent, where they killed his secretary and many of his guards. It was even reported, and generally believed, that Farnese himself had been in imminent danger, that Schenk had fired his pistol at him unsuccessfully, and had then struck him on the head with its butt-end, and that the Prince had only saved his life by leaping from his horse, and scrambling through a ditch.[1] But these seem to have been fables. The alarm at last became general, the dawn of a summer's day was fast approaching, the drums beat to arms, and the bold marauders were obliged to effect their retreat, as they best might, hotly pursued by near two thousand men. Having slain many of the Spanish army, and lost nearly half their own number, they at last obtained shelter in Wachtendonk.[2]

Soon afterwards the place capitulated without waiting for a battery, upon moderate terms. Schenk's wife was sent away courteously with her family, in a coach and four, and with as much "apparel" as might be carried with her. His property was confiscated, for "no fair wars could be made with him."[3]

28 June, 1586.

Thus, within a few weeks after taking the field, the "dejected, melancholy" man, who was so "out of courage," and the soldiers who were so "marvellously beginning to run away"—according to the Earl of Leicester—had swept their enemy from every town on the Meuse. That river was now,

[1] North to Burghley, $\frac{16}{26}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid. Meteren, xiii. 235. Doyley to Burghley, $\frac{24 \text{ June}}{4 \text{ July}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Doyley to Burghley, *ubi sup.* Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{21 \text{ June}}{6 \text{ July}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) North to Burghley, same date. (S. P. Office MS.) Parma to Philip II. 8 July, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada, II. 423. Meteren, xiii. 235.

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throughout its whole course, in the power of the Spaniards. The Province of Brabant became thoroughly guarded again by its foss, and the enemy's road was opened into the northern Provinces.

Leicester, meantime, had not distinguished himself. It must be confessed that he had been sadly outgeneralled. The man who had talked of following the enemy inch by inch, and who had pledged himself not only to protect Grave, and any other place that might be attacked, but even to recover Antwerp and Bruges within a few weeks, had wasted the time in very desultory operations. After the St. George feasting, Knewstub sermons, and forces of Hercules, were all finished, the Earl had taken the field with five thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse. His intention was to clear the Yssel, by getting possession of Doesburg and Zutphen, but, hearing of Parma's demonstrations upon Grave, he abandoned the contemplated siege of those cities, and came to Arnheim. He then crossed the Rhine into the Isle of Batavia, and thence, after taking a few sconces of inferior importance—while Schenk, meanwhile, was building on the Island of Gravenweert, at the bifurcation of the Rhine and Waal, the sconce so celebrated a century later as 'Schenk's Fort' (Schenkenschans)—he was preparing to pass the Waal in order to attack Farnese, when he heard, to his astonishment, of the surrender of Grave." [1]

He could therefore—to his chagrin—no longer save that important city, but he could, at least, cut off the head of the culprit. Leicester was in Bommel when he heard of Baron Hemart's faint-heartedness or treachery, and his wrath was extravagant in proportion to the exultation with which his previous success had inspired him. He breathed nothing but revenge against the coward and the traitor, who had delivered up the town in "such lewd and beastly sort." [2]

"I will never depart hence," he said, "till by the goodness

1 Meteren, xiii. 235vo.

2 Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{6}{16}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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of God I be satisfied someway of this villain's treachery."[1] There could be little doubt that Hemart deserved punishment. There could be as little that Leicester would mete it out to him in ample measure. "The lewd villain who gave up Grave," said he, "and the captains as deep in fault as himself, shall all suffer together."[2]

Hemart came boldly to meet him. "The honest man came to me at Bommel," said Leicester, and he assured the government that it was in the hope of persuading the magistrates of that and other towns to imitate his own treachery.[3]

But the magistrates straightway delivered the culprit to the governor-general, who immediately placed him under arrest. A court-martial was summoned, 26th of June, at Utrecht, consisting of Hohenlo, Essex, and other distinguished officers. They found that the conduct of the prisoner merited death, but left it to the Earl to decide whether various extenuating circumstances did not justify a pardon.[4] Hohenlo and Norris exerted themselves to procure a mitigation of the young man's sentence, and they excited thereby the governor's deep indignation. Norris, according to Leicester, was in love with the culprit's aunt, and was therefore especially desirous of saving his life.[5] Moreover, much use was made of the discredit which had been thrown by the Queen on the Earl's authority, and it was openly maintained, that, being no longer governor-general, he had no authority to order execution upon a Netherland officer.[6]

26 June, 1586.

The favourable circumstances urged in the case, were, that Hemart was a young man, without experience in military matters, and that he had been overcome by the supplications and outcries of the women, panic-struck after the first assault. There were no direct proofs of treachery, or even of personal

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 285.
[2] Ibid. 287.
[3] Leicester to the Queen, MS. before cited.
[4] North to Burghley, $\frac{16}{26}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Hoofd, Vervolgh, 156.
[5] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 301, 310, 313.
[6] Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{11}{24}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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cowardice. He begged hard for a pardon, not on account of his life, but for the sake of his reputation. He earnestly implored permission to serve under the Queen of England, as a private soldier, without pay, on land or sea, for as many years as she should specify, and to be selected for the most dangerous employments, in order that, before he died, he might wipe out the disgrace, which, through his fault, in an hour of weakness, had come upon an ancient and honourable house.[1] Much interest was made for him—his family connection being powerful—and a general impression prevailing that he had erred through folly rather than deep guilt. But Leicester beating himself upon the breast—as he was wont when excited—swore that there should be no pardon for such a traitor.[2] The States of Holland and Zeeland, likewise, were decidedly in favour of a severe example.[3]

Hemart was accordingly led to the scaffold on the 28th June. He spoke to the people with great calmness, and, in two languages, French and Flemish, declared that he was guiltless of treachery, but that the terror and tears of the women, in an hour of panic, had made a coward of him.[4] He was beheaded, standing. The two captains, Du Ban and Koeboekum, who had also been condemned, suffered with him.[5] A third captain, likewise convicted, was, "for very just cause," pardoned by Leicester.[6] The Earl persisted in believing that Hemart had surrendered the city as part of a deliberate plan, and affirmed that in such a time, when men had come to think no more of giving up a town than of abandoning a house, it was highly necessary to afford an example to traitors and satisfaction to the people.[7] And the people were thoroughly satisfied, according to the governor, and only expressed their regret that three or four members of the States-General could not have their heads

20th June, 1586.

[1] Hoofd, Vervolgh, 156. Meteren, xiii. 235vo.
[2] Hoofd, *ubi supra*.
[3] 'Resol. Holl,' 24 June, 1 July, 1586, bl. 220. Wagenaar, viii. 128.
[4] Hoofd, Meteren, Wagenaar, *ubi sup.*
[5] Ibid.
[6] Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{13}{28}$ June, 1586. (S.P. Office MS.)
[7] Bruce, 'Leyc. Corresp.,' 309 *seq.*

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cut off as well, being as arrant knaves as Hemart; "and so I think they be," added Leicester.[1]

Parma having thus made himself master of the Meuse, lost no time in making a demonstration upon the parallel course of the Rhine, thirty miles farther east.[2] Schenk, Kloet, and other partisans, kept that portion of the archi-episcopate and of Westphalia in a state of perpetual commotion.[3] Early in the preceding year, Count de Meurs had, by a fortunate stratagem, captured the town of Neusz for the deposed elector, and Herman Kloet, a young and most determined Geldrian soldier, now commanded in the place.[4]

The Elector Ernest had made a visit in disguise to the camp of Parma, and had represented the necessity of recovering the city. It had become the stronghold of heretics, rebels, and banditti. The Rhine was in their hands, and with it the perpetual power of disturbing the loyal Netherlands. It was as much the interest of his Catholic Majesty as that of the Archbishop that Neusz should be restored to its lawful owner. Parma had felt the force of this reasoning, and had early in the year sent Haultepenne to invest the city. He had been obliged to recal that commander during the siege of Grave. The place being reduced, Alexander, before the grass could grow beneath his feet advanced to the Rhine in person. Early in July he appeared before the walls of Neusz with eight thousand foot and two thousand horse. The garrison under Kloet numbered scarcely more than sixteen hundred effective soldiers,[5] all Netherlanders and Germans, none being English.

The city is twenty miles below Cologne. It was so well fortified that a century before it had stood a year's siege from the famous Charles the Bold, who, after all, had been obliged to retire.[6] It had also resisted the strenuous efforts of Charles

[1] Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{14}{24}$ June, 1586. Same to Burghley, $\frac{18}{28}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Parma to Philip II. 8 July, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Wagenaar, viii. 131. Hoofd. Vervolgh, 154.

[4] Strada, II. 425. Wagenaar, viii. 132.

[5] Strada, &c., MS. just cited.

[6] Meteren, xiii. 235vo.

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the Fifth,[1] and was now stronger than it ever had been. It was thoroughly well provisioned, so that it was safe enough "if those within it," said Leicester, "be men."[2] The Earl expressed the opinion, however, that "those fellows were not good to defend towns, unless the besiegers were obliged to swim to the attack."[3] The issue was to show whether the sarcasm were just or not. Meantime the town was considered by the governor-general to be secure, "unless towns were to be had for the asking."[4]

Neusz is not immediately upon the Rhine, but that river, which sweeps away in a north-easterly direction from the walls, throws out an arm which completely encircles the town. A part of the place, cut into an island by the Erpt, was strengthened by two redoubts. This island was abandoned, as being too weak to hold, and the Spaniards took possession of it immediately.[5] There were various preliminary and sanguinary sorties and skirmishes, during which the Spaniards after having been once driven from the island, again occupied that position. Archbishop Ernest came into the camp, and, before proceeding to a cannonade, Parma offered to the city certain terms of capitulation, which were approved by that prelate. Kloet replied to this proposal, that he was wedded to the town and to his honour, which were as one. These he was incapable of sacrificing, but his life he was ready to lay down.[6] There was, through some misapprehension, a delay in reporting this answer to Farnese. Meantime that general became impatient, and advanced to the battery of the Italian regiment. Pretending to be a plenipotentiary from the commander-in-chief, he expostulated in a loud voice at the slowness of their counsels. Hardly had he begun to speak, when a shower of balls rattled about him. His own soldiers were terrified at his danger, and a cry arose in the town that "Holofernese"—

[1] Meteren, xiii. 235vo.

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 250.

[3] Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{20}{30}$ July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Same to the Queen, $\frac{8}{18}$ July. (S. P. Office MS.)

[5] Strada, II. 430.

[6] North to Burghley, 26 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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as the Flemings and Germans were accustomed to nickname Farnese—was dead.[1] Strange to relate, he was quite unharmed, and walked back to his tent with dignified slowness and a very frowning face. It was said that this breach of truce had been begun by the Spaniards, who had fired first, and had been immediately answered by the town. This was hotly denied, and Parma sent Colonel Tassis with a flag of truce to the commander, to rebuke and to desire an explanation of this dishonourable conduct.[2]

The answer given, or imagined, was that Commander Kloet had been sound asleep, but that he now much regretted this untoward accident. The explanation was received with derision, for it seemed hardly probable that so young and energetic a soldier would take the opportunity to refresh himself with slumber at a moment when a treaty for the capitulation of a city under his charge was under discussion. This terminated the negociation.[3]

A few days afterwards, the feast of St. James was celebrated in the Spanish camp, with bonfires and other demonstrations of hilarity. The townsmen are said to have desecrated the same holiday by roasting alive in the market-place two unfortunate soldiers, who had been captured in a sortie a few days before; besides burning the body of the holy Saint Quirinus, with other holy relics.[4] The detestable deed was to be most horribly avenged.

A steady cannonade from forty-five great guns was kept up from 2 A.M. of July 15 until the dawn of the following day;
16 July, 1586. the cannoneers being all provided with milk and vinegar to cool the pieces.[5] At daybreak the assault was ordered. Eight separate attacks were made with the usual impetuosity of Spaniards, and were steadily repulsed.[6]

[1] Hoofd, Vervolgh, 179.
[2] Strada, II. 433. Hoofd, *ubi sup.*
[3] Hoofd. Strada, *ubi sup.* Meteren, xiii. 236 *seq.*
[4] Parma to Philip II. 4 Aug. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada II. 434. There is no authority but that of Farnese for the statement of this horrible crime, but I feel it my duty to record it.
[5] North to Burghley, 26 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[6] Ibid.

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At the ninth, the outer wall was carried, and the Spaniards shouting "Santiago" poured over it, bearing back all resistance. An Italian Knight of the Sepulchre, Cesar Guidiccioni by name, and a Spanish ensign, one Alphonso de Mesa, with his colours in one hand and a ladder in the other, each claimed the honour of having first mounted the breach. Both being deemed equally worthy of reward, Parma, after the city had been won, took from his own cap a sprig of jewels and a golden wheat-ear ornamented with a gem, which he had himself worn in place of a plume, and thus presented each with a brilliant token of his regard.[1] The wall was then strengthened against the inner line of fortification, and all night long a desperate conflict was maintained in the dark upon the narrow space between the two barriers. Before daylight Kloet, who then, as always, had led his men in the most desperate adventures, was carried into the town, wounded in five places, and with his leg almost severed at the thigh.[2] "'Tis the bravest man," said the enthusiastic Lord North, "that was ever heard of in the world."[3] "He is but a boy," said Alexander Farnese, "but a commander of extraordinary capacity and valour."[4]

Early in the morning, when this mishap was known, an officer was sent to the camp of the besiegers to treat. The soldiers received him with furious laughter, and denied him access to the general. "Commander Kloet had waked from his nap at a wrong time," they said, "and the Prince of Parma was now sound asleep, in his turn."[5] There was no possibility of commencing a negociation. The Spaniards, heated by the conflict, maddened by opposition, and inspired by the desire to sack a wealthy city, overpowered all resistance. "My little soldiers were not to be restrained,"[6] said Farnese, and so compelling a reluctant consent on the part of the commander-in-chief to an assault, the Italian and Spanish

[1] Strada. II. 435.
[2] Ibid. 436. North to Burghley, MS.
[3] North to Burghley, MS.
[4] Parma to Philip, 4 Aug. 1586. MS.
[5] Strada, II. 437.
[6] Parma to Philip, 4 Aug. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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legions poured into the town at two opposite gates, which were no longer strong enough to withstand the enemy. The two streams met in the heart of the place, and swept every living thing in their path out of existence. The garrison was butchered to a man, and subsequently many of the inhabitants —men, women, and children—also, although the women, to the honour of Alexander, had been at first secured from harm in some of the churches, where they had been ordered to take refuge. The first blast of indignation was against the commandant of the place. Alexander, who had admired his courage, was not unfavourably disposed towards him, but Archbishop Ernest vehemently demanded his immediate death, as a personal favour to himself.[1] As the churchman was nominally sovereign of the city, although in reality a beggarly dependant on Philip's alms, Farnese felt bound to comply. The manner in which it was at first supposed that the Bishop's Christian request had been complied with, sent a shudder through every heart in the Netherlands. "They took Kloet, wounded as he was," said Lord North, "and first strangled him, then smeared him with pitch, and burnt him with gunpowder; thus, with their holiness, they made a tragical end of an heroical service. It is wondered that the Prince would suffer so great an outrage to be done to so noble a soldier, who did but his duty."[2]

But this was an error. A Jesuit priest[3] was sent to the

[1] The Jesuit Strada, II. 438, is the authority for the statement, founded upon Alexander's own letters; more of which were before him than can now be found in any single collection of documents. I have noticed very few of the Simancas letters relating to Farnese that do not seem to have been at Strada's disposal—although, of course, he only gives a very brief epitome of them in the Latin language —while he has used many others of which there are no copies at Simancas.

[2] North to Burghley, $\frac{26 \text{ July}}{5 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Leicester's account was still more horrible—"After Kloet was brought to the market-place," he wrote to Walsingham, "being sore-wounded before, they laid him upon a table, and bound him, and anointed him with tar all over his body, and *half-strangling* him, burnt him cruelly." Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 369, $\frac{29 \text{ July}}{8 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1586.

Other English letters described the fate of the commandant in a similar manner, but the crime, although odious, was not quite so atrocious as it was at first believed to be.

[3] "Ad quem lecto jacentum misso Societatis Jesu sacerdote, cujus operâ in eo saltem mortis articulo â secunda se morte præriperat," &c. Strada, II. 438.

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house of the commandant, for a humane effort was thought necessary in order to save the soul of the man whose life was forfeited for the crime of defending his city. The culprit was found lying in bed. His wife, a woman of remarkable beauty,[1] with her sister, was in attendance upon him. The spectacle of those two fair women, nursing a wounded soldier fallen upon the field of honour, might have softened devils with sympathy. But the Jesuit was closely followed by a band of soldiers, who, notwithstanding the supplications of the women, and the demand of Kloet to be indulged with a soldier's death, tied a rope round the commandant's neck, dragged him from his bed, and hanged him from his own window. The Calvinist clergyman, Fosserus of Oppenheim, the deacons of the congregation, two military officers, and—said Parma—"forty other rascals," were murdered in the same way at the same time.[2] The bodies remained at the window till they were devoured by the flames, which soon consumed the house. For a vast conflagration, caused none knew whether by accident, by the despair of the inhabitants, by the previous arrangements of the commandant, by the latest-arrived bands of the besiegers enraged that the Italians and Spaniards had been beforehand with them in the spoils, or—as Farnese more maturely believed—by the special agency of the Almighty, offended with the burning of Saint Quirinus,[3] now came to complete the horror of the scene. Three-quarters of the town were at once in a blaze. The churches, where the affrighted women had been cowering during the sack and slaughter, were soon on fire, and now, amid the crash of falling houses and the uproar of the drunken soldiery, those unhappy victims were seen flitting along the flaming streets, seeking refuge against the fury of the elements in the more horrible cruelty of man. The fire lasted all day and night, and not one stone would have been left upon another, had not the body of

[1] Strada, II. MS. last cited.

[2] "Se ahorcaron con el comandante, el ministro, los consistoriantes, y quaranta otros vellacos," &c. Parma to Philip, 4 Aug. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada, II. 438 Meteren, xiii. 236. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 179, 180. Bor, II. 738.

[3] Strada, II. 441, 442.

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a second saint, saved on a former occasion from the heretics by the piety of a citizen, been fortunately deposited in his house. At this point the conflagration was stayed—for the flames refused to consume these holy relics[1]—but almost the whole of the town was destroyed, while at least four thousand people, citizens and soldiers, had perished by sword or fire."[2]

Three hundred survivors of the garrison took refuge in a tower. Its base was surrounded, and, after brief parley, they descended as prisoners. The Prince and Haultepenne attempted in vain to protect them against the fury of the soldiers, and every man of them was instantly put to death.[3]

4 Aug., 1586.

The next day, Alexander gave orders that the wife and sister of the commandant should be protected—for they had escaped, as if by miracle, from all the horrors of that day and night—and sent, under escort, to their friends.[4] Neusz had nearly ceased to exist, for, according to contemporaneous accounts, but eight houses had escaped destruction.

And the reflection was most painful to Leicester and to every generous Englishman or Netherlander in the country, that this important city and its heroic defenders might have been preserved, but for want of harmony and want of money.[6] Twice had the Earl got together a force of four thousand men for the relief of the place, and twice had he been obliged to disband them again for the lack of funds to set them in the field.

[1] Strada, II. 440. [2] Ibid. 442.
[3] Ibid. 439. [4] Ibid. 438.
[5] Bor, II. 738. Stowe, 734. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 179, 180. Meteren, xiii. 236, *seq.* Strada, II. 436-442. Parma to Philip II. 4 Aug. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

North to Burghley, $\frac{26 \text{ July}}{5 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1586. Same to same, $\frac{12}{22}$ Aug. 1586. Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{19 \text{ July}}{5 \text{ Aug.}}$. T. Cecil to same, $\frac{21}{31}$ July. B. Clerke to same, $\frac{24 \text{ July}}{3 \text{ Aug.}}$. W. Knollys to same, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. T. Doyley to same, $\frac{8}{11}$ Aug. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[6] Sir Thomas Cecil, eldest son of the Lord Treasurer, was then governor of the cautionary town of Brill. It had been proposed to him to change this government for that of Harlington in Friesland, where Lord North was then installed. But Cecil observed that he was "resolved to keep the Brill still, as one that would rather keep a shrew he knoweth than a shrew he knoweth not." He was much disgusted with the perpetual discord which had succeeded the brief enthu-

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He had pawned his plate and other valuables,[1] exhausted his credit, and had nothing for it but to wait for the Queen's tardy remittances, and to wrangle with the States; for the leaders of that body were unwilling to accord large supplies to a man who had become personally suspected by them, and was the representative of a deeply-suspected government. Meanwhile, one-third at least of the money which really found its way from time to time out of England, was filched from the "poor starved wretches," as Leicester called his soldiers, by the dishonesty of Norris, uncle of Sir John and army-treasurer. This man was growing so rich on his peculations, on his commissions, and on his profits from paying the troops in a depreciated coin, that Leicester declared the whole revenue of his own landed estates in England to be less than that functionary's annual income.[2] Thus it was difficult to say whether the "ragged rogues" of Elizabeth or the maimed and neglected soldiers of Philip were in the more pitiable plight.

The only consolation in the recent reduction of Neusz was to be found in the fact that Parma had only gained a position, for the town had ceased to exist; and in the fiction that he had paid for his triumph by the loss of *six thousand* soldiers, killed and wounded.[3] In reality not more than five hundred of Farnese's army lost their lives,[4] and although the town,

siasm upon Leicester's arrival. The wrangling between Leicester and his officers, and between them all and the States, offended the young soldier so much that he was anxious to leave the Netherlands. "Bravely was Nuys defended by Kloet, but evil relieved by us," he wrote to his father. "Our affairs here be such as that which we conclude overnight is broke in the morning; we agree not one with another, but we are divided in many factions, so as if the enemy were as strong as we are factious and irresolute, I think we should make shipwreck of the cause this summer." Sir T. Cecil to Lord Burghley, $\frac{21}{31}$ July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{19}{29}$ Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 260, 264, 299, 303.

[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 363. "He has lost 3,000 of his soldiers and as many hurt." (!). Leicester to Walsingham, 27 July, 1586. "Of the enemy not less than 3,000 slain," said North, 26 July, MS. *ubi supra*. "The town is gone, clean burnt to the ground," wrote Leicester to Burghley, "and to the number of 4,000 *dead in the ditches*." Letter of $\frac{29 \text{ July}}{8 \text{ Aug.}}$. MS. *ubi supra*.

[4] North to Burghley, $\frac{12}{22}$ Aug. MS.

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excepting some churches, had certainly been destroyed; yet the Prince was now master of the Rhine as far as Cologne, and of the Meuse as far as Grave. The famine which pressed so sorely upon him, might now be relieved, and his military communications with Germany be considered secure.

The conqueror now turned his attention to Rheinberg, twenty-five miles farther down the river.[1]

Sir Philip Sidney had not been well satisfied by the comparative idleness in which, from these various circumstances, he had been compelled to remain. Early in the spring he had been desirous of making an attack upon Flanders by capturing the town of Steenberg. The faithful Roger Williams had strongly seconded the proposal. "We wish to show your Excellency," said he to Leicester, "that we are not sound asleep."[2] The Welshman was not likely to be accused of somnolence, but on this occasion Sidney and himself had been overruled. At a later moment, and during the siege of Neusz, Sir Philip had the satisfaction of making a successful foray into Flanders.

The expedition had been planned by Prince Maurice of Nassau, and was his earliest military achievement. He proposed carrying by surprise the city of Axel, a well-built, strongly-fortified town on the south-western edge of the great Scheldt estuary, and very important from its position. Its acquisition would make the hold of the patriots and the English upon Sluys and Ostend more secure, and give them many opportunities of annoying the enemy in Flanders.

Early in July, Maurice wrote to the Earl of Leicester, communicating the particulars of his scheme, but begging that the affair might be "very secretly handled," and kept from every one but Sidney. Leicester accordingly sent his nephew to Maurice that they might consult together upon the enterprise, and make sure "that there was no ill intent, there being

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada, *ubi supra*.

[2] Williams to Leicester, $\frac{17}{27}$ Feb. 1586. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. ix. p. 85. MS.)

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so much treachery in the world."[1] Sidney found no treachery in young Maurice, but only a noble and intelligent love of adventure, and the two arranged their plans in harmony.

Leicester, then, in order to deceive the enemy, came to Bergen-op-Zoom, with five hundred men, where he remained two days, not sleeping a wink, as he averred, during the whole time. In the night of Tuesday, 16th of July, the five hundred English soldiers were despatched by water, under charge of Lord Willoughby, "who," said the Earl, "would needs go with them." Young Hatton, too, son of Sir Christopher, also volunteered on the service, "as his first nursling."[2] Sidney had five hundred of his own Zeeland regiment in readiness, and the rendezvous was upon the broad waters of the Scheldt, opposite Flushing.[3] The plan was neatly carried out, and the united flotilla, in a dark, calm, midsummer's night, rowed across the smooth estuary and landed at Ter Neuse, about a league from Axel. Here they were joined by Maurice with some Netherland companies, and the united troops, between two and three thousand strong, marched at once to the place proposed. Before two in the morning they had reached Axel, but found the moat very deep. Forty soldiers immediately plunged in, however, carrying their ladders with them, swam across, scaled the rampart, killed the guard, whom they found asleep in their beds, and opened the gates for their comrades. The whole force then marched in, the Dutch companies under Colonel Pyron being first, Lord Willoughby's men being second, and Sir Philip with his Zeelanders bringing up the rear.[4] The garrison, between five and six hundred in number, though surprised, resisted gallantly, and were all put to the sword. Of the

16, 17 July, 1586.

[1] Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{8}{18}$ July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 338.

[3] "Before Flushing, upon the water, that it might be less noted." Leicester to the Queen, MS. before cited.

[4] Sir T. Cecil to Lord Burghley, $\frac{8}{18}$ July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

Leicester, however, says, "My nephew Sidney, with his band, would needs have the first entry, as the messenger told me" (Letter to the Queen, *ubi sup.*); but the messenger seems to have been mistaken.

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invaders, not a single man lost his life. Sidney most generously rewarded from his own purse the adventurous soldiers who had swum the moat; and it was to his care and intelligence that the success of Prince Maurice's scheme was generally attributed. The achievement was hailed with great satisfaction, and it somewhat raised the drooping spirits of the patriots after their severe losses at Grave and Venlo. "This victory hath happened in good time," wrote Thomas Cecil to his father, "and hath made us somewhat to lift up our heads."[1] A garrison of eight hundred, under Colonel Pyron, was left in Axel, and the dykes around were then pierced. Upwards of two millions' worth of property in grass, cattle, corn, was thus immediately destroyed[2] in the territory of the obedient Netherlands.

After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Gravelines,[3] the governor of which place, the veteran La Motte, was not so easily taken napping, Sir Philip having gained much reputation by this conquest of Axel, then joined the main body of the army, under Leicester, at Arnheim.[4]

Yet, after all, Sir Philip had not grown in favour with her Majesty during his service in the Low Countries. He had also been disappointed in the government of Zeeland, to which post his uncle had destined him. The cause of Leicester's ambition had been frustrated by the policy of Barneveld and Buys, in pursuance of which Count or Prince Maurice—as he was now purposely designated, in order that his rank might surpass that of the Earl[5]—had become stadholder and captain-

[1] Cecil to Burghley, *ubi supra*.

[2] Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{\text{3 July}}{\text{8 Aug.}}$ 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"Your Lordship will not believe how the town of Axel is like to annoy these parts. There is already so much corn, cattle, and grass destroyed, as is worth two millions of florins."

[3] Meteren, xiii. 236vo.

[4] Letters of Leicester and of Sir T. Cecil above cited. Compare Meteren, xiii. 236. Brooke's Life of Sidney, II. 15. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 181, 182; Bor, II. 738; Wagenaar, viii. 134. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 337, 338.

[5] His elder brother, Philip William, son of William the Silent, by his first wife Anna de Buren, was Prince of Orange, but was still detained captive in Spain. The title of Prince was given by courtesy to Maurice, on the ground that in Germany all the sons succeeded to the father's title. As the principality of Orange was not in Germany, and as the title of William in that country was only that of Count, it was difficult to see any claim

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general both of Holland and Zeeland. The Earl had given his nephew, however, the colonelcy of the Zeeland regiment, vacant by the death of Admiral Haultain on the Kowenstyn Dyke. This promotion had excited much anger among the high officers in the Netherlands, who, at the instigation of Count Hohenlo, had presented a remonstrance upon the subject to the governor-general. It had always been the custom, they said, with the late Prince of Orange, to confer promotion according to seniority, without regard to social rank, and they were therefore unwilling that a young foreigner, who had just entered the service, should thus be advanced over the heads of veterans who had been campaigning there so many weary years.[1] At the same time the gentlemen who signed the paper protested to Sir Philip, in another letter, "with all the same hands," that they had no personal feeling towards him, but, on the contrary, that they wished him all honour."[2]

Young Maurice himself had always manifested the most friendly feelings toward Sidney, although influenced in his action by the statesmen who were already organizing a powerful opposition to Leicester. "Count Maurice showed himself constantly kind in the matter of the regiment," said Sir Philip, "but Mr. Paul Buss has so many busses in his head, such as you shall find he will be to God and man about one pitch. Happy is the communication of them that join in the fear of God."[3] Hohenlo, too, or Hollock, as he was called by the French and English, was much governed by Buys and Olden-Barneveld. Reckless and daring, but loose of life and uncertain of purpose, he was most dangerous, unless under safe guidance. Roger Williams—who vowed that but for the love he bore to Sidney and Leicester, he would not remain ten days in the Netherlands—was much disgusted by Hohenlo's conduct in regard to the Zeeland regiment. "Tis a mutinous request of Hollock," said he, "that strangers should not command Netherlanders. He and his Alemaynes are

of Maurice to be entitled Prince so long as his brother was alive. Leicester always considered his assumption of this superior rank as a personal affront to himself.

[1] Sidney to Davison, 24 Feb. 1586. (Brit. Mus. Galba C. ix. 75, MS.) Compare letters of Hohenlo in Bor, III. 123 *seq.* Hoofd, Vervolgh, 156, 157, Wagenaar, viii. 129.

[2] Sidney to Davison, *ubi supra.*

[3] Ibid.

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farther born from Zeeland than Sir Philip is. Either you must make Hollock assured to you, or you must disgrace him. If he will not be yours, I will show you means to disinherit him of all his commands at small danger. What service doth he, Count Solms, Count Overstein, with their Almaynes, but spend treasure and consume great contributions?"[1]

It was very natural that the chivalrous Sidney, who had come to the Netherlands to win glory in the field, should be desirous of posts that would bring danger and distinction with them. He was not there merely that he might govern Flushing, important as it was, particularly as the garrison was, according to his statement, about as able to maintain the town, "as the Tower was to answer for London." He disapproved of his wife's inclination to join him in Holland, for he was likely—so he wrote to her father, Walsingham—"to run such a course as would not be fit for any of the feminine gender."[2] He had been, however, grieved to the heart, by the spectacle which was perpetually exhibited of the Queen's parsimony, and of the consequent suffering of the soldiers. Twelve or fifteen thousand Englishmen were serving in the Netherlands—more than two thirds of them in her Majesty's immediate employment. No troops had ever fought better, or more honourably maintained the ancient glory of England. But rarely had more ragged and wretched warriors been seen than they, after a few months' campaigning.

The Irish Kernes—some fifteen hundred of whom were among the auxiliaries—were better off, for they habitually dispensed with clothing; an apron from waist to knee being the only protection of these wild Kelts, who fought with the valour, and nearly in the costume of Homeric heroes. Fearing nothing, needing nothing, sparing nothing, they stalked about the fens of Zeeland upon their long stilts, or leaped across running rivers, scaling ramparts, robbing the highways, burning, butchering, and maltreating the villages and their inhabitants, with as little regard for the laws of Christian warfare as for those of civilized costume.[3]

[1] R. Williams to Leicester, $\frac{17}{27}$ Feb. 1586. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. ix. 83. MS.)

[2] Letters in Gray's Life of Sydney, 291.

[3] Reyd, v. 101. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 220. Strada, II. 446.

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Other soldiers, more sophisticated as to apparel, were less at their ease. The generous Sidney spent all his means, and loaded himself with debt, in order to relieve the necessities of the poor soldiers. He protested that if the Queen would not pay her troops, she would lose her troops, but that no living man should say the fault was in him. "What relief I can do them I will," he wrote to his father-in-law; "I will spare no danger, if occasion serves. I am sure that no creature shall lay injustice to my charge."[1]

Very soon it was discovered that the starving troops had to contend not only with the Queen's niggardliness but with the dishonesty of her agents. Treasurer Norris was constantly accused by Leicester and Sidney of gross peculation. Five per cent., according to Sir Philip, was lost to the Zeeland soldiers in every payment, "and God knows," he said, "they want no such hindrance, being scarce able to keep life with their entire pay. Truly it is but poor increase to her Majesty, considering what loss it is to the miserable soldier." Discipline and endurance were sure to be sacrificed, in the end, to such short-sighted economy. "When soldiers," said Sidney, "grow to despair, and give up towns, then it is too late to buy with hundred thousands what might have been saved with a trifle."[2]

This plain dealing, on the part of Sidney, was anything but agreeable to the Queen, who was far from feeling regret that his high-soaring expectations had been somewhat blighted in the Provinces. He often expressed his mortification that her Majesty was disposed to interpret everything to his disadvantage. "I understand," said he, "that I am called ambitious, and very proud at home, but certainly, if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me."[3] Elizabeth had taken part with Hohenlo against Sir Philip in the matter of the Zeeland regiment, and in this perhaps she was not entirely to be blamed. But she inveighed needlessly against his ambitious seeking of the office, and—as Walsingham observed—"she was very apt, upon every light occasion,

[1] Letters, in Gray, 290. [2] Ibid. 214, 321.
[3] Ibid. 290. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 345.

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to find fault with him."[1] It is probable that his complaints against the army treasurer, and his manful defence of the "miserable soldiers," more than counterbalanced, in the Queen's estimation, his chivalry in the field.

Nevertheless he had now the satisfaction of having gained an important city in Flanders; and on subsequently joining the army under his uncle, he indulged the hope of earning still greater distinction.

Martin Schenk had meanwhile been successfully defending Rheinberg, for several weeks, against Parma's forces. It was necessary, however, that Leicester, notwithstanding the impoverished condition of his troops, should make some diversion, while his formidable antagonist was thus carrying all before him.

He assembled, accordingly, in the month of August, all the troops that could be brought into the field, and reviewed them, with much ceremony, in the neighbourhood of Arnheim. His army barely numbered seven thousand foot and two thousand horse,[2] but he gave out, very extensively, that he had fourteen thousand under his command,[3] and he was moreover expecting a force of three thousand reiters, and as many pikemen recently levied in Germany. Lord Essex was general of the cavalry, Sir William Pelham[4]—a distinguished

[1] Letters, in Gray, &c., just cited.

[2] Leicester to the Queen, 11 Oct. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Huddleston to Burghley, 6 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid. Compare Strada, who states the number of Leicester's forces at 13,000 foot and 2,000 horse, besides reinforcements of 1,000 English and Scotch who were shortly expected. Bor, II. 738. Wagenaar, viii. 135.

[4] Sir William Pelham had been out of favour with the Queen for many months. He had been held responsible for some abuses in the ordnance office, and a heavy claim made upon him by the crown had reduced him to insolvency. The Queen was excessively indignant at his conduct, and refused for a long time to allow him to accept the responsible post under Leicester which the Earl was anxious to confer upon him. Leicester, who was the most generous of men, sent him large sums of money to extricate him from his difficulties, but it was many months before the Queen relented. The Earl had an exalted opinion of Pelham's military capacity, knew him to be one of his own most devoted adherents, and earnestly desired his support to keep down the hostility and insubordination of Sir John Norris and his brothers. "I begin to be prettily accompanied now with men," he wrote to the Queen, "only lacking governors and leaders, especially a marshal. I must still say to your Majesty it had been better to have wanted the use of 20,000 than the service of Sir W. Pelham here thus long. It is not only an insufferable want to all our people, but the enemy hath bragged of it. I do assure your Majesty, by the allegiance I owe you, I know the Prince of Parma hath

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soldier, who had recently arrived out of England, after the most urgent solicitations to the Queen, for that end, by Leicester—was lord-marshal of the camp, and Sir John Norris was colonel-general of the infantry.

After the parade, two sermons were preached upon the hillside to the soldiers, and then there was a council of war. It was decided—notwithstanding the Earl's announcement of his intentions to attack Parma in person—that the condition of the army did not warrant such an enterprise. It was thought better to lay siege to Zutphen. This step, if successful, would place in the power of the republic and her ally a city of great importance and strength. In every event the attempt would probably compel Farnese to raise the siege of Berg.

Leicester, accordingly, with "his brave troop of able and likely men"[1]—five thousand of the infantry being English[2]—advanced as far as Doesburg. This city, seated at the confluence of the ancient canal of Drusus and the Yssel, five miles above Zutphen, it was necessary, as a preliminary measure, to secure. It was not a very strong place, being rather slightly walled with brick, and with a foss drawing not more than three feet of water.[3] By the 30th August it had been completely invested. 20 Aug. / 9 Sept. 1586.

spoken it some months past, that he was sure neither Pelham nor the Lord Grey should come, *nor that any more men by your license or muster should pass, which falls out somewhat to be true, to our discomfort.* But if either Pelham or Lord Grey, or rather both may come, I trust your Majesty shall reap the greatest honour and good by it; but first Sir William, for he is readiest. *For God's sake and your honour's sake, let him come.* We have now some numbers increased, but no man fit for such a government as Sir W. Pelham is. I beseech your Majesty *trust me, and believe me there is not one, no, not one for it, whatsoever you have heard or may hear, or of whomsoever, that I know to be employed at this time here. I find it, I feel it,* to my great hindrance and no less danger every day. I know here be worthy and very valiant gentlemen, but for so great a charge, believe me, *there is not one yet here for it.* I am loath to hinder any man. It hath not been my custom to your Majesty. I beseech you that all men may have their deserts, and your poor army here comforted. Let all the haste possible be used with Sir W. Pelham, on whose coming with that worthy gentleman Sir W. Stanley, I trust your Majesty shall hear well of us," &c. &c. It was natural that Sir John Norris should be indignant at being supplanted by Pelham, and their mutual rivalry did infinite mischief. Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{14}{24}$ June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare 'Leyc. Corresp.' 37, 45, 55, 125.

[1] Huddleston to Burghley, MS. before cited.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

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On the same night, at ten o'clock, Sir William Pelham came to the Earl to tell him "what beastly pioneers the Dutchmen were." Leicester accordingly determined, notwithstanding the lord-marshal's entreaties, to proceed to the trenches in person. There being but faint light, the two lost their way, and soon found themselves nearly at the gate of the town. Here, while groping about in the dark, and trying to effect their retreat, they were saluted with a shot, which struck Sir William in the stomach. For an instant, thinking himself mortally injured, he expressed his satisfaction that he had been between the commander-in-chief and the blow, and made other "comfortable and resolute speeches." Very fortunately, however, it proved that the marshal was not seriously hurt, and, after a few days, he was about his work as usual, although obliged—as the Earl of Leicester expressed it—"to carry a bullet in his belly as long as he should live."[1]

Roger Williams, too, that valiant adventurer—"but no more valiant than wise, and worth his weight in gold," according to the appreciative Leicester—was shot through the arm. For the dare-devil Welshman, much to the Earl's regret, persisted in running up and down the trenches "with a great plume of feathers in his gilt morion," and in otherwise making a very conspicuous mark of himself "within point-blank of a caliver."[2]

Notwithstanding these mishaps, however, the siege went successfully forward. Upon the 2nd September the Earl began to batter, and after a brisk cannonade, from dawn till two in the afternoon, he had considerably damaged the wall in two places. One of the breaches was eighty feet wide, the other half as large, but the besieged had stuffed them full of beds, tubs, logs of wood, boards, and "such like trash," by means whereof the ascent was not so easy as it seemed.[3] The soldiers were excessively eager for the assault. Sir John Norris came to Leicester to receive his orders as to the command of the attacking party.

Friday, $\frac{2}{12}$ Sept. 1586.

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp., 401, 407. [2] Ibid.

[3] Huddleston to Burghley, $\frac{6}{16}$ Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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The Earl referred the matter to him. "There is no man," answered Sir John, "fitter for that purpose than myself; for I am colonel-general of the infantry.[1]

But Leicester, not willing to indulge so unreasonable a proposal, replied that he would reserve him for service of less hazard and greater importance. Norris being, as usual, "satis prodigus magnæ animæ,'[2] was out of humour at the refusal, and ascribed it to the Earl's persistent hostility to him and his family. It was then arranged that the assault upon the principal breach should be led by younger officers, to be supported by Sir John and other veterans. The other breach was assigned to the Dutch and Scotch—black Norris scowling at them the while with jealous eyes; fearing that they might get the start of the English party, and be first to enter the town.[3] A party of noble volunteers clustered about Sir John—Lord Burgh, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Philip Sidney, and his brother Robert among the rest—most impatient for the signal. The race was obviously to be a sharp one. The governor-general forbade these violent demonstrations, but Lord Burgh, "in a most vehement passion, waived the countermand,"[4] and his insubordination was very generally imitated. Before the signal was given, however, Leicester sent a trumpet to summon the town to surrender, and $\frac{2}{12}$ Sept. could with difficulty restrain his soldiers till the 1586. answer should be returned. To the universal disappointment, the garrison agreed to surrender. Norris himself then stepped forward to the breach, and cried aloud the terms, lest the returning herald, who had been sent back by Leicester, should offer too favourable a capitulation.[5] It was arranged that the soldiers should retire without arms, with white wands in their hands—the officers remaining prisoners—and that the burghers, their lives, and property, should be at Leicester's disposal.[6] The Earl gave most peremptory orders that persons and goods should be respected, but his commands were dis-

[1] MS. last cited.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] "Lest the trumpet should offer too largely, I stepped to the breach myself and proposed the conditions," &c. Sir John Norris to Mr. Wilkes, $\frac{6}{16}$ Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[6] Leicester to the Privy Council, $\frac{3}{13}$ Sept. 1586. Sir J. Norris to Wilkes, *ubi sup.* (S. P. Office MS.)

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obeyed. Sir William Stanley's men committed frightful disorders, and thoroughly rifled the town."

"And because," said Norris, "I found fault herewith, Sir William began to quarrel with me, hath braved me extremely, refuseth to take any direction from me, and although I have sought for redress, yet it is proceeded in so coldly, that he taketh encouragement rather to increase the quarrel than to leave it."[1]

Notwithstanding therefore the decree of Leicester, the expostulations and anger of Norris, and the energetic efforts of Lord Essex and other generals, who went about smiting the marauders on the head, the soldiers sacked the city, and committed various disorders, in spite of the capitulation.[2]

Doesburg having been thus reduced, the Earl now proceeded toward the more important city which he had determined to besiege. Zutphen, or South-Fen, an antique town of wealth and elegance, was the capital of the old Landgraves of Zutphen. It is situate on the right bank of the Yssel, that branch of the Rhine which flows between Gelderland and Overyssel into the Zuyder-Zee.

The ancient river, broad, deep, and languid, glides through a plain of almost boundless extent, till it loses itself in the flat and misty horizon. On the other side of the stream, in the district called the Veluwe,[3] or bad meadow, were three sconces, one of them of remarkable strength. An island between the city and the shore was likewise well fortified. On the landward side the town was protected by a wall and moat sufficiently strong in those infant days of artillery. Near the hospital-gate, on the east, was an external fortress guarding the road to Warnsfeld. This was a small village,

[1] Norris to Wilkes, MS.

[2] Huddleston to Burghley, 3 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Leicester to Privy Council, 6 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Off. MS.) Sir John Norris to Wilkes, 6 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare Hoofd, Vervolgh, 184. Bor, II. 750. Stowe, 736. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 406, 407.

The town was "rifled," but it was "but poor, with nothing to answer the need and greediness of the soldiers," said Huddleston, adding that "divers disorders were committed, as in such cases it happeneth, though (God be thanked) none specially notorious."

[3] Veluwe, 'bad meadow,' in opposition to Betuwe (Batavia), 'good meadow.' Bet is the positive, now obsolete in German, Dutch, and English, of the comparative, better.

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with a solitary slender church-spire, shooting up above a cluster of neat one-storied houses. It was about an English mile from Zutphen, in the midst of a wide, low, somewhat fenny plain, which, in winter, became so completely a lake, that peasants were not unfrequently drowned in attempting to pass from the city to the village. In summer, the vague expanse of country was fertile and cheerful of aspect. Long rows of poplars marking the straight highways, clumps of pollard willows scattered around the little meres, snug farm-houses, with kitchen-gardens and brilliant flower-patches dotting the level plain, verdant pastures sweeping off into seemingly infinite distance, where the innumerable cattle seemed to swarm like insects, wind-mills swinging their arms in all directions, like protective giants, to save the country from inundation, the lagging sail of market-boats shining through rows of orchard trees—all gave to the environs of Zutphen a tranquil and domestic charm.

Deventer and Kampen, the two other places on the river, were in the hands of the States. It was, therefore, desirable for the English and the patriots, by gaining possession of Zutphen, to obtain control of the Yssel; driven, as they had been, from the Meuse and Rhine.

Sir John Norris, by Leicester's direction, took possession of a small rising-ground, called 'Gibbet Hill,' on the land-side, where he established a fortified camp, and proceeded to invest the city. With him were Count Lewis William of Nassau, and Sir Philip Sidney, while the Earl himself, crossing the Yssel on a bridge of boats which he had constructed, reserved for himself the reduction of the forts upon the Veluwe side.

Farnese, meantime, was not idle; and Leicester's calculations proved correct. So soon as the Prince was informed of this important demonstration of the enemy he broke up—after brief debate with his officers—his camp before Rheinberg, and came to Wesel.[1] At this place he built a bridge over the Rhine, and fortified it with two block-houses. These he placed under command of Claude Berlot, who was ordered to watch strictly all communication up the river with

[1] Strada, II. 448.

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the city of Rheinberg, which he thus kept in a partially beleaguered state. Alexander then advanced rapidly by way of Groll and Burik, both which places he took possession of, to the neighbourhood of Zutphen. He was determined, at every hazard, to relieve that important city; and although, after leaving necessary detachments on the way, he had but five thousand men under his command, besides fifteen hundred under Verdugo—making sixty-five hundred in all—he had decided that the necessity of the case, and his own honour, required him to seek the enemy, and to leave, as he said, the issue with the God of battles, whose cause it was.[1]

Tassis, lieutenant-governor of Gelderland, was ordered into the city with two cornets of horse and six hundred foot. As large a number had already been stationed there. Verdugo, who had been awaiting the arrival of the Prince at Borkelo, a dozen miles from Zutphen, with four hundred foot and two hundred horse, now likewise entered the city.[2]

On the night of 29th August (St. Nov.) Alexander himself entered Zutphen for the purpose of encouraging the garrison by promise of relief, and of ascertaining the position of the enemy by personal observation. His presence as it always did, inspired the soldiers with enthusiasm, so that they could with difficulty be restrained from rushing forth to assault the besiegers.[3] In regard to the enemy he found that Gibbet Hill was still occupied by Sir John Norris, "the best soldier, in his opinion, that they had,"[4] who had entrenched himself very strongly, and was supposed to have thirty-five hundred men under his command. His position seemed quite impregnable. The rest of the English were on the other side of the river, and Alexander observed, with satisfaction, that they had abandoned a small redoubt, near the leper-house, outside the Loor-Gate, through which the reinforcements must enter the city. The Prince determined to profit by this mistake, and to seize the opportunity thus afforded of sending those much needed supplies. During the night the enemy were found to be throwing up works "most

29 Aug. 1586.

[1] Parma to Philip, 30 Oct. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)
[2] Ibid. Compare Strada, II. 448, 450.
[3] Letter to Philip, *ubi sup.* [4] Ibid.

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furiously,"[1] and skirmishing parties were sent out of the town to annoy them. In the darkness nothing of consequence was effected, but a Scotch officer was captured, who informed the Spanish commander that the enemy was fifteen thousand strong—a number which was nearly double that of Leicester's actual force. In the morning Alexander returned to his camp at Borkelo—leaving Tassis in command of the Veluwe Forts, and Verdugo in the city itself—and he at once made rapid work in collecting victuals. He had soon wheat and other supplies in readiness, sufficient to feed four thousand mouths for three months, and these he determined to send into the city immediately, and at every hazard.

The great convoy which was now to be despatched required great care and a powerful escort. Twenty-five hundred musketeers and pikemen, of whom one thousand were Spaniards, and six hundred cavalry, Epirotes, Spaniards, and Italians, under Hannibal Gonzaga, George Crescia, 1 Oct., N.S., Bentivoglio, Sesa, and others, were accordingly de- 1586.
tailed for this expedition.[2] The Marquis del Vasto, to whom was entrusted the chief command, was ordered to march from Borkelo at midnight on Wednesday, October 1 (St. Nov.). It was calculated that he would reach a certain hillock not far from Warnsfeld by dawn of day. Here he was to pause, and send forward an officer towards the town, communicating his arrival, and requesting the cooperation of Verdugo, who was to make a sortie with one thousand men, according to Alexander's previous arrangements. The plan was successfully carried out. The Marquis arrived by daybreak at the spot indicated, and despatched Captain de Vega who contrived to send intelligence of the fact. A trooper, whom Parma had himself sent to Verdugo with earlier information of the movement, had been captured on the way. Leicester had therefore been apprized, at an early moment, of the Prince's intentions,

[1] Parma to Philip, "a furia." MS. before cited.

[2] These are Parma's own figures. (Letter to Philip, as above.) Every historian gives a different statement one from another. Leicester declared that Crescia told him, "upon his honour, that there were fifteen cornets of horse and 3,000 foot." Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 417.

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but he was not aware that the convoy would be accompanied by so strong a force as had really been detailed.

He had accordingly ordered Sir John Norris, who commanded on the outside of the town near the road which the Spaniards must traverse, to place an ambuscade in his way. Sir John, always ready for adventurous enterprises, took a body of two hundred cavalry, all picked men, and ordered Sir William Stanley, with three hundred pikemen, to follow. A much stronger force of infantry was held in reserve and readiness, but it was not thought that it would be required. The ambuscade was successfully placed, before the dawn of *Oct. 2, N.S., 1586. Thursday morning, in the neighbourhood of Warnsfeld church. On the other hand, the Earl of Leicester himself, anxious as to the result, came across the river just at daybreak. He was accompanied by the chief gentlemen in his camp, who could never be restrained when blows were passing current.

The business that morning was a commonplace and practical though an important, one—to "impeach" a convoy of wheat and barley, butter, cheese, and beef—but the names of those noble and knightly volunteers, familiar throughout Christendom, sound like the roll-call for some chivalrous tournament. There were Essex and Audley, Stanley, Pelham, Russell, both the Sidneys, all the Norrises, men whose valour had been proved on many a hard-fought battle-field. There, too, was the famous hero of British ballad whose name was so often to ring on the plains of the Netherlands—

> "The brave Lord Willoughby,
> Of courage fierce and fell,
> Who would not give one inch of way
> For all the devils in hell."

Twenty such volunteers as these sat on horseback that morning around the stately Earl of Leicester. It seemed an incredible extravagance to send a handful of such heroes against an army.

But the English commander-in-chief had been listening

* Thursday, $\frac{\text{September 22}}{\text{October 2}}$, 1586.

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to the insidious tongue of Roland York—that bold, plausible, unscrupulous partisan, already twice a renegade, of whom more was ere long to be heard in the Netherlands and England. Of the man's courage there could be no doubt, and he was about to fight that morning in the front rank at the head of his company. But he had, for some mysterious reason, been bent upon persuading the Earl that the Spaniards were no match for Englishmen at a hand-to-hand contest. When they could ride freely up and down, he said, and use their lances as they liked, they were formidable. But the English were stronger men, better riders, better mounted, and better armed. The Spaniards hated helmets and proof armour, while the English trooper, in casque, cuirass, and greaves, was a living fortress impregnable to Spanish or Italian light horsemen. And Leicester seemed almost convinced by his reasoning.[1]

It was five o'clock of a chill autumn morning. It was time for day to break, but the fog was so thick that a man at the distance of five yards was quite invisible. The creaking of waggon-wheels and the measured tramp of soldiers soon became faintly audible however to Sir John Norris and his five hundred as they sat there in the mist. Presently came galloping forward in hot haste those nobles and gentlemen, with their esquires, fifty men in all—Sidney, Willoughby, and the rest—whom Leicester had no longer been able to restrain from taking part in the adventure. Oct. 2, 1586.

A force of infantry, the amount of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, had been ordered by the Earl to cross the bridge at a later moment. Sidney's cornet of horse was then in Deventer, to which place it had been sent in order to assist in quelling an anticipated revolt, so that he came, like most of his companions, as a private volunteer and knight-errant.

[1] Reyd, v. 82, 83. Bor, II. 750, 751, Compare Meteren, xiii. 237, who says that York was suspected of being secretly in league with Farnese, to contrive this ambuscade, and thus to bring so many English nobles of distinction to death or captivity. There is no doubt that when he deserted the Spanish for the English party, he pledged himself to Parma to do him good service, and that he was always secretly in league with the enemy. We shall see at a later day whether he was ready to redeem his pledge.

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The arrival of the expected convoy was soon more distinctly heard, but no scouts or outposts had been stationed to give timely notice of the enemy's movements.[1] Suddenly the fog, which had shrouded the scene so closely, rolled away like a curtain, and in the full light of an October morning the Englishmen found themselves face to face with a compact body of more than three thousand men. The Marquis del Vasto rode at the head of the force, surrounded by a band of mounted arquebus men. The cavalry, under the famous Epirote chief George Crescia, Hannibal Gonzaga, Bentivoglio, Sesa, Conti, and other distinguished commanders, followed; the columns of pikemen and musketeers lined the hedge-rows on both sides the causeway; while between them the long train of waggons came slowly along under their protection.[2] The whole force had got in motion after having sent notice of their arrival to Verdugo, who, with one or two thousand men, was expected to sally forth almost immediately from the city-gate.

There was but brief time for deliberation. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds there was no thought of retreat. Black Norris called to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had been at variance so lately at Doesburg.

"There hath been ill-blood between us," he said. "Let us be friends together this day, and die side by side, if need be, in her Majesty's cause."

"If you see me not serve my prince with faithful courage now," replied Stanley, "account me for ever a coward. Living or dying I will stand or lie by you in friendship."

As they were speaking these words the young Earl of Essex, general of the horse, cried to his handful of troopers:—

"Follow me, good fellows, for the honour of England and of England's Queen!"[3]

As he spoke he dashed, lance in rest, upon the enemy's cavalry, overthrew the foremost man, horse and rider, shivered his own spear to splinters, and then, swinging his curtel-axe, rode merrily forward.[4] His whole little troop, compact as an

[1] Hoofd, Vervolgh, 186.
[2] Parma to Philip II. 30 Oct. 1586. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada, II. 450, 452. Bentivoglio, P. II. L. iv. 311. Bor, II. 750, 751.
[3] Archer, in Stowe, 736. [4] Ibid.

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arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clean through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred English horsemen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen. Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley of musket-shot, by which many horses and a few riders were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, on coming to the field, having met Sir William Pelham, the veteran lord marshal, lightly armed, had with chivalrous extravagance thrown off his own cuishes, and now rode to the battle with no armour but his cuirass.[1] At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but, mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy.

For the battle was a series of personal encounters in which high officers were doing the work of private soldiers. Lord North, who had been lying "bed-rid" with a musket-shot in the leg, had got himself put on horseback, and "with one boot on and one boot off," bore himself "most lustily" through the whole affair.[2] "I desire that her Majesty may know," he said, "that I live but to serve her. A better barony than I have could not hire the Lord North to live on meaner terms."[3] Sir William Russell laid about him with his curtel-axe to such purpose that the Spaniards pronounced him a devil and not a man. "Wherever," said an eye-witness, "he saw five or six of the enemy together, thither would he; and with his hard knocks soon separated their friendship."[4] Lord Willoughby encountered George Crescia, general of the famed Albanian cavalry, unhorsed him at the first shock,[5] and rolled him into the ditch. "I yield me thy prisoner," called out the Epirote in French, "for thou art a *preux chevalier*;" while Willoughby, trusting to his captive's word,

[1] Brooke's Sidney II. 31, 32.

[2] Archer, in Stowe, *ubi sup.* Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 417.

[3] North to Burghley, $\frac{29\text{ May}}{8\text{ June}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Archer, in Stowe, 737.

[5] Ibid. Leicester to Burghley, Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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galloped onward, and with him the rest of the little troop, till they seemed swallowed up by the superior numbers of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, his basses were torn from his legs, and he was nearly taken a prisoner, but fought his way back with incredible strength and good fortune. Sir William Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle. Leicester declared Sir William and "old Reade" to be "worth their weight in pearl."[1]

Hannibal Gonzaga, leader of the Spanish cavalry, fell mortally wounded.[2] The Marquis del Vasto, commander of the expedition, nearly met the same fate. An Englishman was just cleaving his head with a battle-axe, when a Spaniard transfixed the soldier with his pike.[3] The most obstinate struggle took place about the train of waggons. The teamsters had fled in the beginning of the action, but the English and Spanish soldiers, struggling with the horses, and pulling them forward and backward, tried in vain to get exclusive possession of the convoy which was the cause of the action.[4] The carts at last forced their way slowly nearer and nearer to the town, while the combat still went on, warm as ever, between the hostile squadrons. The action lasted an hour and a half, and again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English, and fell back upon their musketeers. Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came upon their entrenchments, when a musket-ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuishes which he had thrown aside, he was not inclined to leave the field; but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one

[1] "I will leave no labour nor danger," said Lord North, "but serve as a private soldier, and have thrust myself for service on foot under Captain Reade, whom I find a noble and notable soldier." (North to Burghley, MS. last cited.) This is the mettle the gallants of Elizabeth's court were made of. Compare 'Leyc. Corresp.' 417.

[2] "The Count Hannibal Gonzaga was killed, with three others whose names we know not, but they had cassocks all embroidered and laced with silver and gold." Leicester to Burghley, Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Strada, II. 452. [4] Ibid

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upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled, to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he past along the edge of the battle-field his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, "who had eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine."[1] He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle. "Oh, Philip," cried Leicester, in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney comforted him with manful words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his Queen and country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honourably or serve so valiantly as you."[2] Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honour."[3]

The wounded gentleman was borne back to the camp, and thence in a barge to Arnheim. The fight was over. Sir John Norris bade Lord Leicester "be merry, for," said he, "you have had the honourablest day. A handful of men has driven the enemy three times to retreat."[4] But, in truth, it was now time for the English to retire in their turn. Their reserve never arrived. The whole force engaged against the thirty-five hundred Spaniards had never exceeded two hundred and fifty horse and three hundred foot, and of this number

[1] Brooke's Sidney, II. 32. It is to be regretted that Lord Brooke does not give the authority for this beautiful and universally cherished anecdote. I have searched in vain for its confirmation through many contemporary letters and chronicles. There is no reason for rejecting its authenticity, but it would have been an exquisite pleasure to find it recorded, for instance, in a letter from Pelham, or North, or Norris, or Leicester—all of whom speak of Sidney's gallantry in the action, but not one of whom was acquainted with, or thought it worth while to mention the characteristic and touching trait.

[2] Stowe, 737.

[3] Pelham to Walsingham, $\frac{26 \text{ Sept.}}{6 \text{ Oct.}}$, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Stowe, *ubi sup.*

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the chief work had been done by the fifty or sixty volunteers and their followers.[1] The heroism which had been displayed was fruitless, except as a proof—and so Leicester wrote to the Palatine John Casimir—"that Spaniards were not invincible."[2] Two thousand men now sallied from the Loor-Gate, under Verdugo and Tassis,[3] to join the force under Vasto, and the English were forced to retreat. The whole convoy was then carried into the city, and the Spaniards remained masters of the field.[4]

Thirteen troopers and twenty-two foot soldiers, upon the English side, were killed. The enemy lost perhaps two hun-
Sept. 22. Oct. 2 1586. dred men. They were thrice turned from their position, and thrice routed, but they succeeded at last in their attempt to carry their convoy into Zutphen. Upon that day, and the succeeding ones, the town was completely victualled. Very little, therefore, save honour, was gained by the display of English valour against overwhelming numbers—five hundred against near four thousand. Never in the whole course of the war had there been such

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 417.

[2] Reyd, v. 83.

[3] Parma to Philip, 30 Oct. 1586. MS.

[4] Ibid. Leicester observes in the letter to Burghley (Sept. —, 1586, S. P. Office MS.) that, "notwithstanding all these troops, the Prince did not put in one waggon, save thirty which got in in the night." Alexander, however, states expressly the reverse, and congratulates Philip on the entire success of the undertaking:—

"Pero nos debemos contentar con lo succedido, pues allende de *haber quedado la campaña por nosotros, y salido con nuestra pretension, y a la barba de tan buen numero con tanta poca gente* (!) *haber metido y sacado tanto carnaje*," &c. Letter to Philip, 30 Oct. 1586. MS.

There can be no doubt whatever that the Prince was entirely correct in his statement. The result proves it, if there could be any question of it before. It is difficult to see how Leicester could be mistaken, but he had a temptation to misrepresent an affair in which his own bad generalship had been as signal as the heroism which it had called forth. Certainly Zutphen, on that and the succeeding days, was thoroughly relieved. The errors, wilful or otherwise, as to the numbers engaged and respectively lost were greater on both sides than usual on such occasions, but this kind of misstatement has always been universal.

Compare Sidney Papers, I. 104, containing a letter of Leicester to Heneage; I have not found the original. Strada, II. 450, 452. Bor, II. 750, 751. Stowe, 737, 738. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 186, 187. Reyd, v. 83, 84. Meteren, xiii. 237. Bentivoglio, P. II. L. IV. 311, *et mult. al.*

See also R. W. Tadama, Geschiedenis der Stad Zutphen ('Arnhem en Zutphen,' 1586), an interesting work, carefully written, and of great research; composed mainly from original unpublished documents. I desire to express my thanks to the learned author for the kindness with which he guided me over Zutphen and its neighbourhood, pointing out everything connected with the battle and the siege.

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fighting, for the troops upon both sides were picked men and veterans. For a long time afterwards it was the custom of Spaniards and Netherlanders, in characterising a hardly-contested action, to call it as warm as the fight at Zutphen.[1]

"I think I may call it," said Leicester, "the most notable encounter that hath been in our age, and it will remain to our posterity famous."[2]

Nevertheless it is probable that the encounter would have been forgotten by posterity but for the melancholy close upon that field to Sidney's bright career. And perhaps the Queen of England had as much reason to blush for the incompetency of her general and favourite as to be proud of the heroism displayed by her officers and soldiers.

"There were too many indeed at this skirmish of the better sort," said Leicester; "only a two hundred and fifty horse,

[1] Strada, II. 451.

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 416:—"That Thursday may run amongst any of our Thursdays," said the Earl, ('Leyc. Corresp.' 430), adding, with a most ingenuous reference to himself, "In my former letters I forgot *one*, who not only on that day but at every day's service hath been a *principal actor himself. A tall, wise, rare servant he is*, as any I know, and of marvellous good government and judgment. That gentleman may take a great charge upon him, I warrant you." Self-depreciation was not the Earl's foible.

There is hardly a battle on record about which the accounts are so hopelessly conflicting as are those which relate to the battle of Zutphen. The reason is obvious. The skirmish was a comparatively unimportant one. The fate of Sidney has invested it with undying interest, but it was not supposed at that time that he was mortally wounded. Lord North, whose letters are always spirited, went into the field in such a disabled condition that it was not in his power to send any account of the action, as he doubtless would otherwise have done, to Lord Burghley. Pelham, Norris, and Leicester, are all meagre on this occasion in details. Archer, in Stowe, is fuller, but Parma, in his letters to Philip, though copious, is confused. As a specimen of conflicting statistics it may be observed that the number of English actually engaged, according to the statement of the commander-in-chief to his government, was 550, horse and foot together. The Spanish, according to Farnese's letter to Philip, was about 3,100 in all. Strada gives the same number, writing from other letters of Parma, and puts the English at 3000 *foot and* 400 *horse*, exactly the same number that is given in the MS. letters of Simancas, and about seven times as many as were really in the field. Leicester puts the Spaniards at 1,200 horse and 3,000 foot—about 1,000 more than the actual numbers. No doubt the numbers engaged on each side should be taken as correctly stated by the respective generals. There were therefore about 3,100 Spaniards to 550 English.

Leicester gives the number of killed and wounded as 33 English and from 250 to 350 Spaniards.

Parma states the number of Spaniards killed as 9 (!), wounded 29, while he reports 200 English killed.

It seems impossible that there could have been less than 150 or 200 Spaniards killed, which is not more than half the number claimed by Leicester on the authority of Spaniards themselves. But it is a waste of time to indulge in these fruitless calculations.

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and most of them the best of this camp, and *unawares to me*. I was offended when I knew it, but could not fetch them back; but since they all so well escaped (save my dear nephew), I would not for ten thousand pounds but they had been there, since they have all won that honour they have. Your Lordship never heard of such desperate charges as they gave upon the enemies in the face of their muskets."[1]

He described Sidney's wound as "very dangerous, the bone being broken in pieces;" but said that the surgeons were in good hope. "I pray God to save his life," said the Earl, "and I care not how lame he be." Sir Philip was carried to Arnheim, where the best surgeons were immediately in attendance upon him. He submitted to their examination and the pain which they inflicted, with great cheerfulness, although himself persuaded that his wound was mortal. For many days the result was doubtful, and messages were sent day by day to England that he was convalescent—intelligence which was hailed by the Queen and people as a matter not of private but of public rejoicing. He soon began to fail, however. Count Hohenlo was badly wounded a few days later before the great fort of Zutphen. A musket-ball entered his mouth, and passed through his cheek, carrying off a jewel which hung in his ear.[2] Notwithstanding his own critical condition, however, Hohenlo sent his surgeon, Adrian van den Spiegel, a man of great skill, to wait upon Sir Philip,[3] but Adrian soon felt that the case was hopeless. Meantime fever and gangrene attacked the Count himself; and those in attendance upon him, fearing for his life, sent for his surgeon. Leicester refused to allow Adrian to depart, and Hohenlo very generously acquiescing in the decree, but, also requiring the surgeon's personal care, caused himself to be transported in a litter to Arnheim.[4]

Sidney was first to recognise the symptoms of mortification, which made a fatal result inevitable. His demeanour during his sickness and upon his death-bed was as beautiful as his

[1] Letter to Burghley, MS. before cited.

[2] Stowe, 738. Bor, II. 728.

[3] Letter of Hohenlo, in Bor, III. 123.

[4] Letter of Hohenlo, in Bor, III. 123.

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life. He discoursed with his friends concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings, to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled 'La Cuisse rompue.' He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."[1]

And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.

Parma, after thoroughly victualling Zutphen, turned his attention to the German levies which Leicester was expecting under the care of Count Meurs. "If the enemy is reinforced by these six thousand fresh troops," said Alexander, "it will make him master of the field."[2] And well he might hold this opinion, for, in the meagre state of both the Spanish and the liberating armies, the addition of three thousand fresh reiters and as many infantry would be enough to turn the scale. The Duke of Parma—for, since the recent death of his father, Farnese had succeeded to his title[3]—determined in person to seek the German troops, and to destroy them if possible. But they never gave him the chance.[4] Their muster-place was Bremen, but when they heard that the terrible 'Holofernese' was in pursuit of them, and that the commencement of their service would be a pitched battle with his Spaniards and Italians, they broke up and scattered about

[1] Brooke's Sidney, II. 32, 40. Sidney Papers, 104, *seq.*

[2] Parma to Philip, 30 Oct. 1586. Arch. de Simancas, MS.

[3] Philip II. to Parma, 19 Oct. 1586. (Archiv. de Simancas, MS.) "Henceforth," said the King, "I will be both father and mother to you."

[4] Bentivoglio is much mistaken (P. II. L. iv. 311) in giving an account of a pitched battle between Alexander and these mercenaries, in which they are represented as having been utterly defeated. The victory was quite bloodless, and it cost the victor only a couple of gold chains.

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the country. Soon afterwards the Duke tried another method of effectually dispersing them, in case they still retained a wish to fulfil their engagement with Leicester. He sent a messenger to treat with them, and in consequence two of their 'rittmeisters' paid him a visit. He offered to give them higher pay, and "ready money in place of tricks and promises." The mercenary heroes listened very favourably to his proposals, although they had already received—besides the tricks and promises—at least one hundred thousand florins out of the States' treasury.[2]

After proceeding thus far in the negotiation, however, Parma concluded, as the season was so far advanced, that it was sufficient to have dispersed them, and to have deprived the English and patriots of their services. So he gave the two majors a gold chain a-piece, and they went their way thoroughly satisfied. "I have got them away from the enemy for this year," said Alexander; "and this I hold to be one of the best services that has been rendered for many a long day to your Majesty."[3]

[1] Parma to Philip, 30 Oct. 1586. MS. last cited. [2] Meteren, xiii. 236.

[3] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

According to Meteren (*ubi sup.*) this mysterious dispersion of the German troops was owing to the intrigues of Leicester's English advisers, who were unwilling that he should send the money of the States anywhere but to England, and who therefore by their machinations contrived to spirit away this auxiliary force just at the moment when by its junction with his own army the Earl was about to have Farnese in his power. "From this time forth," says Meteren, "it was obvious that Leicester was governed entirely by English counsels," and so on. It has just been shown by the Duke's private letters that the generally most accurate chronicler was mistaken in this instance, and that the deed was accomplished by Alexander's clever management alone. Some of the German princes in whose territories these levies had been made, were honourably indignant at the treachery which had been thus practised on the States. Some of the officers were punished with imprisonment, degradation, and loss of nobility and armorial bearings, and the money paid as their "waart geld" was sent back to Holland. (Le Petit, 'Grand Chronique,' II. 536.)

Reyd is still more severe. He maintains that Leicester withheld the pay which the States had furnished for these important levies, whose arrival at the time agreed upon would have changed the fortune of the war; and that he secretly prevented their coming, from a fear that they would adhere too closely to Hohenlo and Count William Lewis. Count Ysselstein, who had been sent by the Earl to deal with these mercenaries and to promise their money, was furious at the treachery of which he conceived Leicester guilty, and did not scruple to say in large companies: "Leicester has done two great things in his life. He has made my old page, Martin Schenk a knight, and myself a liar." (Reyd, 'Nederl. Gesch.' v. 85.)

The suspicion, as we have seen, was quite groundless, and Ysselstein and the historian (who was private secretary to Count William Lewis) very much mistaken.

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During the period which intervened between the action at Warnsfeld and the death of Sidney, the siege-operations before Zutphen had been continued. The city, strongly garrisoned and well supplied with provisions, as it had been by Parma's care, remained impregnable; but the sconces beyond the river and upon the island fell into Leicester's hands.[1] The great fortress which commanded the Veluwe, and which was strong enough to have resisted Count Hohenlo on a former occasion for nearly a whole year, was the scene of much hard fighting. It was gained at last by the signal valour of Edward Stanley, lieutenant to Sir William. That officer, at the commencement of an assault upon a not very practicable breach, sprang at the long pike of a Spanish soldier, who was endeavoring to thrust him from the wall, and seized it with both hands. The Spaniard struggled to maintain his hold of the weapon, Stanley to wrest it from his grasp. A dozen other soldiers broke their pikes upon his cuirass or shot at him with their muskets. Conspicuous by his dress, being all in yellow but his corslet, he was in full sight of Leicester and of five thousand men. The earth was so shifty and sandy that the soldiers who were to follow him were not able to climb the wall. Still Stanley grasped his adversary's pike, but, suddenly changing his plan, he allowed the Spaniard to lift him from the ground. Then, assisting himself with his feet against the wall, he, much to the astonishment of the spectators, scrambled quite over the parapet, and dashed sword in hand among the defenders of the fort. Had he been endowed with a hundred lives it seemed impossible for him to escape death. But his followers, stimulated by his example, made ladders for themselves of each others' shoulders, clambered at last with great exertion over the broken wall, overpowered the garrison, and made themselves masters of the sconce. Leicester, transported with enthusiasm for this noble deed of daring, knighted Edward Stanley upon the spot, besides presenting him next day with forty pounds in gold and an annuity of one hundred

[1] Strada, II. 453, 454. Hooft, Vervolgh, 188. Bor, II. 752. Wagenaar, viii. 136.

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marks sterling for life. "Since I was born, I did never see any man behave himself as he did," said the Earl. "I shall never forget it, if I live a thousand year, and he shall have a part of my living for it as long as I live."[1]

The occupation of these forts terminated the military operations of the year, for the rainy season, precursor of the winter, had now set in. Leicester, leaving Sir William Stanley, with twelve hundred English and Irish horse, in command of Deventer; Sir John Burrowes, with one thousand men, in Doesburg; and Sir Robert Yorke, with one thousand more, in the great sconce before Zutphen; took his departure for the Hague.[2] Zutphen seemed so surrounded as to authorize the governor to expect ere long its capitulation. Nevertheless, the results of the campaign had not been encouraging. The States had lost ground, having been driven from the Meuse and Rhine, while they had with difficulty maintained themselves on the Flemish coast and upon the Yssel.

It is now necessary to glance at the internal politics of the Republic during the period of Leicester's administration and to explain the position in which he found himself at the close of the year.

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 428. Compare Strada, II. 455, 456. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 188. Meteren, xiii. 237, who says that Leicester presented Stanley with a life-rent of six hundred florins (£60).

[2] Bor, II. 753.

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CHAPTER X.

Should Elizabeth accept the Sovereignty? — The Effects of her Anger — Quarrels between the Earl and the States — The Earl's three Counsellors — Leicester's Finance-Chamber — Discontent of the Mercantile Classes — Paul Buys and the Opposition — Keen Insight of Paul Buys — Truchsess becomes a Spy upon him — Intrigues of Buys with Denmark — His Imprisonment — The Earl's Unpopularity — His Quarrels with the States — And with the Norrises — His Counsellors Wilkes and Clerke — Letter from the Queen to Leicester — A Supper Party at Hohenlo's — A drunken Quarrel — Hohenlo's Assault upon Edward Norris — Ill Effects of the Riot.

THE brief period of sunshine had been swiftly followed by storms. The Governor Absolute had, from the outset, been placed in a false position. Before he came to the Netherlands the Queen had refused the sovereignty. Perhaps it was wise in her to decline so magnificent an offer; yet certainly her acceptance would have been perfectly honourable. The constituted authorities of the Provinces formally made the proposition. There is no doubt whatever that the whole population ardently desired to become her subjects. So far as the Netherlands were concerned, then, she would have been fully justified in extending her sceptre over a free people, who, under no compulsion and without any diplomatic chicane, had selected her for their hereditary chief. So far as regarded England, the annexation to that country of a continental cluster of states, inhabited by a race closely allied to it by blood, religion, and the instinct for political freedom, seemed, on the whole, desirable.

In a financial point of view, England would certainly lose nothing by the union. The resources of the Provinces were at least equal to her own. We have seen the astonishment which the wealth and strength of the Netherlands excited in their English visitors. They were amazed by the evidences of commercial and manufacturing prosperity, by the spectacle of luxury and advanced culture, which met them on every

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side. Had the Queen—as it had been generally supposed—desired to learn whether the Provinces were able and willing to pay the expenses of their own defence before she should definitely decide on their offer of sovereignty, she was soon thoroughly enlightened upon the subject.[1] Her confidential agents all held one language. If she would only accept the sovereignty, the amount which the Provinces would pay was in a manner boundless. She was assured that the revenue of her own hereditary realm was much inferior to that of the possessions thus offered to her sway.[2]

In regard to constitutional polity, the condition of the Netherlands was at least as satisfactory as that of England. The great amount of civil freedom enjoyed by those countries—although perhaps an objection in the eyes of Elizabeth Tudor—should certainly have been a recommendation to her liberty-loving subjects. The question of defence had been satisfactorily answered. The Provinces, if an integral part of the English empire, could protect themselves, and would become an additional element of strength, not a troublesome encumbrance.

The difference of language was far less than that which already existed between the English and their Irish fellow-subjects, while it was counterbalanced by sympathy, instead

[1] Hoofd, xxiii. 1039, 1042. Wagenaar, viii. 102, 104; 141, 142.

[2] "Neither do I easily see," wrote Richard Cavendish, "how the cause may be remedied, unless it may please her most excellent Majesty to take that upon her which the whole people (and specially they of the wiser sort) *both crave and cry for*, namely, the sovereignty. . . . . *There is no doubt but the revenues will suffice* to the driving of the enemy out of these countries for ever, and *afterward in clear profit unto her Majesty far surmount the receipts at home.*" Cavendish to Burghley, 9 April, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"The people," said Leicester, "still pray God that her Majesty will be their sovereign. She would then see what a contribution they will all bring forth." Leicester to Burghley, 18 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"I may safely say to your Majesty," said he at about the same period, "that if your aid had been in such apparent sort to the countries that they might assure themselves of any certain time of continuance of the same, and that you had taken their cause indeed to heart, I am verily persuaded that they would have given very good testimonies by their very large contributions to maintain their wars for such certain number of years to be set down as your Majesty should appoint, and no prince nor practice of any person living able to draw them from you." Leicester to the Queen, 27 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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of being aggravated by mutual hostility in the matter of religion.

With regard to the great question of abstract sovereignty, it was certainly impolitic for an absolute monarch to recognize the right of a nation to repudiate its natural allegiance. But Elizabeth had already countenanced that step by assisting the rebellion against Philip. To allow the rebels to transfer their obedience from the King of Spain to herself was only another step in the same direction. The Queen, should she annex the Provinces, would certainly be accused by the world of ambition; but the ambition was a noble one, if, by thus consenting to the urgent solicitations of a free people, she extended the region of civil and religious liberty, and raised up a permanent bulwark against sacerdotal and royal absolutism.

A war between herself and Spain was inevitable if she accepted the sovereignty, but peace had been already rendered impossible by the treaty of alliance. It is true that the Queen imagined the possibility of combining her engagements towards the States with a conciliatory attitude towards their ancient master, but it was here that she committed the gravest error. The negotiations of Parma and his sovereign with the English court were a masterpiece of deceit on the part of Spain. We have shown, by the secret correspondence, and we shall in the sequel make it still clearer, that Philip only intended to amuse his antagonists; that he had already prepared his plan for the conquest of England, down to the minutest details; that the idea of tolerating religious liberty had never entered his mind; and that his fixed purpose was not only thoroughly to chastise the Dutch rebels, but to deprive the heretic Queen who had fostered their rebellion both of throne and life. So far as regarded the Spanish King, then, the quarrel between him and Elizabeth was already mortal; while, in a religious, moral, political, and financial point of view, it would be difficult to show that it was wrong or imprudent for England to accept the sovereignty over his ancient subjects. The cause of human freedom

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seemed likely to gain by the step, for the States did not consider themselves strong enough to maintain the independent republic which had already risen.

It might be a question whether, on the whole, Elizabeth made a mistake in declining the sovereignty. She was certainly wrong, however, in wishing the lieutenant-general of her six thousand auxiliary troops to be clothed, as such, with viceregal powers. The States-General, in a moment of enthusiasm, appointed him governor absolute, and placed in his hands, not only the command of the forces, but the entire control of their revenues, imposts, and customs, together with the appointment of civil and military officers. Such an amount of power could only be delegated by the sovereign. Elizabeth had refused the sovereignty: it then rested with the States. They only, therefore, were competent to confer the power which Elizabeth wished her favourite to exercise simply as her lieutenant-general.

Her wrathful and vituperative language damaged her cause and that of the Netherlands more severely than can now be accurately estimated. The Earl was placed at once in a false, a humiliating, almost a ridiculous position. The authority which the States had thus a second time offered to England was a second time and most scornfully thrust back upon them. Elizabeth was indignant that "her own man" should clothe himself in the supreme attributes which she had refused. The States were forced by the violence of the Queen to take the authority into their own hands again, and Leicester was looked upon as a disgraced man.

Then came the neglect with which the Earl was treated by her Majesty and her ill-timed parsimony towards the cause. No letters to him in four months, no remittances for the English troops, not a penny of salary for him. The whole expense of the war was thrown for the time upon their hands, and the English soldiers seemed only a few thousand starving, naked, dying vagrants, an incumbrance instead of an aid.[1]

[1] "I find the most part of the bands that came over in August and September," said Quartermaster Digges, "more than half wasted, dead and

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The States, in their turn, drew the purse-strings. The two hundred thousand florins monthly were paid. The four hundred thousand florins which had been voted as an additional supply were for a time held back, as Leicester expressly stated, because of the discredit which had been thrown upon him from home.[1]

The military operations were crippled for want of funds, but more fatal than everything else were the secret negotiations for peace. Subordinate individuals, like Grafigni and De Loo, went up and down, bringing presents out of England for Alexander Farnese,[2] and bragging that Parma and themselves could have peace whenever they liked to make it, and affirming that Leicester's opinions were of no account whatever. Elizabeth's coldness to the Earl and to the Netherlands was affirmed to be the Prince of Parma's sheet-anchor; while meantime a house was ostentatiously[3] prepared in

gone, and many of the remainder sick, lame, and shrewdly enfeebled, fitter to be relieved at home in hospitals than to take her Majesty's pay here for soldiers. . . . . Our soldiers, notwithstanding *great numbers of them be paid with earth in their graves*, yet the rest are so ill contented of their due for the time past, that, if pay come not speedily, before they be drawn to deal with the enemy, I doubt some worse adventure than I will divine beforehand." 'Advertisement of the present state of these Low Countries, by T. Digges,' $\frac{3}{13}$ March, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Strangely enough, Elizabeth was under the impression that the *extra* grant of 400,000 *florins* (40,000*l.*) for four months was four hundred thousand *pounds sterling!* . . . . . "The rest that was granted by the States, as extraordinary to levy an army, which was 400,000 florins, not pounds, as I hear your Majesty taketh it. It is forty thousand pounds, and to be paid in March, April, May, and June last," &c. Leicester to the Queen, 11 Oct. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

She had certainly formed already an exalted idea of the capacity of the Provinces to protect themselves. She had in a year paid but seventy thousand pounds herself, and believed the States able, *over and above their regular* contributions, to furnish an extraordinary supply of one hundred thousand pounds a month.

[2] Leicester to the Queen, 6 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] "Amongst all the enemy's means to persuade his discontented and ill-fed companions," said Cavendish, "this seemeth to be his sheet-anchor, namely, that where the only comfort of this people dependeth wholly upon her Maj.'s most gracious relief and support, now is the disposition thereof in her so cooled, as she very faintly stretcheth forth her hand thereunto, which evidently appears, as well by the many disgraces which here my Lord hath received from her Maj., to the great blemish of his authority, as also by the slack payment of her troops . . . . . and so long as my Lord shall be unable to front him in the field, so long will this people be without hope, and the enemy inflamed with assured hope of victory." Cavendish to Burghley, 15 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Brussels by their direction for the reception of an English ambassador, who was every moment expected to arrive.[1] Under such circumstances it was in vain for the governor-general to protest that the accounts of secret negotiations were false, and quite natural that the States should lose their confidence in the Queen. An unfriendly and suspicious attitude towards her representative was a necessary result, and the demonstrations against the common enemy became still more languid. But for these underhand dealings, Grave, Venlo, and Neusz, might have been saved,[2] and the current of the Meuse and Rhine have remained in the hands of the patriots.

The Earl was industrious, generous, and desirous of playing well his part. His personal courage was undoubted, and, in the opinion of his admirers—themselves, some of them, men of large military experience—his ability as a commander was of a high order.[3] The valour displayed by the English nobles and gentlemen who accompanied him was magnificent, worthy the descendants of the victors at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt; and the good behaviour of their followers—with a few rare exceptions—had been equally signal. But now the army was dwindling to a ghastly array of scarecrows, and the recruits, as they came from England, were appalled by the spectacle presented by their predecessors.[4] "Our old ragged rogues here have so discouraged our new men," said Leicester; "as I protest to you they look like dead men."[5] Out of eleven hundred freshly-arrived Englishmen, five hun-

[1] "It is certainly known that the enemy hath not a little prevailed with that stratagem, causing to be published that there was a treaty of peace between her Majesty and him, and that the same should be shortly concluded; and to make this device to carry the more shew of truth, he caused a house to be prepared in Brussels, saying that it was for an ambassador coming out of England to conclude the peace, by which means he hath contained divers towns in terms of obedience that were ready to revolt, in respect of their misery, poverty, and famine." Wilkes to Burghley, 7 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Leicester to the Queen, 20 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] North to Burghley, 23 May, 1586. Same to same, 29 May, 1586. Heneage to Walsingham, 25 May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Leicester to Burghley, 18 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 338.

[5] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 338.

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dred ran away in two days.[1] Some were caught and hanged, and all seemed to prefer hanging to remaining in the service, while the Earl declared that he would be hanged as well rather than again undertake such a charge without being assured payment for his troops beforehand.[2]

The valour of Sidney and Essex, Willoughby and Pelham, Roger Williams and Martin Schenk, was set at nought by such untoward circumstances. Had not Philip also left his army to starve and Alexander Farnese to work miracles, it would have fared still worse with Holland and England, and with the cause of civil and religious liberty in the year 1586.

The States having resumed, as much as possible, their former authority, were on very unsatisfactory terms with the governor-general. Before long, it was impossible for the twenty or thirty individuals called the States to be in the same town with the man whom, at the commencement of the year, they had greeted so warmly.[3] The hatred between the Leicester faction and the municipalities became intense, for the foundation of the two great parties which were long to divide the Netherland commonwealth was already laid. The mercantile patrician interest, embodied in the states of Holland and Zeeland, and inclined to a large toleration in the matter of religion, which afterwards took the form of Arminianism, was opposed by a strict Calvinist party, which desired to subject the political commonwealth to the reformed church; which nevertheless indulged in very democratic views of the social compact; and which was controlled by a few refugees from Flanders and Brabant, who had succeeded in obtaining the confidence of Leicester.

Thus the Earl was the nominal head of the Calvinist democratic party; while young Maurice of Nassau, stadholder of Holland and Zeeland, and guided by Barneveld, Buys, and other leading statesmen of these Provinces, was in an attitude pre-

[1] Leicester to Burghley, MS. last cited. Bruce, *ubi sup.* [2] Ibid. [3] Doyley to Burghley, 8 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare Wagenaar viii. 142, 143.

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cisely the reverse of the one which he was destined at a later and equally memorable epoch to assume. The chiefs of the faction which had now succeeded in gaining the confidence of Leicester were Reingault, Burgrave, and Deventer, all refugees.

The laws of Holland and of the other United States were very strict on the subject of citizenship, and no one but a native was competent to hold office in each Province. Doubtless, such regulations were narrow-spirited; but to fly in the face of them was the act of a despot, and this is what Leicester did. Reingault was a Fleming. He was a bankrupt merchant, who had been taken into the protection of Lamoral Egmont, and by that nobleman recommended to Granvelle for an office under the Cardinal's government. The refusal of this favour was one of the original causes of Egmont's hostility to Granvelle. Reingault subsequently entered the service of the Cardinal, however, and rewarded the kindness of his former benefactor by great exertions in finding, or inventing, evidence to justify the execution of that unfortunate nobleman. He was afterwards much employed by the Duke of Alva and by the Grand Commander Requesens; but after the pacification of Ghent he had been completely thrown out of service. He had recently, in a subordinate capacity, accompanied the legations of the States to France and to England, and had now contrived to ingratiate himself with the Earl of Leicester. He affected great zeal for the Calvinistic religion—an exhibition which, in the old servant of Granvelle and Alva, was far from edifying—and would employ no man or maid-servant in his household until their religious principles had been thoroughly examined by one or two clergymen. In brief, he was one of those, who, according to a homely Flemish proverb, are wont to hang their piety on the bell-rope; but, with the exception of this brief interlude in his career, he lived and died a Papist.[1]

[1] Hoofd, Vervolgh, 142, 143. Reydani, V. 89, 90.

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Gerard Proninck, called Deventer, was a respectable inhabitant of Bois-le-Duc, who had left that city after it had again become subject to the authority of Spain. He was of decent life and conversation, but a restless and ambitious demagogue. As a Brabantine, he was unfit for office; and yet, through Leicester's influence and the intrigues of the democratic party, he obtained the appointment of burgomaster in the city of Utrecht. The States-General, however, always refused to allow him to appear at their sessions as representative of that city.[1]

Daniel de Burgrave was a Flemish mechanic, who, by the exertion of much energy and talent, had risen to the post of procureur-general of Flanders. After the conquest of the principal portion of that Province by Parma, he had made himself useful to the English governor-general in various ways, and particularly as a linguist. He spoke English—a tongue with which few Netherlanders of that day were familiar—and as the Earl knew no other, except (very imperfectly) Italian, he found his services in speaking and writing a variety of languages very convenient. He was the governor's private secretary, and, of course, had no entrance to the council of state, but he was accused of frequently thrusting himself into their hall of sessions, where, under pretence of arranging the Earl's table, or portfolio, or papers, he was much addicted to whispering into his master's ear, listening to conversation,—to eaves-dropping, in short, and general intrusiveness.[2]

"A most faithful, honest servant is Burgrave," said Leicester; "a substantial, wise man.[3] 'Tis as sufficient a man as ever I met withal of any nation; very well learned, exceeding wise, and sincere in religion. I cannot commend the man too much. He is the only comfort I have had of any of this nation."[4]

These three personages were the leaders of the Leicester

[1] Hoofd, Vervolgh, &c., just cited.
[2] Hoofd, Reyd., *ubi sup.*
[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 363, 422.
[4] Leicester to Walsingham, 27 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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faction. They had much influence with all the refugees from Flanders, Brabant, and the Walloon Provinces. In Utrecht, especially, where the Earl mainly resided, their intrigues were very successful. Deventer was appointed, as already stated, to the important post of burgomaster; many of the influential citizens were banished, without cause or trial; the upper branch of the municipal government, consisting of the clerical delegates of the colleges, was in an arbitrary manner abolished; and finally, the absolute sovereignty of the Province, without condition, was offered to the Queen of England.[1]

Leicester was now determined to carry out one of the great objects which the Queen had in view when she sent him to the Netherlands. She desired thoroughly to ascertain the financial resources of the Provinces, and their capacity to defend themselves.[2] It was supposed by the States, and hoped by the Earl and by a majority of the Netherland people, that she would, in case the results were satisfactory, accept, after all, the sovereignty. She certainly was not to be blamed that she wished to make this most important investigation, but it was her own fault that any new machinery had been rendered necessary. The whole control of the finances had, in the beginning of the year, been placed in the Earl's hands,[3] and it was only by her violently depriving him of his credit and of the confidence of the country that he had not retained it. He now established a finance-chamber, under the chief control of Reingault, who promised him mountains of money, and who was to be chief treasurer.[4] Paul

[1] Bor, II. 722.

[2] Hoofd, 1039, 1042. Wagenaar, viii. 142.

[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 1585; "And," said he to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, "you may all sleep quietly in England, so long as these countries may be held in their earnest good-will."

[4] Bor, II. 722.

Leicester to Burghley, 28 June, 1586. Cavendish to same, 19 June, 1586. Leicester to the Queen, 26 June, 1586. Same to same, 27 June, 1586. Wilkes to Lords of Council, 20 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.)

"The Prince of Orange," said Cavendish (MS. *ubi sup.*), "being not ignorant of the frauds of the States, often levelled at this matter (a finance-council), but was never able to hit it, because they knew he was poor, and had no way else to live but upon their alms-basket. . . . . Amongst other

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Buys was appointed by Leicester to fill a subordinate position in the new council. He spurned the offer with great indignation, saying that Reingault was not fit to be his clerk, and that he was not likely himself, therefore, to accept a humble post under the administration of such an individual. This scornful refusal filled to the full the hatred of Leicester against the ex-Advocate of Holland.[1]

The mercantile interest at once took the alarm, because it was supposed that the finance-chamber was intended to crush the merchants. Early in April an Act had been passed by the state-council, prohibiting commerce with the Spanish possessions. The embargo was intended to injure the obedient Provinces and their sovereign, but it was shown that its effect would be to blast the commerce of Holland. It forbade the exportation from the republic not only of all provisions and munitions of war, but of all goods and merchandize whatever, to Spain, Portugal, the Spanish Netherlands, or any other of Philip's territories, either in Dutch or neutral vessels.[2] It would certainly seem, at first sight, that such an

things, there is one impost granted by favour to some parties for 100*l.* by the year, which is indeed worth 8,000*l.* With these tricks have they enriched themselves, all which devices must now quail." If such stories, which were daily whispered into Leicester's ears, had a shadow of foundation, it was not surprising that he should expect to increase the revenue by a more judicious farming. But he never found his "mountains of gold," nor any collector who could turn a hundred pounds into eight thousand. "I have," said Leicester (Letters to the Queen, *ubi sup.*), "established, against the wills of some here, a chamber of finance, by which I shall be sure to be privy to the levying and bestowing of all their revenues—a matter your Majesty hath often sought to understand thereof. But, with all the wit and means I could use, could never certainly bring it to pass, nor never will, but by this only way. I trust shortly to have very assured knowledge to satisfy your Majesty of the States' ability, which thing I have gone about from the beginning. I hope, within twenty days, to give your Majesty some near reckoning of all their revenues every way. Your Majesty doth suppose I deal weakly with these men, but I would you knew how I have dealt with them of late, to bring the office of finance to pass. I had a good will to have dealt long since roundly with them, I confess, but my case was too well known to them. But as soon as my heartening came from mine old supporter, I was found a more shrew than your Majesty will believe; for mine old patience hath been too much tried since I came from my quiet home to this wayward generation."

"I find that until the time of my coming hither," said Wilkes (Letter to Council, *ubi sup.*), "the States have been contented to disguise and conceal the truth of many particularities, which now they profess to discover, meaning, as they say, *to anatomise unto her Majesty* the whole state of their strength.

[1] Bor, II. 722.

[2] Bor, II. 703, *seq.* who is, however,

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act was reasonable, although the result would really be, not to deprive the enemy of supplies, but to throw the whole Baltic trade into the hands of the Bremen, Hamburg, and "Osterling" merchants. Leicester expected to derive a considerable revenue by granting passports and licenses to such neutral traders, but the edict became so unpopular that it was never thoroughly enforced, and was before long rescinded.[1]

The odium of the measure was thrown upon the governor-general, yet he had in truth opposed it in the state-council, and was influential in procuring its repeal.[2]

Another important Act had been directed against the mercantile interest, and excited much general discontent. The Netherlands wished the staple of the English cloth manufacture to be removed from Emden—the petty sovereign of which place was the humble servant of Spain—to Amsterdam or Delft. The desire was certainly natural, and the Dutch merchants sent a committee to confer with Leicester. He was much impressed with their views, and with the sagacity of their chairman, one Mylward, "a wise fellow and well languaged, an ancient man and very religious," as the Earl pronounced him to be.[3]

Notwithstanding the wisdom of this well-languaged fellow, however, the Queen, for some strange reason, could not be

mistaken in ascribing the measure to the inspiration of Leicester.

[1] Bor, II., 703, *seq.* Wagenaar, viii. 147, *seq.* who is in this matter even more unjust to the Earl than contemporary authorities.

[2] Leicester to the Queen, 11 Oct. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"I have very good testimony of all the council here," said the Earl, "that I only in council stood against the placard, insomuch it lay a month by, for indeed I thought it unreasonable and that it would give all princes just cause of offence toward this country, and, by all duty to your Majesty, I *did refuse to let it pass.* At length, *both States and council* renewed the matter again to me, and showed me presently how the like had been done, and what profit it would bring, pressing me to give it some consideration in council to be debated. It went so through them all as there was not a man spake against it, yet my resolution being to be had, I would give no consent till I had advertised your Majesty thereof, which they all liked well. And after it was agreed and published, it was again by my means revoked and qualified, as doth appear by record."

Compare Meteren, xiii. 234^vo. Wagenaar, *ubi sup.* Bor, *ubi sup.* who seems to be mistaken on this point.

The real author of the edict was Reingault. (Meteren, *ubi sup.*)

[3] Leicester to Burghley, 29 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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induced to change the staple from Emden, although it was shown that the public revenue of the Netherlands would gain twenty thousand pounds a year by the measure. "All Holland will cry out for it," said Leicester; "but I had rather they cried than that England should weep."[1]

Thus the mercantile community, and especially the patrician families of Holland and Zeeland, all engaged in trade, became more and more hostile to the governor-general and to his financial trio, who were soon almost as unpopular as the famous Consulta of Cardinal Granvelle had been. It was the custom of the States to consider the men who surrounded the Earl as needy and unprincipled renegades and adventurers. It was the policy of his advisers to represent the merchants and the States—which mainly consisted of, or were controlled by merchants—as a body of corrupt, selfish, greedy money-getters.[2]

[1] Leicester to Burghley, 10 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "The wonderful cunning dealing of *those fellows here called the States* concerning the finances and the receipt of revenue, whereupon the people rest greatly grieved, and themselves, as is thought, no less enriched." Cavendish to Burghley, 9 April, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"The States be sly persons," said Lord North, "inconstant and treacherous, the most of them Papists (!), and so rich as they will do any turn to serve themselves. If they again find that her Majesty likes not of my Lord's authority, they will doubt of their own safety, practise their own peace, and leave my Lord and all his to the spirit of the enemy. North to Burghley, 23 May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"These be dainty and dangerous people to deal withal," said Leicester, "specially when they shall be desperate of their hope, and disappointed of their help. I must say truly to your Majesty I do find some of the best sort as honest and as thankful as ever I knew men, and some others as perverse and as ingrate as might well be spared out of all good company. There are also men who are able, and do most hurt. . . . These men begin utterly to despair of your Majesty's good assistance, and an apt time is offered now for the lewd and bad disposed persons to work their feat." Leicester to the Queen, 6 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"The whole people," said Cavendish, "are here so addicted to her Majesty, and in respect of her to my Lord, in whom they find such incessant travail and care for her service and their general good, and in respect of whom they would willingly cashier or rather hang all those called States. Your Lordship may think I write vehemently, but I know I write truly." Cavendish to Burghley, 19 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"It will be a harder matter," said Leicester again, "than you can imagine, to bring this State in that tune it was three months past. It will require a whole and full countenance from her Majesty and with all speed possible, if you will have it kept from the enemy. And beware these fellows do not prevent her Majesty. If they do, you can consider how harmful it is like to prove, and *though they be counted dullards and drunkards, they*

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The calumnies put in circulation against the States by Reingault and his associates grew at last so outrageous, and the prejudice created in the mind of Leicester and his immediate English adherents so intense, that it was rendered necessary for the States of Holland and Zeeland to write to their agent Ortell in London, that he might forestall the effect of these perpetual misrepresentations on her Majesty's government.[1] Leicester, on the other hand, under the

have shrewd and subtle heads as ever I found anywhere. . . . . The best man in England were not too good, as matters stand, to be employed hither, either to encourage them thoroughly, or to understand their estate more deeply." Leicester to Burghley, 20 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"I did never see such heady people as these States are," said the Earl, once more, "I cannot blame the common sort to mislike them, for there is no reasoning against their resolutions. . . . . There must be very wise and good handling had in these causes. There is no more such people to deal withal again. I mean these that be rich and politic fellows. They hunt after their own wealth and surety, and without an assurance of a strange assistance they will be suddenly gone, and it is high time to look into the course her Majesty will take hereafter." Same to same, 29 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"They have given to my Lord of Leicester," said Wilkes, "a government with the word *absolute*, but with so many restrictions that his authority is limited almost to nothing, and he is in truth for the politic government but their servant; having reserved to themselves, besides the sovereignty, the disposing of all the contributions (saving the monthly allowance), the church goods, confiscations, choice of officers . . . . and to keep themselves from rendering account of anything, they do impugn his court of finances now erected, alleging that he hath not authority to erect any such court, or to establish offices without their license." Wilkes to Lords of Council, 20 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"The exactions and excises are incredible that are laid on this people," said Digges, "and such as in all probability do *amount to three times as much* (!) *as the* 200,000 *florins monthly* which they allow his Excellency to prosecute the war. The rest they divide among themselves . . . giving great stipends to Count Hollock, Count Maurice, Count Meurs, Count William, and many colonels. But, for all this, the States offer that there shall be new impositions to levy more." T. Digges's 'Advertisement of present state of the Low Countries,' $\frac{3}{13}$ March, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] "You have doubtless understood," said the States, "of the erection of the finance-council for the better husbanding of the money furnished by these countries, of the which Jacques Ringault is ordained treasurer. . . . . Stephen Perret (a seditious person, often imprisoned, and a fraudulent bankrupt), being come out of Antwerp after the yielding up of the same, hath kept correspondence with Ringault, whilst he was in England. Very shortly after the coming of his Excellency into these countries, he hath sought by all possible means to bring him in suspicion and jealousy by the Estates of the country, and propounded manifold novelties unto his Excellency whereby to levy money, and *in the propounding thereof shamefully slandered the Estates with injurious, seditious, and untrue reports and drifts.* After Ringault's arrival here, he hath found means to get in better credit by his Excellency, and, laying their heads together, and *either being set awork by the enemy or else thinking to enrich themselves* out of the calamity and misery of these countries, have

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inspiration of his artful advisers, was vehement in his entreaties that Ortell should be sent away from England.[1]

The ablest and busiest of the opposition-party, the "nimblest head"[2] in the States-General was the ex-Advocate of Holland, Paul Buys. This man was then the foremost statesman in the Netherlands. He had been the firmest friend to the English alliance; he had resigned his office when the States were offering the sovereignty to France, and had been on the point of taking service in Denmark. He had afterwards been prominent in the legation which offered the sovereignty to Elizabeth, and, for a long time, had been the most firm, earnest, and eloquent advocate of the English policy. Leicester had originally courted him, caressed him, especially recommended him to the Queen's favour, given him money—as he said, "two hundred pounds sterling thick at a time"—and

made agreement between them in April last that all that which they, by means of any new invention by them already propounded or yet to be propounded unto his Excellency, should get or enjoy, *that the same should be divided between them*. And after that he sought of his Excellency the 20th penny of all that which should proceed of his pretended inventions. To which end Ringault, with his own hand, has drawn an octroi, or warrant, and got his Excellency to sign the same, without knowledge of the council, or any of the secretaries, namely, that he should have the 30th penny. They have also taken great pains to change the course of the common means, which so laudably and with such great travail his Excellency of worthy memory (William of Orange) brought in train, and so to bring it into collectation, thereby to intrude themselves and such other (having no credit) to farm any of the said general means in the collectation. The foresaid Perret and Ringault have also travailed by all means to set misunderstanding between his Excellency and the Estates and the council of state, and practised many unlawful devices to alter the estate of the countries, and to get his Excellency to do all that which they imagined to serve to their intent. To which end they have used many unheard-of and indecent proceedings without order of law, and against the privileges and customs of these countries, and against the estate and welfare of the same, through a company of inconstant and base persons, for the greater part being strangers, applying unto themselves and their friends (a company of strangers) many offices and receipts, thinking to deal with the same according to their own pleasure and appetite. All which we have at large *imparted to Mr. Wilkes, showed him the original pieces*, and given him good instruction by writing thereof, to the end he may give her Majesty and her honourable council to understand the personage of these two spirits." States of Holland and Zeeland to Ortell, 12 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] "You have there his (Paul Buys's) agent Ortell. It were well he were thence. I did send twice for him, but he excuseth himself." Leicester to Burghley, 20 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare 'Leyc. Corresp.' 311.

[2] Bart. Clerk to Burghley, 24 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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openly pronounced him to be "in ability above all men."[1] "No man hath ever sought a man," he said, "as I have sought P. B."[2]

The period of their friendship was, however, very brief. Before many weeks had passed there was no vituperative epithet that Leicester was not in the daily habit of bestowing upon Paul. The Earl's vocabulary of abuse was not a limited one, but he exhausted it on the head of the Advocate. He lacked at last words and breath to utter what was like him. He pronounced his former friend "a very dangerous man, altogether hated of the people and the States;" "a lewd sinner, nursled in revolutions; "a most covetous, bribing fellow, caring for nothing but to bear the sway and grow rich;" "a man who had played many parts, both lewd and audacious;" "a very knave, a traitor to his country;" "the most ungrateful wretch alive, a hater of the Queen and of all the English; a most unthankful man to her Majesty; a practiser to make himself rich and great, and nobody else;" "among all villains the greatest;" "a bolsterer of all papists and ill men, a dissembler, a devil, an atheist," a "most naughty man, and a most notorious drunkard in the worst degree."

Where the Earl hated, his hatred was apt to be deadly, and he was determined, if possible, to have the life of the detested Paul. "You shall see I will do well enough with him, and that shortly," he said. "I will course him as he was not so this twenty year. I will warrant him hanged and one or two of his fellows, but you must not tell your shirt of this yet;" and when he was congratulating the government on his having at length procured the execution of Captain Hemart, the surrenderer of Grave, he added, pithily, "and you shall hear that Mr. P. B. shall follow."[3]

[1] Leicester to Burghley, 10 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Leicester to Burghley, 20 June, 1586. Same to same, 10 Aug. 1586. Same to same, 20 July, 1586. B. Clerk to same, 24 July. (S. P. Office MSS.) Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 130, 291, 303, 310, 311, 312, 352. Cavendish observed that "there were many false brethren in the higher form among the people, of whom he feared that Paul Buys would not prove the *puisné*." Cavendish to Burghley, 15 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Yet the Earl's real griefs against Buys may be easily summed up. The lewd sinner, nursled in revolutions, had detected the secret policy of the Queen's government, and was therefore perpetually denouncing the intrigues going on with Spain. He complained that her Majesty was tired of having engaged in the Netherland enterprise; he declared that she would be glad to get fairly out of it; that her reluctance to spend a farthing more in the cause than she was obliged to do was hourly increasing upon her; that she was deceiving and misleading the States-General; and that she was hankering after a peace. He said that the Earl had a secret intention to possess himself of certain towns in Holland, in which case the whole question of peace and war would be in the hands of the Queen, who would also have it thus in her power to reimburse herself at once for all expenses that she had incurred.[1]

It would be difficult to show that there was anything very calumnious in these charges, which, no doubt, Paul was in the habit of making. As to the economical tendencies of her Majesty, sufficient evidence has been given already from Leicester's private letters. "Rather than spend one hundred pounds," said Walsingham, "she can be content to be deceived of five thousand."[2] That she had been concealing from the States, from Walsingham, from Leicester, during the whole summer, her secret negotiations with Spain, has also been made apparent. That she was disgusted with the enterprise in which she had embarked, Walsingham, Burghley, Hatton, and all the other statesmen of England, most abundantly testified. Whether Leicester had really an intention to possess himself of certain cities in Holland—a charge made by Paul Buys, and denounced as especially slanderous by the Earl—may better appear from his own private statements.

[1] "Paul Buys — still giving out slanderous speeches—for that I only sought to . . . *get their towns* . . . . that thereby, whensoever her Majesty should think good to treat for peace, ... I should hereby be able to compel them to what end she should think good." Leicester to Walsingham, 20 July, 1586, in Bruce, 376.

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 273.

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"*This I will do,*" he wrote to the Queen, "*and I hope not to fail of it, to get into my hands three or four most principal places in North Holland, which will be such a strength and assurance for your Majesty, as you shall see you shall both rule these men and make war or peace as you list, always provided—whatsoever you hear, or is—part not with the Brill ; and having these places in your hands, whatsoever should chance to these countries, your Majesty, I will warrant sure enough to make what peace you will in an hour, and to have your debts and charges readily answered.*"[1] At a somewhat later moment it will be seen what came of these secret designs. For the present, Leicester was very angry with Paul for daring to suspect him of such treachery.

The Earl complained, too, that the influence of Buys with Hohenlo and young Maurice of Nassau was most pernicious. Hohenlo had formerly stood high in Leicester's opinion. He was a "plain, faithful soldier, a most valiant gentleman," and he was still more important, because about to marry Mary of Nassau, eldest daughter of William the Silent, and coheiress with Philip William, to the Buren property. But he had been tampered with by the intriguing Paul Buys, and had then wished to resign his office under Leicester. Being pressed for reasons, he had "grown solemn," and withdrawn himself almost entirely.

Maurice, with his "solemn sly wit," also gave the Earl much trouble, saying little, but thinking much, and listening to the insidious Paul. He "stood much on making or marring," so Leicester thought, "as he met with good counsel." He had formerly been on intimate terms with the governor-general, who affected to call him his son ; but he had subsequently kept aloof, and in three months had not come near him.[2] The Earl thought that money might do much, and was

[1] Leicester to the Queen, 27 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "The Count Maurice hath not been three months with his Lordship. He is utterly discontented, and much advised by Ste. Aldegonde, who is assuredly the King of Spain's, and practiseth (as an instrument of sedition) to animate the Count, by all means possible, to thwart my Lord in the course of her Majesty's service. The Count, well advised by Ste. Alde-

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anxious for Sir Francis Drake to come home from the Indies with millions of gold, that the Queen might make both Hohenlo and Maurice a handsome present before it should be too late.[1]

Meantime he did what he could with Elector Truchsess to lure them back again. That forlorn little prelate was now poorer and more wretched than ever. He was becoming paralytic, though young, and his heart was broken through want. Leicester, always generous as the sun, gave him money, four thousand florins at a time, and was most earnest that the Queen should put him on her pension list.[2] "His wisdom, his behaviour, his languages, his person," said the Earl, "all would like her well. He is in great melancholy for his town of Neusz, and for his poverty, having a very noble mind. If he be lost, her Majesty had better lose a hundred thousand pounds."[3]

The melancholy Truchsess now became a spy and a go-between. He insinuated himself into the confidence of Paul Buys, wormed his secrets from him, and then communicated them to Hohenlo and to Leicester; "but he did it very wisely," said the Earl, "so that he was not mistrusted."[4] The governor always affected, in order to screen the elector from suspicion, to obtain his information from persons in Utrecht; and he had indeed many spies in that city, who diligently reported Paul's table-talk. Nevertheless, that "noble gentleman, the elector," said Leicester, hath dealt most deeply with him, to seek out the bottom."[5] As the ex-Advocate of Holland was very communicative in his cups, and very bitter against the governor-general, there was soon such a fund of information collected on the subject by various

gonde and Villiers, repineth secretly that her Majesty should have anything to do in the government of the country. It is to be feared his hidden malice will do much mischief, and many ill offices in the common cause now in hand." 'Matters to be related to her Majesty by a special messenger from the Earl of Leicester,' 20 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

The opinion here expressed in regard to Sainte Aldegonde was subsequently and distinctly contradicted by Wilkes.

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 374.
[2] Ibid. 378.
[3] Ibid. 374.
[4] Ibid. 377.
[5] Ibid. 377.

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eaves-droppers, that Leicester was in hopes of very soon hanging Mr. Paul Buys, as we have already seen.

The burthen of the charges against the culprit was his statement that the Provinces would be gone if her Majesty did not declare herself, vigorously and generously, in their favour ; but, as this was the perpetual cry of Leicester himself, there seemed hardly hanging matter in that. That noble gentleman, the elector, however, had nearly saved the hangman his trouble, having so dealt with Hohenlo as to "bring him into as good a mind as ever he was ;" and the first fruits of this good mind were, that the honest Count—a man of prompt dealings—walked straight to Paul's house in order to kill him on the spot.[1] Something fortunately prevented the execution of this plan ; but for a time at least the energetic Count continued to be "governed greatly" by the ex-archbishop, and "did impart wholly unto him his most secret heart."

Thus the "deep wise Truxy," as Leicester called him, continued to earn golden opinions, and followed up his conversion of Hohenlo by undertaking to "bring Maurice into tune again also," and the young Prince was soon on better terms with his "affectionate father" than he had ever been before.[2]

Paul Buys was not so easily put down, however, nor the two magnates so thoroughly gained over. Before the end of the season Maurice stood in his old position, the nominal head of the Holland or patrician party, chief of the opposition to Leicester, while Hohenlo had become more bitter than ever against the Earl. The quarrel between himself and Edward Norris, to which allusion will soon be made, tended to increase the dissatisfaction, although he singularly misunderstood Leicester's sentiments throughout the whole affair. Hohenlo recovered of his wound before Zutphen ; but, on his recovery, was more malcontent than ever.[3] The Earl was obliged at last to confess that "he was a very dangerous man, inconstant, envious, and hateful to all our nation, and a very

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 372.

[2] Ibid. 376.

[3] Ibid. 378.

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traitor to the cause. There is no dealing to win him," he added, "I have sought it to my cost. His best friends tell me he is not to be trusted."[1]

Meantime that lewd sinner, the indefatigable Paul, was plotting desperately—so Leicester said and believed—to transfer the sovereignty of the Provinces to the King of Denmark. Buys, who was privately of opinion that the States required an absolute head, "though it were but an onion's head,"[2] and that they would thankfully continue under Leicester as governor absolute if Elizabeth would accept the sovereignty, had made up his mind that the Queen would never take that step. He was therefore disposed to offer the crown to the King of Denmark, and was believed to have brought Maurice—who was to espouse that King's daughter[3]—to the same way of thinking. Young Count Rantzan, son of a distinguished Danish statesman, made a visit to the Netherlands in order to confer with Buys. Paul was also anxious to be appointed envoy to Denmark, ostensibly to arrange for the two thousand cavalry, which the King had long before promised for the assistance of the Provinces, but in reality, to examine the details of this new project; and Leicester represented to the Queen very earnestly how powerful the Danish monarch would become, thus rendered master of the narrow seas, and how formidable to England.[4]

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 446.

Wilkes had also formed an unfavourable opinion of the Count. "I do not find that the States or people," he said, "have any great affection for him. The man is doubtless valiant, but rash, bloody, unfortunate, and subject to many imperfections. They would willingly be rid of him, if they might without danger." Wilkes to the Lords of Council, 20 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Notes by Paul Buys, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Paul Buys . . perceiving of late," said Leicester, "that your Maj. meaneth not to proceed so far in these countries as he looked for, or rather not finding himself the absolute director and governor as he would be, is secretly working to make a king indeed over those two countries, Holland and Zeeland, and one he doth insinuate unto men's minds already all that ever he can, is the King of Denmark—a matter not unlike to come to pass, if your Maj. shall not assure these people of the continuance of your favour, which, if they should be, all the princes of the world cannot win them from you. But this lewd sinner loseth no time, where he can be heard, to inform men how fickle a trust there is to be had of your Majesty's favour or promise, repenting withal greatly that he ever procured me over, being indeed, as he says, since fallen out in no better grace with you. . . . . If the King should have these two provinces

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In the midst of these plottings, real or supposed, a party of armed men, one fine summer's morning, suddenly entered Paul's bedroom as he lay asleep at the house of the burgomaster, seized his papers, and threw him into prison in the wine-cellar of the town-house. "Oh my papers, oh my papers!" cried the unfortunate politician, according to Leicester's statement, "the Queen of England will for ever hate me." The Earl disavowed all participation in the arrest; but he was not believed. He declared himself not sorry that the measure had been taken, and promised that he would not "be hasty to release him," not doubting that "he would be found faulty enough." Leicester maintained that there was stuff enough discovered to cost Paul his head; but he never lost his head, nor was anything treasonable or criminal ever found against him. The intrigue with Denmark—never proved—and commenced, if undertaken at all, in utter despair of Elizabeth's accepting the sovereignty, was the gravest charge. He re-

absolutely as king, you must assure yourself he will be lord and commander over the narrow seas, and all your traffics, east and northward, wholly under his restraint, for *he will be the only mighty prince by sea*. . . . I refused P. B. to go to the King as ambassador, being marvellous earnest therein . . . but I trust to come to further knowledge of this matter, and to prevent Master Buys well enough. P. B. hath flatly said to me, of late, that the King of Denmark were the fittest lord for them in Christendom, *next your Majesty*." Leicester to the Queen, 20 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

"It is feared," said Cox, specially deputed by Leicester to report this matter to the Queen's government, "that the King of Denmark is alienated, and would be glad to have the sovereignty of these countries himself. Paul Buys hath not spared of late to intend such a practice, and participating the same with Count Maurice, alleging plainly to his Lordship, that it is commonly spoken and received as current money, that her Majesty will abandon that cause and people at Michaelmas, and this being so, that it were fit for them to think of some other prince, who might protect and defend them, before they should fall into further misery. He was of opinion that the King of Denmark would most gladly entertain the action. He was strong in shipping, and best able, in that respect, to defend the best part of their countries, which was Holland and Zeeland. His speeches were often intermingled with many coloured protestations, how much he desired that her Maj. would continue their gracious lady in the cause, as the fittest princess to yield them comfort in their calamities, yet hath his Lordship been certainly informed that he practiseth with all earnestness to bring this matter to pass for the King of Denmark, and hath greatly desired that he may be the man to go into Denmark to solicit for the 2000 horses promised, for the end he may better disguise his purpose under this colour," &c. 'Matters to be related to her Majesty,' 20 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

Robert Sidney was subsequently sent to Denmark by Leicester to look into this matter. Wilkes to Lords of Council, 20 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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mained, however, six months in prison, and at the beginning of 1587 was released, without trial or accusation, at the request of the English Queen.[1]

The States could hardly be blamed for their opposition to the Earl's administration, for he had thrown himself completely into the arms of a faction, whose object was to vilipend and traduce them, and it was now difficult for him to recover the functions of which the Queen had deprived him. "The government they had given from themselves to me stuck in their stomachs always," he said. Thus on the one side, the States were "growing more stately than ever," and were always "jumbling underhand," while the aristocratic Earl, on his part, was resolute not to be put down by "churls and tinkers."[2] He was sure that the people were with him, and that, "having always been governed by some prince, they never did nor could consent to be ruled by bakers, brewers, and hired advocates. I know they hate them,"[3] said this high-born tribune of the people. He was much disgusted with the many-headed chimæra, the monstrous republic, with which he found himself in such unceasing conflict, and was disposed to take a manful stand. "I have been fain of late," he said, "to set the better leg foremost, to handle some of my masters somewhat plainly, for they thought I would droop; and whatsoever becomes of me, you shall hear I will keep my reputation, or die for it."[4]

But one great accusation made against the churls and tinkers, and bakers and hired advocates, and Mr. Paul Buys at their head, was that they were liberal towards the Papists. They were willing that Catholics should remain in the country and exercise the rights of citizens, provided they conducted themselves like good citizens. For this toleration—a lesson which statesmen like Buys and Barneveld had learned in the school of William the Silent—the opposition-party were de-

[1] Bor. II. 725, 726, 889, 890. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 165. Wagenaar, viii. 161-163. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 352, 362-364, 386, 436.
Leycester to Burghley, 20 July, 1586. B. Clerk to same, 24 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.)
[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 312.
[3] Ibid. 424.
[4] Ibid. 312.

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nounced as bolsterers of Papists, and Papists themselves at heart, and "worshippers of idolatrous idols."[1]

From words, too, the government of Leicester passed to acts. Seventy papists were banished from the city of Utrecht at the time of the arrest of Buys.[2] The Queen had constantly enforced upon Leicester the importance of dealing justly with the Catholics in the Netherlands, on the ground that they might be as good patriots and were as much interested in the welfare of their country as were the Protestants;[3] and he was especially enjoined "not to meddle in matters of religion." This wholesome advice it would have been quite impossible for the Earl, under the guidance of Reingault, Burgrave, and Stephen Perret, to carry out. He protested that he should have liked to treat Papists and Calvinists "with indifference," but that it had proved impossible; that the Catholics were perpetually plotting with the Spanish faction, and that no towns were safe except those in which Papists had been excluded from office. "They love the Pope above all," he said, "and the Prince of Parma hath continual intelligence with them." Nor was it Catholics alone who gave the governor trouble. He was likewise very busy in putting down other denominations that differed from the Calvinists. "Your Majesty will not believe," he said, "the number of sects that are in most towns; especially Anabaptists, Families of Love, Georgians, and I know not what. The godly and good ministers were molested by them in many places, and ready to give over; and even such diversities grew among magistrates in towns, being caused by some sedition-sowers here."[4] It is however, satisfactory to reflect that the anabaptists and families of love, although discouraged and frowned upon, were not burned alive, buried alive, drowned in dungeons, and roasted at slow fires, as had been the case with them and with

[1] Digges's 'Advertisement of the present State,' &c. (S. P. Office MS. before cited.

[2] B. Clerk to Burghley, 24 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Leicester to the Queen, 26 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Ibid.

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every other species of Protestants, by thousands and tens of thousands, so long as Charles V. and Philip II. had ruled the territory of that commonwealth. Humanity had acquired something by the war which the Netherlanders had been waging for twenty years, and no man or woman was ever put to death for religious causes after the establishment of the republic.

With his hands thus full of business, it was difficult for the Earl to obey the Queen's command not to meddle in religious matters; for he was not of the stature of William the Silent, and could not comprehend that the great lesson taught by the sixteenth century was that men were not to meddle with men in matters of religion.

But besides his especial nightmare—Mr. Paul Buys—the governor-general had a whole set of incubi in the Norris family. Probably no two persons ever detested each other more cordially than did Leicester and Sir John Norris. Sir John had been commander of the forces in the Netherlands before Leicester's arrival, and was unquestionably a man of larger experience than the Earl. He had, however, as Walsingham complained, acquired by his services in "countries where neither discipline military nor religion carried any sway," a very rude and licentious kind of government. "Would to God," said the secretary, "that, with his value and courage, he carried the mind and reputation of a religious soldier."[1] But that was past praying for. Sir John was proud, untractable, turbulent, very difficult to manage. He hated Leicester, and was furious with Sir William Pelham, whom Leicester had made marshal of the camp.[2] He complained, not unjustly, that from the first place in the army, which he had occupied in the Netherlands, he had been reduced to the fifth.[3] The governor-general—who chose to call Sir John the son of his ancient enemy, the Earl of Sussex—often denounced him in good set terms. "His brother Edward is as ill as he," he said, "but John is right the late Earl

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 222.
[2] "He stomachs greatly the Marshal," said Leicester. Ibid. 379. [3] Ibid. 380.

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of Sussex' son; he will so dissemble and crouch, and so cunningly carry his doings, as no man living would imagine that there were half the malice or vindictive mind that plainly his words prove to be."[1] Leicester accused him of constant insubordination, insolence, and malice, complained of being traduced by him everywhere in the Netherlands and in England, and declared that he was followed about by "a pack of lewd audacious fellows," whom the Earl vowed he would hang, one and all, before he had done with them.[2] He swore openly, in presence of all his camp, that he would hang Sir John likewise; so that both the brothers, who had never been afraid of anything since they had been born into the world, affected to be in danger of their lives.[3]

The Norrises were on bad terms with many officers—with Sir William Pelham of course, with "old Reade," Lord North, Roger Williams, Hohenlo, Essex, and other nobles—but with Sir Philip Sidney, the gentle and chivalrous, they were friends.[4] Sir John had quarrelled in former times—according to Leicester—with Hohenlo and even with the "good and brave" La Noue, of the iron arm; "for his pride," said the Earl, "was the spirit of the devil."[5] The governor complained every day of his malignity, and vowed that he "neither regarded the cause of God, nor of his prince, nor country."[6]

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 301.

[2] 'Notes of Remembrances, by Mr. Edward Norris,' Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] "His Excellency did not only not mislike withal that Lord North, Captain William, and others, should rail at him, but in his own presence did suffer divers captains and noblemen to brave him, and did himself also grow in great rages against him, disallowing him openly for wise man, honest man, or soldier; preferring many men's wisdom and experience, saying his patience and slyness should not save him, not sparing openly to threaten him to hang him; so that of every honest man it is feared lest *some mischief shall shortly be wrought him.*" Ibid.

[4] Sir John Norris to Walsingham, 25 Oct. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[5] Leicester to Wilkes, 22 Aug. (S. P. Office MS.)

[6] Ibid.

Wilkes, on the contrary, had a very favourable opinion of Norris, and always secretly defended him to the Queen's government against Leicester's charges. "Besides the value, wisdom, and many other good parts that are in the man," he said, "I have noted a wonderful patience and modesty in bearing many apparent injuries done unto him, which I have known to be countenanced and nourished, contrary to all reason, to disgrace him. Whatsoever may be reported maliciously to his disadvantage, I dare avouch that the Queen hath not a second subject of his place and quality so able to serve in these countries as he." Wilkes to Burghley, 17 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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He consorted chiefly with Sir Thomas Cecil,[1] governor of Brill, son of Lord Burghley, and therefore no friend to Leicester; but the Earl protested that "Master Thomas should bear small rule,"[2] so long as he was himself governor-general. "Now I have Pelham and Stanley, we shall do well enough," he said, "though my young master would countenance him. I will be master while I remain here, will they, nill they."[3]

Edward Norris, brother of Sir John, gave the governor almost as much trouble as he; but the treasurer Norris, uncle to them both, was, if possible, more odious to him than all. He was—if half Leicester's accusations are to be believed—a most infamous peculator. One-third of the money sent by the Queen for the soldiers stuck in his fingers. He paid them their wretched four-pence a-day in depreciated coin, so that for their "naughty money they could get but naughty ware."[4] Never was such "fleecing of poor soldiers," said Leicester.[5]

On the other hand, Sir John maintained that his uncle's accounts were always ready for examination, and earnestly begged the home-government not to condemn that functionary without a hearing.[6] For himself, he complained that he was uniformly kept in the background, left in ignorance of important enterprises, and sent on difficult duty with inadequate forces. It was believed that Leicester's course was inspired by envy, lest any military triumph that might be gained should redound to the glory of Sir John, one of the first commanders of the age, rather than to that of the governor-general. He was perpetually thwarted, crossed, calumniated, subjected to coarse and indecent insults, even from such brave men as Lord North and Roger Williams, and in the very presence of the commander-in-chief, so that his talents were of no avail, and he was most anxious to be gone from the country.[7]

[1] Letter to Wilkes, MS. last cited.
[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 380.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid. 299, 303.
[5] Leicester to the Queen, 27 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[6] Sir J. Norris to Burghley, 25 May, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[7] 'Notes of Remembrance,' by Ed. Norris, MS. before cited. "His Ex-

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Thus with the tremendous opposition formed to his government in the States-General, the incessant bickerings with the Norrises, the peculations of the treasurer, the secret negotiations with Spain, and the impossibility of obtaining money from home for himself or for his starving little army, the Earl was in anything but a comfortable position. He was severely censured in England; but he doubted, with much reason, whether there were many who would take his office, and spend twenty thousand pounds sterling out of their own pockets, as he had done.[1] The Earl was generous and brave as man could be, full of wit, quick of apprehension; but inordinately vain, arrogant, and withal easily led by designing persons. He stood up manfully for the cause in which he was embarked, and was most strenuous in his demands for money. "Personally he cared," he said, "not sixpence for his post, but would give five thousand sixpences, and six thousand shillings beside, to be rid of it;"[2] but it was contrary to his dignity to "stand hucking with the States" for his salary. "Is it reason," he asked, "that I, being sent from so great a prince as our sovereign is, must come to strangers to beg my entertainment. If they are to pay me, why is there no remembrance made of it by her Majesty's letters, or some of the lords?"[3]

The Earl and those around him perpetually and vehemently urged upon the Queen to reconsider her decision, and accept the sovereignty of the Provinces at once. There was no other

ellency doth wonderfully hate my brother . . . . . I only gather these causes," said Captain Norris: "first, an envy of some unworthy men about him, who put into his Excellency's head that as long as Norris were here, the honour of everything would be attributed to him, and that he would be a continual hindrance to the course that his Excellency meant to hold concerning some things, neither should his Excellency have any absolute commandment as long as his credit continued."

[1] Leicester to the Queen, 27 June, 1586. "I pray God I may live to see you employ some of them that are thus careless of me, to see whether they will spend 20,000*l.* of their own for you in seven months; but all is in mine own heart, so little, though the greatest portion of all my land pay for it, so your Majesty do well accept of it," &c.

The Earl expended—according to his own report to the States—three hundred thousand florins (30,000*l.*) in the course of the year 1587. (Bor, II. 783. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 206.) Of course, he had a claim for such disbursements on the Queen's exchequer, and was like to enforce it at the proper season.

[2] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 378.

[3] Ibid. 323.

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remedy for the distracted state of the country—no other safeguard for England. The Netherland people anxiously, eagerly desired it. Her Majesty was adored by all the inhabitants, who would gladly hang the fellows called the States. Lord North was of this opinion—so was Cavendish: Leicester had always held it. "Sure I am," he said, "there is but one way for our safety, and that is, that her Majesty may take that upon her which I fear she will not."[1] Thomas Wilkes, who now made his appearance on the scene, held the same language. This distinguished civilian had been sent by the Queen, early in August, to look into the state of Netherland affairs. Leicester having expressly urged the importance of selecting as wise a politician as could be found—because the best man in England would hardly be found a match for the dullards and drunkards, as it was the fashion there to call the Dutch statesmen[2]—had selected Wilkes. After fulfilling this important special mission, he was immediately afterwards to return to the Netherlands as English member of the state-council, at forty shillings a-day, in the place of "little Hal Killigrew," whom Leicester pronounced a "quicker and stouter fellow" than he had at first taken him for, although he had always thought well of him. The other English counsellor, Dr. Bartholomew Clerk, was to remain, and the Earl declared that he too, whom he had formerly undervalued, and thought to have "little stuff in him," was now "increasing greatly in understanding."[3] But notwithstanding this intellectual progress, poor Bartholomew, who was no beginner, was most anxious to retire. He was a man of peace, a professor, a doctor of laws, fonder of the learned leisure and the trim gardens of England than of the scenes which now surrounded him. "I beseech your good Lordship to consider," he dismally observed to Burghley, "what a hard case it is for a man that these fifteen years hath had *vitam sedentariam*, un-

[1] Leicester to Burghley, 10 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Same to same, 20 July, 1586.
[3] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 375.

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worthily in a place judicial, always in his long robe, and who, twenty-four years since, was a public reader in the University (and therefore cannot be young), to come now among guns and drums, tumbling up and down, day and night, over waters and banks, dykes and ditches, upon every occasion that falleth out; hearing many insolences with silence, bearing many hard measures with patience—a course most different from my nature, and most unmeet for him that hath ever professed learning."[1]

Wilkes was of sterner stuff. Always ready to follow the camp and to face the guns and drums with equanimity, and endowed beside with keen political insight, he was more competent than most men to unravel the confused skein of Netherland politics. He soon found that the Queen's secret negotiations with Spain, and the general distrust of her intentions in regard to the Provinces, were like to have fatal consequences. Both he and Leicester painted the anxiety of the Netherland people as to the intention of her Majesty in vivid colours.[2]

The Queen could not make up her mind—in the very midst of the Greenwich secret conferences, already described—to accept the Netherland sovereignty. "She gathereth from your letter," wrote Walsingham, "that the only salve for this sore is to make herself proprietary of the country, and to put in such an army as may be able to make head to the enemy. These two things being so contrary to her Majesty's disposition—the one, for that it breedeth a doubt of a perpetual war, the other, for that it requireth an increase of charges—do *marvellously distract her, and make her repent that ever she entered into the action.*"[3]

Upon the great subject of the sovereignty, therefore, she was unable to adopt the resolution so much desired by Leicester and by the people of the Provinces; but she answered the

[1] B. Clerk to Burghley, 11 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Wilkes to the Queen, 7 Aug. 1586. Leicester to the Queen, 27 June, 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 340, 9th July, 1586.

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Earl's communications concerning Maurice and Hohenlo, Sir John Norris and the treasurer, in characteristic but affectionate language. And thus she wrote :—

"Rob, I am afraid you will suppose, by my wandering writings, that a midsummer's moon hath taken large possession of my brains this month ; but you must needs take things as they come in my head, though order be left behind me. When I remember your request to have a discreet and honest man that may carry my mind, and see how all goes there, I have chosen this bearer (Thomas Wilkes), whom you know and have made good trial of. I have fraught him full of my conceipts of those country matters, and imparted what way I mind to take and what is fit for you to use. I am sure you can credit him, and so I will be short with these few notes. First, that Count Maurice and Count Hollock (Hohenlo) find themselves trusted of you, esteemed of me, and to be carefully regarded, if ever peace should happen, and of that assure them on my word, that yet never deceived any. And for Norris and other captains that *voluntarily, without commandment, have many years ventured their lives and won our nation honour and themselves fame*, let them not be discouraged by any means, neither by new-come men nor by old trained soldiers elsewhere. If there be fault in using of soldiers, or making of profit by them, let them hear of it without open shame, and doubt not I will well chasten them therefore. It frets me not a little that the poor soldiers that hourly venture life should want their due, that well deserve rather reward ; and look, in whom the fault may truly be proved, let them smart therefore. And if the treasurer be found untrue or negligent, according to desert he shall be used. But you know my old wont, that love not to discharge from office without desert. God forbid ! I pray you let this bearer know what may be learned herein, and for the treasure I have joined Sir Thomas Shirley to see all this money discharged in due sort, where it needeth and behoveth.

"Now will I end, that do imagine I talk still with you, and therefore loathly say farewell one hundred thousand times ;

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though ever I pray God bless you from all harm, and save you from all foes. With my million and legion of thanks for all your pains and cares,

"As you know ever the same,

"E. R.

"P. S. Let Wilkes see that he is acceptable to you. If anything there be that W. shall desire answer of be such as you would have but me to know, write it to myself. You know I can keep both others' counsel and mine own. Mistrust not that anything you would have kept shall be disclosed by me, for although this bearer ask many things, yet you may answer him such as you shall think meet, and write to me the rest."[1]

Thus, not even her favourite Leicester's misrepresentations could make the Queen forget her ancient friendship for "her own crow;" but meantime the relations between that "bunch of brethren," black Norris and the rest, and Pelham, Hollock, and other high officers in Leicester's army, had grown worse than ever.

One August evening there was a supper-party at Count Hollock's[2] quarters in Gertruydenberg. A military foray into Brabant had just taken place, under the lead of the Count, and of the Lord Marshal, Sir William Pelham. The marshal had requested Lord Willoughby, with his troop of horse and five hundred foot, to join in the enterprise, but, as usual, particular pains had been taken that Sir John Norris should know nothing of the affair.[3] Pelham and Hollock—who was "greatly in love with Mr. Pelham"[4]—had invited several other gentlemen high in Leicester's confidence to accompany the expedition; and, among the rest, Sir Philip Sidney, telling him

Aug. 6, 1586.

[1] Queen to Leicester, 19 July, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] It has been already stated that Hohenlo was uniformly called Hollach or Hollock by the English and French, and very often by the Netherlanders. In our text, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, appellation is used. The reader will understand that there was but one of the name in the Provinces—Count Philip William Hohenlo or Hohenlohe, oftener called Hollock.

[3] "Whereunto the colonel-general must not in anywise be made privy." 'Advertisement of a difference at Gertruydenberg.' 8 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 374.

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that he "should see some good service." Sidney came accordingly, in great haste, from Flushing, bringing along with him Edward Norris—that hot-headed young man, who, according to Leicester, "greatly governed his elder brother" —but they arrived at Gertruydenberg too late. The foray was over, and the party—"*having burned a village, and killed some boors*"—were on their return. Sidney, not perhaps much regretting the loss of his share in this rather inglorious shooting party, went down to the water-side, accompanied by Captain Norris, to meet Hollock and the other commanders.

As the Count stepped on shore he scowled ominously, and looked very much out of temper.

"What has come to Hollock?" whispered Captain Patton, a Scotchman, to Sidney. "Has he a quarrel with any of the party? Look at his face! He means mischief to somebody."

But Sidney was equally amazed at the sudden change in the German general's countenance, and as unable to explain it.

Soon afterwards, the whole party, Hollock, Lewis William of Nassau, Lord Carew, Lord Essex, Lord Willoughby, both the Sidneys, Roger Williams, Pelham, Edward Norris, and the rest, went to the Count's lodgings, where they supped, and afterwards set themselves seriously to drinking.

Norris soon perceived that he was no welcome guest; for he was not—like Sidney—a stranger to the deep animosity which had long existed between Sir John Norris and Sir William Pelham and his friends. The carouse was a tremendous one, as usually was the case where Hollock was the Amphitryon, and, as the potations grew deeper, an intention became evident on the part of some of the company to behave unhandsomely to Norris.

For a time the young Captain ostentatiously restrained himself, very much after the fashion of those meek individuals who lay their swords on the tavern-table, with "God grant I may have no need of thee!" The custom was then prevalent at banquets for the revellers to pledge each other in rotation, each draining a great cup, and exacting the same feat from

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his neighbour, who then emptied his goblet as a challenge to his next comrade.

The Lord Marshal took a beaker, and called out to Edward Norris. "I drink to the health of my Lord Norris, and of my lady, your mother." So saying, he emptied his glass.

The young man did not accept the pledge.

"Your Lordship knows," he said somewhat sullenly, "that I am not wont to drink deep. Mr. Sidney there can tell you that, for my health's sake, I have drank no wine these eight days. If your Lordship desires the pleasure of seeing me drunk, I am not of the same mind. I pray you at least to take a smaller glass.

Sir William insisted on the pledge. Norris then, in no very good humour, emptied his cup to the Earl of Essex.

Essex responded by draining a goblet to Count Hollock.

"A Norris's father," said the young Earl, as he pledged the Count, who was already very drunk, and looking blacker than ever.

"An 'orse's father—an 'orse's father!" growled Hollock; "I never drink to horses, nor to their fathers either:" and with this wonderful witticism he declined the pledge.

Essex explained that the toast was Lord Norris, father of the Captain; but the Count refused to understand, and held fiercely, and with damnable iteration, to his jest.

The Earl repeated his explanation several times with no better success. Norris meanwhile sat swelling with wrath, but said nothing.

Again the Lord Marshal took the same great glass, and emptied it to the young Captain.

Norris, not knowing exactly what course to take, placed the glass at the side of his plate, and glared grimly at Sir William.

Pelham was furious. Reaching over the table, he shoved the glass towards Norris with an angry gesture.

"Take your glass, Captain Norris," he cried; "and if you have a mind to jest, seek other companions. I am not to be trifled with; therefore, I say, pledge me at once."

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"Your Lordship shall not force me to drink more wine than I list," returned the other. "It is your pleasure to take advantage of your military rank. Were we both at home, you would be glad to be my companion."

Norris was hard beset, and although his language was studiously moderate, it was not surprising that his manner should be somewhat insolent. The veteran Lord Marshal, on the other hand, had distinguished himself on many battle-fields, but his deportment at this banqueting-table was not much to his credit. He paused a moment, and Norris, too, held his peace, thinking that his enemy would desist.

It was but for a moment.

"Captain Norris," cried Pelham, "I bid you pledge me without more ado. Neither you nor your best friends shall use me as you list. I am better born than you and your brother, the colonel-general, and the whole of you."

"I warn you to say nothing disrespectful against my brother," replied the Captain. "As for yourself, I know how to respect your age and superior rank."

"Drink, drink, drink!" roared the old Marshal. "I tell you I am better born than the best of you. I have advanced you all too, and you know it; therefore drink to me."

Sir William was as logical as men in their cups are prone to be.

"Indeed, you have behaved well to my brother Thomas," answered Norris, suddenly becoming very courteous, "and for this I have ever loved your Lordship, and would do you any service."

"Well, then," said the Marshal, becoming tender in his turn, "forget what hath past this night, and do as you would have done before."

"Very well said, indeed!" cried Sir Philip Sidney, trying to help the matter into the smoother channel towards which it was tending.

Norris, seeing that the eyes of the whole company were upon them, took the glass accordingly, and rose to his feet.

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"My Lord Marshal," he said, "you have done me more wrong this night than you can easily make satisfaction for. But I am unwilling that any trouble or offence should grow through me. Therefore once more I pledge you."

He raised the cup to his lips. At that instant Hollock, to whom nothing had been said, and who had spoken no word since his happy remark about the horse's father, suddenly indulged in a more practical jest; and seizing the heavy gilt cover of a silver vase, hurled it at the head of Norris. It struck him full on the forehead, cutting him to the bone. The Captain, stunned for a moment, fell back in his chair, with the blood running down his eyes and face. The Count, always a man of few words, but prompt in action, now drew his dagger, and strode forward, with the intention of despatching him upon the spot. Sir Philip Sidney threw his arms around Hollock, however, and, with the assistance of others in the company, succeeded in dragging him from the room. The affair was over in a few seconds.

Norris, coming back to consciousness, sat for a moment as one amazed, rubbing the blood out of his eyes; then rose from the table to seek his adversary; but he was gone.

Soon afterwards he went to his lodgings. The next morning he was advised to leave the town as speedily as possible; for as it was under the government of Hollock, and filled with his soldiers, he was warned that his life would not be safe there an hour. Accordingly he went to his boat, accompanied only by his man and his page, and so departed with his broken head, breathing vengeance against Hollock, Pelham, Leicester, and the whole crew, by whom he had been thus abused.

The next evening there was another tremendous carouse at the Count's, and, says the reporter of the preceding scene, "they were all on such good terms, that not one of the company had falling band or ruff left about his neck. All were clean torn away, and yet there was no blood drawn."[1]

[1] 'Advertisement of a Difference at Gertruydenberg,' 8 August, 1586. T. Doyley to Burghley, 8 Aug. 1586. B. Clerk to same, 11 Aug. 1586. E. Norris to Leicester, 21 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.) Compare Bor. II. 786-788. Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 390-392.

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Edward Norris—so soon as might be afterwards—sent a cartel to the Count, demanding mortal combat with sword and dagger.[1] Sir Philip Sidney bore the message. Sir John Norris, of course, warmly and violently espoused the cause of his brother, and was naturally more incensed against the Lord Marshal than ever, for Sir William Pelham was considered the cause of the whole affray. "Even if the quarrel is to be excused by drink," said an eye-witness, "'tis but a slender defence for my Lord to excuse himself by his cups; and often drink doth bewray men's humours and unmask their malice. Certainly the Count Hollock thought *to have done a pleasure* to the company in killing him."[2]

Nothing could be more ill-timed than this quarrel, or more vexatious to Leicester. The Count—although considering himself excessively injured at being challenged by a simple captain and an untitled gentleman, whom he had attempted to murder—consented to waive his privilege, and grant the meeting.

Leicester interposed, however, to delay, and, if possible, to patch up the affair. They were on the eve of active military operations, and it was most vexatious for the commander-in-chief to see, as he said, "the quarrel with the enemy changed to private revenge among ourselves." The intended duel did not take place, for various influential personages succeeded in deferring the meeting. Then came the battle of Zutphen. Sidney fell, and Hollock was dangerously wounded in the attack which was soon afterwards made upon the fort. He

I have painted this uproarious scene thus minutely and in detail, because its consequences upon the relations between England and Holland, between Leicester, the Queen, and the Norrises, Pelham, Hohenlo, and others, were so long, complicated, and important, because the brawl, although brutal and vulgar, assumed the dignity of a political matter; because, on account of the distinguished personages engaged in it, and the epoch at which it occurred, the event furnishes us with a valuable interior picture of English and Dutch military life; and because, lastly, in the MSS. which I have consulted, are preserved the *ipsissima verba* of the actors in the riot. It is superfluous to repeat what has so often been stated, that no historical personage is ever made, in the text, to say or write anything, save what, on ample evidence, he is known to have said or written.

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 474.

[2] 'Advertisement,' &c. MS. already cited.

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was still pressed to afford the promised satisfaction, however, and agreed to do so whenever he should rise from his bed.[1]

Strange to say, the Count considered Leicester, throughout the whole business, to have taken part against him.[2]

Yet there is no doubt whatever that the Earl—who detested the Norrises, and was fonder of Pelham than of any man living—uniformly narrated the story most unjustly, to the discredit of the young Captain. He considered him extremely troublesome, represented him as always quarrelling with some one—with Colonel Morgan, Roger Williams, old Reade, and all the rest—while the Lord Marshal, on the contrary, was depicted as the mildest of men. "This I must say," he observed, "that all present, except my two nephews (the Sidneys), who are not here yet, declare the greatest fault to be in Edward Norris, and that he did most arrogantly use the Marshal."[3]

It is plain, however, that the old Marshal, under the influence of wine, was at least quite as much to blame as the young Captain; and Sir Philip Sidney sufficiently showed his sense of the matter by being the bearer of Edward Norris's cartel. After Sidney's death, Sir John Norris, in his letter of condolence to Walsingham for the death of his illustrious son-in-law, expressed the deeper regret at his loss because Sir Philip's opinion had been that the Norrises were wronged.[4] Hollock had conducted himself like a lunatic, but this he was apt to do whether in his cups or not. He was always for killing some one or another on the slightest provocation, and,

[1] Bor, II. 786–788. Hooft, Vervolgh, 209.

[2] Letter of Hohenlo, in Bor, III. 123 *seq.*

[3] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 391.

"In all actions," wrote Sir J. Norris to Burghley, "I am crossed, and sought to be disgraced, and suffered to be braved by the worst and simplest in the company, only to draw me into quarrels. These things I am fain to endure, lest the hindrance of the service should be laid to my charge—a thing greatly sought for. . . . . The dishonourable violence offered to my brother in Count Hollock's house, is so coldly proceeded in as I fear the despair of orderly repairing his honour will drive him to a more dangerous course, and, in truth, it is used as if we were the basest in the company." Sir J. Norris to Burghley, 16 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] J. Norris to Walsingham, 25 Oct. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) B. Clerk to Burghley, 11 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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while the dog-star of 1586 was raging, it was not his fault if he had not already despatched both Edward Norris and the objectionable "Mr. P. B."

For these energetic demonstrations against Leicester's enemies he considered himself entitled to the Earl's eternal gratitude, and was deeply disgusted at his apparent coldness. The governor was driven almost to despair by these quarrels.

His colonel-general, his lord marshal, his lieutenant-general, were all at daggers drawn. "Would God I were rid of this place!" he exclaimed. "What man living would go to the field and have his officers divided almost into mortal quarrel? One blow but by any of their lackeys brings us altogether by the ears."[1]

It was clear that there was not room enough on the Netherland soil for the Earl of Leicester and the brothers Norris. The Queen, while apparently siding with the Earl, intimated to Sir John that she did not disapprove his conduct, that she should probably recall him to England, and that she should send him back to the Provinces after the Earl had left that country.[2]

Such had been the position of the governor-general towards the Queen, towards the States-General, and towards his own countrymen, during the year 1586.

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 392.

[2] "I had not much to do," wrote Wilkes to Sir John, "to re-establish in her Majesty and Mr. Secretary a singular good opinion of you and your actions. . . . Believe me, I do not find any man on that side equal with you in her Majesty's grace. She protests to me she will not have your safety hazarded for any treasure, and hath resolved to revoke you. . . . I do find a disposition in her Majesty to return you thither again, after his Excellency shall be come home, which her Majesty meaneth directly, although there is much variety of opinion here, whether it be fit to revoke him or not. Such as *desire the good of that State do hold that question affirmatively*, but such as do not love him (who are the greater number) do maintain the negative. Her Majesty and her council do greatly stagger at the excessive charge of those wars under his Excellency's government for the past six months, affirming (as it is true) that the realm of England is not able to supply the moiety of that charge, notwithstanding the necessity of the defence of those countries is so conjoined with her Majesty's own safety as the same is not to be abandoned." Wilkes to Sir J. Norris, 23 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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CHAPTER XI.

Drake in the Netherlands — Good Results of his Visit — The Babington Conspiracy — Leicester decides to visit England — Exchange of parting Compliments.

LATE in the autumn of the same year an Englishman arrived in the Netherlands, bearer of despatches from the Queen. He had been entrusted by her Majesty with a special mission to the States-General, and he had soon an interview with that assembly at the Hague.

He was a small man, apparently forty-five years of age, of a fair but somewhat weather-stained complexion, with light-brown, closely-curling hair, an expansive forehead, a clear blue eye, rather common-place features, a thin, brown, pointed beard, and a slight moustache. Though low of stature, he was broad-chested, with well-knit limbs. His hands, which were small and nervous, were brown and callous with the marks of toil. There was something in his brow and glance not to be mistaken, and which men willingly call master; yet he did not seem to have sprung of the born magnates of the earth. He wore a heavy gold chain about his neck, and it might be observed that upon the light full sleeves of his slashed doublet the image of a small ship on a terrestrial globe was curiously and many times embroidered.

It was not the first time that he had visited the Netherlands. Thirty years before the man had been apprentice on board a small lugger, which traded between the English coast and the ports of Zeeland. Emerging in early boyhood from his parental mansion—an old boat, turned bottom upwards on a sandy down—he had naturally taken to the sea, and his master, dying childless not long afterwards, bequeathed to him the lugger. But in time his spirit, too much confined

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by coasting in the narrow seas, had taken a bolder flight. He had risked his hard-earned savings in a voyage with the old slave-trader, John Hawkins—whose exertions, in what was then considered an honourable and useful vocation, had been rewarded by Queen Elizabeth with her special favour, and with a coat of arms, the crest whereof was a negro's head, proper, chained—but the lad's first and last enterprise in this field was unfortunate. Captured by Spaniards, and only escaping with life, he determined to revenge himself on the whole Spanish nation; and this was considered a most legitimate proceeding according to the "sea divinity" in which he had been schooled. His subsequent expeditions against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were eminently successful, and soon the name of Francis Drake rang through the world, and startled Philip in the depths of his Escorial. The first Englishman, and the second of any nation, he then ploughed his memorable "furrow round the earth," carrying amazement and destruction to the Spaniards as he sailed, and after three years brought to the Queen treasure enough, as it was asserted, to maintain a war with the Spanish King for seven years, and to pay himself and companions, and the merchant-adventurers who had participated in his enterprise, forty-seven pounds sterling for every pound invested in the voyage. The speculation had been a fortunate one both for himself and for the kingdom.

The terrible Sea-King was one of the great types of the sixteenth century. The self-helping private adventurer, in his little vessel the 'Golden Hind,' one hundred tons burthen, had waged successful war against a mighty empire, and had shown England how to humble Philip. When he again set foot on his native soil he was followed by admiring crowds, and became the favourite hero of romance and ballad; for it was not the ignoble pursuit of gold alone, through toil and peril, which had endeared his name to the nation. The popular instinct recognized that the true means had been found at last for rescuing England and Protestantism from

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the overshadowing empire of Spain. The Queen visited him in his 'Golden Hind,' and gave him the honour of knighthood.

The treaty between the United Netherlands and England had been followed by an embargo upon English vessels, persons, and property, in the ports of Spain; and, after five years of unwonted repose, the privateersman again set forth with twenty-five small vessels—of which five or six only were armed—under his command, conjoined with that of General Carlisle. This time the voyage was undertaken with full permission and assistance of the Queen who, however, intended to disavow him, if she should find such a step convenient.[1] This was the expedition in which Philip Sidney had desired to take part. The Queen watched its result with intense anxiety, for the fate of her Netherland adventure was thought to be hanging on the issue. "Upon Drake's voyage, in very truth, dependeth the life and death of the cause, according to man's judgment," said Walsingham.[2]

1585.

The issue was encouraging, even if the voyage—as a mercantile speculation—proved not so brilliant as the previous enterprises of Sir Francis had been. He returned in the midsummer of 1586, having captured and brandschatzed St. Domingo and Carthagena, and burned St. Augustine. "A fearful man to the King of Spain is Sir Francis Drake," said Lord Burghley.[3] Nevertheless, the Queen and the Lord-Treasurer—as we have shown by the secret conferences at Greenwich—had, notwithstanding these successes, expressed a more earnest desire for peace than ever.

A simple, sea-faring Englishman, with half-a-dozen miserable little vessels, had carried terror into the Spanish possessions all over the earth: but even then the great Queen had not learned to rely on the valour of her volunteers against her most formidable enemy.[4]

[1] 'Leyc. Corresp.' 173.
[2] Ibid. 341.
[3] Ibid. 199.
[4] For the life and adventures of

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Drake was, however, bent on another enterprise. The preparations for Philip's great fleet had been going steadily forward in Lisbon, Cadiz, and other ports of Spain and Portugal, and, despite assurances to the contrary, there was a growing belief that England was to be invaded. To destroy those ships before the monarch's face, would be, indeed, to "singe his beard." But whose arm was daring enough for such a stroke? Whose but that of the Devonshire skipper who had already accomplished so much?

And so Sir Francis, "a man true to his word, merciful to those under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness,"[1] had come to the Netherlands to talk over his project with the States-General, and with the Dutch merchants and sea-captains.[2] His visit was not unfruitful. As a body the assembly did nothing; but they recommended that in every maritime city of Holland and Zeeland one or two ships should be got ready, to participate in all the future enterprises of Sir Francis and his comrades.[3]

The martial spirit of volunteer sailors, and the keen instinct of mercantile speculation, were relied upon—exactly as

Drake, see Fuller, 'The Holy State and the Profane State,' *in voce*. Stowe's 'Chronicle,' 805-812. Em. v. Meteren, 175, *seq.* "The World Encompassed," and particularly the 'Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake.' By John Barrow. 1843.

[1] Fuller.

[2] Wagenaar, viii. 233-234, who is, however, mistaken in saying that "they had no ears for Drake in the Netherlands."

[3] "The voyage of Sir Francis Drake into these countries," wrote Wilkes, "is not likely to be unfruitful, although at his arrival he found no disposition in the States and people at all to assent of his motions. They cannot yield to assist his voyage with any general contribution, but are contented to deal with the inhabitants of the principal maritime towns, to furnish in every of them a ship or two, according to the ability of the merchants there residing, from whom the States-General, now assembled at the Hague, do expect a speedy answer and resolution; so as if her Majesty shall determine that Sir F. Drake do venture again to the Indies, it *is not to be doubted that he shall have some good assistance from hence.* Of what necessity it is that the Queen's principal enemy be attempted that way, your honour can best perceive; but we find it more than probable here, that if *he may enjoy his Indies quietly, he will make her Majesty and these countries soon weary of their defence.* I have partly instructed Sir F. Drake of the state of these countries. How and in what sort my Lord of Leicester departeth hence, he hath best discerned by his own experience, which, because it is long to be written, I am bold to refer your honour to his declaration. I do find the state of things here so disjointed and unsettled, that I have just cause to fear some dangerous alteration in the absence of our governor. Therefore I beseech you, as you tender *the preservation of her Majesty's estate, depending, as you*

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in England—to furnish men, ships, and money, for these daring and profitable adventures. The foundation of a still more intimate connection between England and Holland was laid, and thenceforth Dutchmen and Englishmen fought side by side, on land and sea, wherever a blow was to be struck in the cause of human freedom against despotic Spain.

The famous Babington conspiracy, discovered by Walsingham's "travail and cost," had come to convince the Queen and her counsellors—if further proof were not superfluous—that her throne and life were both incompatible with Philip's deep designs, and that to keep that monarch out of the Netherlands was as vital to her as to keep him out of England. "She is forced by this discovery to countenance the cause by all outward means she may," said Walsingham, "for it appeareth unto her most plain, that *unless she had entered into the action, she had been utterly undone*, and that if she do not prosecute the same she cannot continue."[1] The Secretary had sent Leicester information at an early day of the great secret, begging his friend to "make the letter a heretic after he had read the same," and expressing the opinion that "the matter, if well handled, would break the neck of all dangerous practices during her Majesty's reign."[2]

The tragedy of Mary Stuart—a sad but inevitable portion of the vast drama in which the emancipation of England and Holland, and, through them, of half Christendom, was accomplished—approached its catastrophe; and Leicester could not restrain his anxiety for her immediate execution. He reminded Walsingham that the great seal had been put upon a warrant for her execution for a less crime seventeen years before, on the occasion of the Northumberland and Westmorland rebellion. "For who can warrant these villains

know, upon the maintenance of this, that you will procure some speedy resolution at home, and the return of some governor of wisdom and value, to reunite these distracted provinces, who, for lack of a head, are apt enough to be the workers of their own ruin." Wilkes to Walsingham, 17 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 341.

[2] Ibid. 342.

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from her," he said, "if that person live, or shall live any time? God forbid! And be you all stout and resolute in this speedy execution, or be condemned of all the world for ever. It is most certain, if you will have your Majesty safe, it must be done, for justice doth crave it beside policy."[1] His own personal safety was deeply compromised. "Your Lordship and I," wrote Burghley, "were very great motes in the traitors' eyes; for your Lordship there and I here should first, about one time, have been killed. Of your Lordship they thought rather of poisoning than slaying. After us two gone, they purposed her Majesty's death."[2]

But on this great affair of state the Earl was not swayed by such personal considerations. He honestly thought—as did all the statesmen who governed England—that English liberty, the very existence of the English commonwealth, was impossible so long as Mary Stuart lived.[3] Under these circumstances he was not impatient, for a time at least, to leave the Netherlands. His administration had not been very successful. He had been led away by his own vanity, and by the flattery of artful demagogues, but the immense obstacles with which he had to contend in the Queen's wavering policy, and in the rivalry of both English and Dutch politicians, have been amply exhibited. That he had been generous, courageous, and zealous, could not be denied; and, on the whole, he had accomplished as much in the field as could have been expected of him with such meagre forces, and so barren an exchequer.[4]

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 431. (10 Oct. 1586.) See also 447.

"That the proceeding of justice against the Queen of Scots is deferred until a parliament, whereat I do greatly marvel if it should be true, considering how dangerous such delay might be, for the mischief that might in the meantime be practiced against her Majesty's person. Though some small branches of these conspiracies be taken away, yet the greater boughs are not unknown to remain. To whom it were not good, in my opinion, to give that opportunity which might be taken, while a parliament may be called, and such a cause debated and determined," &c. Leicester to Walsingham, 9 Sept. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 412. (15 Sept. 1586.)

[3] One of the Babington conspirators, Ralph Salisbury, was a tenant of Leicester's, and had "a farm under the very castle-wall of Denbigh." Leicester to Burghley, 29 Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] "Oh Lord! who would think it

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It must be confessed, however, that his leaving the Netherlands at that moment was a most unfortunate step, both for his own reputation and for the security of the Provinces. Party-spirit was running high, and a political revolution was much to be dreaded in so grave a position of affairs, both in England and Holland. The arrangements—and particularly the secret arrangements which he made at his departure—were the most fatal measures of all; but these will be described in the following chapter.

On the 31st October, the Earl announced to the state-council his intention of returning to England, stating, as the cause of this sudden determination, that he had been summoned to attend the parliament then sitting in Westminster. Wilkes, who was of course present, having now succeeded Killigrew as one of the two English members, observed that "the States and council used but slender entreaty to his Excellency for his stay and countenance there among them, whereat his Excellency and we that were of the council for her Majesty did not a little marvel."[1]

31 Oct., 1586.

Some weeks later, however, upon the 21st November, Leicester summoned Barneveld, and five other of the States-General, to discuss the necessary measures for his departure, when those gentlemen remonstrated very earnestly upon the step, pleading the danger and confusion of affairs which must necessarily ensue. The Earl declared that he was not retiring from the country because he was offended, although he had many causes for offence: and he then alluded to the Navigation Act, to the establishment of the finance-council, and spoke of Burgrave and Reingault, for his employment of which individuals so much obloquy had been heaped upon his head. Burgrave he pronounced, as usual, a

21 Nov., 1586.

possible," he cried on one occasion, "for any man sent as we are, and *in action for that realm* (of England) *chiefly, and for all Christendom also*, to be so carelessly and overwillingly overthrown for ordinary wants . . . . . To-morrow and to-morrow they shall have. . . . What opportunities we have lately lost. We are ready to eat our own flesh for anger, but that cannot help." 'Leyc. Corresp.' 366.

[1] Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.' 443, note.

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substantial, wise, faithful, religious personage, entitled to fullest confidence; while Reingault—who had been thrown into prison by the States on charges of fraud, peculation, and sedition—he declared to be a great financier, who had promised, on penalty of his head, to bring great sums into the treasury for carrying on the war, without any burthen to the community."[1] Had he been able to do this, he had certainly a claim to be considered the greatest of financiers; but the promised "mountains of gold" were never discovered, and Reingault was now awaiting his trial.[2]

The deputies replied that the concessions upon the Navigation Act had satisfied the country, but that Reingault was a known instrument of the Spaniards, and Burgrave a mischief-making demagogue, who consorted with malignants, and sent slanderous reports concerning the States and the country to her Majesty. They had in consequence felt obliged to write private despatches to envoy Ortel in England, not because they suspected the Earl, but in order to counteract the calumnies of his chief advisers. They had urged the agent

[1] Bor, II. 777-779. Hoofd, 207-209. Wagenaar, viii. 183-187.

[2] "I must pray you and require you to be careful in satisfying the States touching Reingault," said Leicester: "I did promise upon mine honour he should be brought back again, and so I have done, but I will be no butcher to the greatest monarch in the world, much less the betrayer of a man's life, whom I myself caused to be apprehended to please them, and kept him in safe guard. And now I have been advertised of the intent in proceeding with him, and with what violence, and what some of themselves have sworn and vowed touching his death, you know, and I pray you declare, for as I will keep promise with them for the prison of the man, so do I look to have mine own honour regarded at their hands, seeing more malice than just desert against him. I take the man to have faults enough, but not capital." Leicester to Wilkes, 20 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

Wilkes, finding that the States of Holland were furious against Reingault, and were demanding his execution, had managed to place him under the charge of the provost-marshal of the English troops at Utrecht. When he had thus saved the culprit's life, he informed Barneveld of what he had done, and that statesman severely censured the act, on the ground that grave consequences might follow this interposition in behalf of so signal an offender. Reingault's life was preserved, however, and he subsequently was permitted to retire to the Spanish Netherlands, where the violent democrat and Calvinist ended his days an obedient subject of Philip II., and an exemplary papist. Wilkes to Leicester, 3 and 12 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Reyd, V. 82.

Burgrave accompanied the Earl to England, as his chief secretary and adviser in Netherland matters, while Deventer remained in Utrecht, principal director of the Leicestrian party, and centre of all its cabals against the States.

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to bring the imprisonment of Paul Buys before her Majesty, but for that transaction Leicester boldly disclaimed all responsibility.[1]

It was agreed between the Earl and the deputies that, during his absence, the whole government, civil and military, should devolve upon the state-council, and that Sir John Norris should remain in command of the English forces.[2]

Two days afterwards Leicester, who knew very well that a legation was about to proceed to England, without any previous concurrence on his part, summoned a committee of the States-General, together with Barneveld, into the state-council. Counsellor Wilkes on his behalf then made a speech, in which he observed that more ample communications on the part of the States were to be expected. They had in previous colloquies touched upon comparatively unimportant matters, but he now begged to be informed why these commissioners were proceeding to England, and what was the nature of their instructions. Why did not they formally offer the sovereignty of the Provinces to the Queen without conditions? That step had already been taken by Utrecht.[3]

The deputies conferred apart for a little while, and then replied that the proposition made by Utrecht was notoriously factious, illegal, and altogether futile. Without the sanction of all the United States, of what value was the declaration of Utrecht? Moreover the charter of that province had been recklessly violated, its government overthrown, and its leading citizens banished. The action of the Province under such circumstances was not deserving of comment; but should it appear that her Majesty was desirous of assuming the sovereignty of the Provinces upon reasonable conditions, the States of Holland and of Zeeland would not be found backward in the business.[4]

Leicester proposed that Prince Maurice of Nassau should go with him to England, as nominal chief of the embassy, and some of the deputies favoured the suggestion. It was

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, &c., MS. just cited.
[2] Bor. II. 780-783.
[3] Wagenaar, viii. 187.
[4] Ibid.

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however, vigorously and successfully opposed by Barneveld, who urged that to leave the country without a head in such a dangerous position of affairs, would be an act of madness.[1] Leicester was much annoyed when informed of this decision. He was suspected of a design, during his absence, of converting Maurice entirely to his own way of thinking. If unsuccessful, it was believed by the Advocate and by many others that the Earl would cause the young Prince to be detained in England as long as Philip William, his brother, had been kept in Spain. He observed peevishly that he knew how it had all been brought about.[2]

Words, of course, and handsome compliments were exchanged between the Governor and the States-General on his departure. He protested that he had never pursued any private ends during his administration, but had ever sought to promote the good of the country and the glory of the Queen, and that he had spent three hundred thousand florins of his own money in the brief period of his residence there.[3]

The Advocate, on part of the States, assured him that they were all aware that in the friendship of England lay their only chance of salvation, but that united action was the sole means by which that salvation could be effected, and the one which had enabled the late Prince of Orange to maintain a contest unequalled by anything recorded in history. There was also much disquisition on the subject of finance—the Advocate observing that the States now raised as much in a month as the Provinces in the time of the Emperor used to levy in a year—and expressed the hope that the Queen would increase her contingent to ten thousand foot, and two thousand horse. He repudiated, in the name of the States-General and his own, the possibility of peace-negotiations; deprecated any allusion to the subject as fatal to their religion, their liberty, their very existence, and equally disastrous to England and to Protestantism, and implored the Earl, therefore, to use all

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* Hoofd, Vervolgh, 206. Wagenaar, viii. 185.

[2] Bor, *ubi sup.*

[3] Bor, II. 785. Hoofd, *ubi sup.*

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his influence in opposition to any pacific overtures to or from Spain.[1]

On the 24th November, acts were drawn up and signed by the Earl, according to which the supreme government of the United Netherlands was formally committed to the state-council during his absence. Decrees were to be pronounced in the name of his Excellency, and countersigned by Maurice of Nassau.

24 Nov., 1586.

On the following day, Leicester, being somewhat indisposed, requested a deputation of the States-General to wait upon him in his own house. This was done, and a formal and affectionate farewell was then read to him by his secretary, Mr. Atye. It was responded to in complimentary fashion by Advocate Barneveld, who again took occasion at this parting interview to impress upon the governor the utter impossibility, in his own opinion and that of the other deputies, of reconciling the Provinces with Spain.[2]

Leicester received from the States—as a magnificent parting present—a silver gilt vase "as tall as a man," and then departed for Flushing to take shipping for England.[3]

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Wagenaar, *ubi sup.* Reyd, v. 108, 109.

[2] Ibid. Meteren, xiii. 238.

[3] Bor, II. 754. Reyd, Holl. 4 Oct. 9 Nov. 442, 493. Wagenaar, viii. 173.

The vase or cup (kop) as it was called, had cost 9000 florins. The States pronounced it "as singular a jewel as could be found in any of the surrounding kingdoms." It was said that on account of its size, it could only have been gilded at the peril of the artisan's life. Van Wyn op Wagen, viii. 62.

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CHAPTER XII.

Ill-timed Interregnum in the Provinces — Firmness of the English and Dutch People — Factions during Leicester's Government — Democratic Theories of the Leicestrians — Suspicions as to the Earl's Designs — Extreme Views of the Calvinists — Political Ambition of the Church — Antagonism of the Church and States — The States inclined to Tolerance — Desolation of the Obedient Provinces — Pauperism and Famine — Prosperity of the Republic — The Year of Expectation.

It was not unnatural that the Queen should desire the presence of her favourite at that momentous epoch, when the dread question, "*aut fer aut feri*," had at last demanded its definite solution. It was inevitable, too, that Leicester should feel great anxiety to be upon the spot where the great tragedy, so full of fate to all Christendom, and in which his own fortunes were so closely involved, was to be enacted. But it was most cruel to the Netherlands—whose well-being was nearly as important to Elizabeth as that of her own realm—to plunge them into anarchy at such a moment. Yet this was the necessary result of the sudden retirement of Leicester.

He did not resign his government. He did not bind himself to return. The question of sovereignty was still unsettled, for it was still hoped by a large and influential party, that the English Queen would accept the proposed annexation. It was yet doubtful, whether, during the period of abeyance, the States-General or the States-Provincial, each within their separate sphere, were entitled to supreme authority. Meantime, as if here were not already sufficient elements of dissension and doubt, came a sudden and indefinite interregnum, a provisional, an abnormal, and an impotent government. To the state-council was deputed the executive authority. But the state-council was a creature of the States-General, acting in concert with the governor-general, and having no actual life of its own. It was a board of consultation, not of

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decision, for it could neither enact its own decrees nor interpose a veto upon the decrees of the governor.

Certainly the selection of Leicester to fill so important a post had not been a very fortunate one; and the enthusiasm which had greeted him, "as if he had been a Messiah," on his arrival, had very rapidly dwindled away, as his personal character became known. The leading politicians of the country had already been aware of the error which they had committed in clothing with almost sovereign powers the delegate of one who had refused the sovereignty. They were too adroit to neglect the opportunity, which her Majesty's anger offered them, of repairing what they considered their blunder. When at last the quarrel, which looked so much like a lovers' quarrel, between Elizabeth and 'Sweet Robin,' had been appeased to the satisfaction of Robin, his royal mistress became more angry with the States for circumscribing than she had before been for their exaggeration of his authority. Hence the implacable hatred of Leicester to Paul Buys and Barneveld.

Those two statesmen, for eloquence, learning, readiness, administrative faculty, surpassed by few who have ever wielded the destinies of free commonwealths, were fully equal to the task thrown upon their hands by the progress of events. That task was no slight one, for it was to the leading statesmen of Holland and England, sustained by the indomitable resistance to despotism almost universal in the English and Dutch nations, that the liberty of Europe was entrusted at that momentous epoch. Whether united under one crown, as the Netherlands ardently desired, or closely allied for aggression and defence, the two peoples were bound indissolubly together. The clouds were rolling up from the fatal south, blacker and more portentous than ever; the artificial equilibrium of forces, by which the fate of France was kept in suspense, was obviously growing every day more uncertain; but the prolonged and awful interval before the tempest should burst over the lands of freedom and Protestantism, gave at least time for the prudent to prepare. The Armada

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was growing every day in the ports of Spain and Portugal, and Walsingham doubted, as little as did Buys or Barneveld, toward what shores that invasion was to be directed. England was to be conquered in order that the rebellious Netherlands might be reduced; and 'Mucio' was to be let slip upon the unhappy Henry III. so soon as it was thought probable that the Béarnese and the Valois had sufficiently exhausted each other. Philip was to reign in Paris, Amsterdam, London, and Edinburgh, without stirring from the Escorial. An excellent programme, had there not been some English gentlemen, some subtle secretaries of state, some Devonshire skippers, some Dutch advocates and merchants, some Zeeland fly-boatsmen, and six million men, women, and children, on the two sides of the North Sea, who had the power of expressing their thoughts rather bluntly than otherwise in different dialects of old Anglo-Saxon speech.

Certainly it would be unjust and ungracious to disparage the heroism of the great Queen when the hour of danger really came, nor would it be legitimate for us, who can scan that momentous year of expectation, 1587, by the light of subsequent events and of secret contemporaneous record, to censure or even sharply to criticise the royal hankering for peace, when peace had really become impossible. But as we shall have occasion to examine rather closely the secrets of the Spanish, French, English, and Dutch councils, during this epoch, we are likely to find, perhaps, that at least as great a debt is due to the English and Dutch people, in mass, for the preservation of European liberty at that disastrous epoch as to any sovereign, general, or statesman.

For it was in the great waters of the sixteenth century that the nations whose eyes were open, discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, while others, who were blind, passed rapidly onward to decrepitude. England was, in many respects, a despotism so far as regarded governmental forms; and no doubt the Catholics were treated with greater rigour than could be justified even by the perpetual and most dangerous machinations of the seminary priests and their instigators

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against the throne and life of Elizabeth. The word liberty was never musical in Tudor ears, yet Englishmen had blunt tongues and sharp weapons which rarely rusted for want of use. In the presence of a parliament, and the absence of a standing army, a people accustomed to read the Bible in the vernacular, to handle great questions of religion and government freely, and to bear arms at will, was most formidable to despotism. There was an advance on the olden time. A Francis Drake, a John Hawkins, a Roger Williams, might have been sold, under the Plantagenets, like an ox or an ass. A 'female villain' in the reign of Henry III. could have been purchased for eighteen shillings—hardly the price of a fatted pig, and not one-third the value of an ambling palfrey—and a male villain, such an one as could in Elizabeth's reign circumnavigate the globe in his own ship, or take imperial field-marshals by the beard, was worth but two or three pounds sterling in the market. Here was progress in three centuries, for the villains were now become admirals and generals in England and Holland, and constituted the main stay of these two little commonwealths, while the commanders who governed the 'invincible' fleets and armies of omnipotent Spain, were all cousins of emperors, or grandees of bluest blood. Perhaps the system of the reformation would not prove the least effective in the impending crisis.

It was most important, then, that these two nations should be united in council, and should stand shoulder to shoulder as their great enemy advanced. But this was precisely what had been rendered almost impossible by the course of events during Leicester's year of administration, and by his sudden but not final retirement at its close. The two great national parties which had gradually been forming, had remained in a fluid state during the presence of the governor-general. During his absence they gradually hardened into the forms which they were destined to retain for centuries. In the history of civil liberty, these incessant contests, these oral and written disquisitions, these sharp concussions of opinion, and the still harder blows, which, unfortunately, were dealt on a

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few occasions by the combatants upon each other, make the year 1587 a memorable one. The great questions of the origin of government, the balance of dynastic forces, the distribution of powers, were dealt with by the ablest heads, both Dutch and English, that could be employed in the service of the kingdom and republic. It was a war of protocols, arguments, orations, rejoinders, apostilles, and pamphlets, very wholesome for the cause of free institutions and the intellectual progress of mankind. The reader may perhaps be surprised to see with how much vigour and boldness the grave questions which underlie all polity, were handled so many years before the days of Russell and Sidney, of Montesquieu and Locke, Franklin, Jefferson, Rousseau, and Voltaire; and he may be even more astonished to find exceedingly democratic doctrines propounded, if not believed in, by trained statesmen of the Elizabethan school. He will be also apt to wonder that a more fitting time could not be found for such philosophical debate than the epoch at which both the kingdom and the republic were called upon to strain every sinew against the most formidable and aggressive despotism that the world had known since the fall of the Roman Empire.

The great dividing-line between the two parties, that of Leicester and that of Holland, which controlled the action of the States-General, was the question of sovereignty. After the declaration of independence and the repudiation of Philip, to whom did the sovereignty belong? To the people, said the Leicestrians. To the States-General and the States-Provincial, as legitimate representatives of the people, said the Holland party. Without looking for the moment more closely into this question, which we shall soon find ably discussed by the most acute reasoners of the time, it is only important at present to make a preliminary reflection. The Earl of Leicester, of all men in the world, would seem to have been precluded by his own action, and by the action of his Queen, from taking ground against the States. It was the States who, by solemn embassy, had offered the sovereignty to Elizabeth. She had not accepted the offer, but she had

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deliberated on the subject, and certainly she had never expressed a doubt whether or not the offer had been legally made. By the States, too, that governor-generalship had been conferred upon the Earl, which had been so thankfully and eagerly accepted. It was strange, then, that he should deny the existence of the power whence his own authority was derived. If the States were not sovereigns of the Netherlands, he certainly was nothing. He was but general of a few thousand English troops.

The Leicester party, then, proclaimed extreme democratic principles as to the origin of government and the sovereignty of the people. They sought to strengthen and to make almost absolute the executive authority of their chief, on the ground that such was the popular will; and they denounced with great acrimony the insolence of the upstart members of the States, half a dozen traders, hired advocates, churls, tinkers, and the like—as Leicester was fond of designating the men who opposed him—in assuming these airs of sovereignty.[1]

This might, perhaps, be philosophical doctrine, had its supporters not forgotten that there had never been any pretence at an expression of the national will, except through the mouths of the States. The States-General and the States-Provincial, without any usurpation, but as a matter of fact and of great political convenience, had, during fifteen years, exercised the authority which had fallen from Philip's hands. The people hitherto had acquiesced in their action, and cer-

[1] "They which have all authority in this State," said an honest German traveller, who happened to be in Arnheim that winter, "are for the most part merchants, orators of towns, mechanic men, ignorant, loving gain naturally, without respect of honour; . . . . born to obey rather than command, who having once tasted the sweetness of authority, have by little and little persuaded themselves that they are sovereigns; insulting over the people, and controlling him to whom they had by oath referred the absolute and general government . . . Seeing that the sovereignty really belongs to the people, to whom they are but servants and deputies . . . . I see no other remedy for this mischief, but that the people be wary how they give such power and authority, and suffer it to continue so long in the hands of men of mechanic and base condition, who, grown proud with the command, abuse it daily, as well against the people as against the governors, to whom the people have referred the government both over themselves and over the whole estate." Raymond Stockeler to a friend in England, 15 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) The letter is printed in Grimstone's 'Netherlands,' pp. 949, *seq.*

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tainly there had not yet been any call for a popular convention, or any other device to ascertain the popular will. It was also difficult to imagine what was the exact entity of this abstraction called the "people" by men who expressed such extreme contempt for "merchants, advocates, town-orators, churls, tinkers, and base mechanic men, born not to command but to obey." Who were the people when the educated classes and the working classes were thus carefully eliminated? Hardly the simple peasantry—the boors—who tilled the soil. At that day the agricultural labourers less than all others dreamed of popular sovereignty, and more than all others submitted to the mild authority of the States. According to the theory of the Netherland constitutions, they were supposed—and they had themselves not yet discovered the fallacies to which such doctrines could lead—to be represented by the nobles and country-squires who maintained in the States of each Province the general farming interests of the republic. Moreover, the number of agricultural peasants was comparatively small. The lower classes were rather accustomed to plough the sea than the land, and their harvests were reaped from that element, which to Hollanders and Zeelanders was less capricious than the solid earth. Almost every inhabitant of those sea-born territories was, in one sense or another, a mariner; for every highway was a canal; the soil was percolated by rivers and estuaries, pools and meres; the fisheries were the nurseries in which still more daring navigators rapidly learned their trade, and every child took naturally to the ocean as to its legitimate home.

The "people," therefore, thus enthroned by the Leicestrians *over all the inhabitants* of the country, appeared to many eyes rather a misty abstraction, and its claim of absolute sovereignty a doctrine almost as fantastic as that of the divine right of kings. The Netherlanders were, on the whole, a law-abiding people, preferring to conduct even a revolution according to precedent, very much attached to ancient usages and traditions, valuing the liberties, as they called them, which

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they had wrested from what had been superior force, with their own right hands, preferring facts to theories, and feeling competent to deal with tyrants in the concrete rather than to annihilate tyranny in the abstract by a bold and generalizing phraseology. Moreover the opponents of the Leicester party complained that the principal use to which this newly discovered "people" had been applied, was to confer its absolute sovereignty unconditionally upon one man. The people was to be sovereign in order that it might immediately abdicate in favour of the Earl.[1]

Utrecht, the capital of the Leicestrians, had already been deprived of its constitution. The magistracy was, according to law, changed every year. A list of candidates was furnished by the retiring board, an equal number of names was added by the governor of the Province, and from the catalogue thus composed the governor with his council selected the new magistrates for the year. But De Villiers, the governor of the Province, had been made a prisoner by the enemy in the last campaign; Count Moeurs had been appointed provisional stadholder by the States; and, during his temporary absence on public affairs, the Leicestrians had seized upon the government, excluded all the ancient magistrates, banished many leading citizens

[1] Even Leicester himself was astonished at the subserviency of the democratic party. "I remember," said his confidential secretary, "that your Excellency told me once a *very wise word*—that those of Utrecht had *given you more authority than they could well do.*"

"Your council," he said further, "cannot allow of all the doings of M. Deventer and of M. Modet. True it is that they both and all those of Utrecht do love you with all their hearts, but they do many things very rashly, and do disunite themselves from the generality of the United Provinces. Insomuch that, at this present, those of the magistrates of Utrecht have disunited themselves from the States of their own Province, and work every day one against another. . . . . I had written to you by M. Modet and M. Rataller, but they *both stole away* secretly from hence, and surely this proceeding is not very well liked here of the best sort, as though he would have prevented the other party, and make his own reasons good first to your Excellency." Otheman to Leicester, 7 Jan. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 72, MS.)

"Cupimus ut sua Excellentia (Leicestrius) *absolutè imperet*, et pro sua discretione, salva religione et privilegiis suam Majestatem non offendentibus." So ran a petition, to which Deventer procured signatures among the Utrecht citizens, and then handed it to Leicester. "Such a government as that would be," says a Frisian contemporary, "was never seen in the Netherlands, and could hardly be found in Christendom." Reyd, v. 86.

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from the town, and installed an entirely new board, with Gerard Proninck, called Deventer, for chief burgomaster, who was a Brabantine refugee just arrived in the Province, and not eligible to office until after ten years' residence.[1]

It was not unnatural that the Netherlanders, who remembered the scenes of bloodshed and disorder produced by the memorable attempt of the Duke of Anjou to obtain possession of Antwerp and other cities, should be suspicious of Leicester. Anjou, too, had been called to the Provinces by the voluntary action of the States. He too had been hailed as a Messiah and a deliverer. In him too had unlimited confidence been reposed, and he had repaid their affection and their gratitude by a desperate attempt to obtain the control of their chief cities by the armed hand, and thus to constitute himself absolute sovereign of the Netherlands. The inhabitants had, after a bloody contest, averted the intended massacre and the impending tyranny; but it was not astonishing that—so very few years having elapsed since those tragical events—they should be inclined to scan severely the actions of the man who had already obtained by unconstitutional means the mastery of a most important city, and was supposed to harbour designs upon all the cities.

No doubt it was a most illiberal and unwise policy for the inhabitants of the independent States to exclude from office the wanderers, for conscience' sake, from the obedient Provinces. They should have been welcomed heart and hand by those who were their brethren in religion and in the love of freedom. Moreover, it was notorious that Hohenlo, lieutenant-general under Maurice of Nassau, was a German, and that by the treaty with England, two foreigners sat in the state council, while the army swarmed with English, Irish, and German officers in high command. Nevertheless, violently to subvert the constitution of a Province, and to place in posts of high responsibility men who were ineligible—some whose characters were suspicious, and some who were known

[1] Bor, II. xxi. 722, 735. Reyd, v. 85, 86. Wagenaar, viii. 166, 168.

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to be dangerous, and to banish large numbers of respectable burghers—was the act of a despot.[1]

Besides their democratic doctrines, the Leicestrians proclaimed and encouraged an exclusive and rigid Calvinism.

It would certainly be unjust and futile to detract from the vast debt which the republic owed to the Geneva Church. The reformation had entered the Netherlands by the Walloon gate. The earliest and most eloquent preachers, the most impassioned converts, the sublimest martyrs, had lived, preached, fought, suffered, and died with the precepts of Calvin in their hearts. The fire which had consumed the last vestige of royal and sacerdotal despotism throughout the independent republic, had been lighted by the hands of Calvinists.

Throughout the blood-stained soil of France, too, the men who

[1] It was especially unfortunate that Leicester should fall so completely into the control of Deventer. That subtle politician filled the governor's mind full with spite against the States-General, inspiring him perpetually with jealousy of all bodies or individuals that interfered with his hopes of attaining arbitrary, perhaps sovereign power. "The States-General," Deventer whispered in Leicester's ear, "are becoming more presumptuous daily. They have dared to return our old members to the assembly whom we" (after the municipal revolution) "had recalled. They have released Paul Buys. We are all marvellously scandalized, for truly these States assume more jurisdiction than was ever done by the greatest tyrant that ever usurped in this land. You shall hear many particulars by an agent which it is best not to write . . . . . Let *her Majesty reflect that her's will be the shame, on her head descends the scorn, and ruin to her realm will be the result. Let her break up* this conspiracy by a sudden and heroic resolution, let her send your Excellency hither, with *plenty of money and soldiers*, and we on our side will take care not to be dishonoured suddenly, while waiting for your return."

Such were the prudent counsels given to Queen Elizabeth, by Leicester's chief adviser, in a moment full of darkness and difficulty. To seize by violence on the cities of the Provinces, to subvert their ancient constitutions, to enact, in short, all that had been done or attempted by former tyrants, was the object proposed to the English sovereign and the English governor. G. de Proninck to Leicester, 20 Jan. 1587. (Br. Mus., Galba C. xi. 95, MS.)

Otheman, too, boldly assured the Queen, in a letter addressed directly to her Majesty, that the "root of the whole evil in the Netherlands was the *ochlocracy* and bad government of the State," and that the reformation could only come from her. He was also of opinion that the country had been badly handled for a long time. "I believe, madam," he observed, "that this sick person has had so many diseases for twenty years, and has had so many different doctors—some without experience and others without fidelity—that the more despairing the patient is of his own case, the more honour it will be to the one who cures him; and 'tis your Majesty alone who can now administer the remedy." Otheman to the Queen, 15 Feb. 1587. (Br. Mus., Galba C. xi. p. 263, MS.)

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were fighting the same great battle as were the Netherlanders against Philip II. and the Inquisition, the valiant cavaliers of Dauphiny and Provence, knelt on the ground, before the battle, smote their iron breasts with their mailed hands, uttered a Calvinistic prayer, sang a psalm of Marot, and then charged upon Guise, or upon Joyeuse, under the white plume of the Bearnese. And it was on the Calvinist weavers and clothiers of Rochelle that the great Prince relied in the hour of danger as much as on his mountain chivalry. In England too, the seeds of liberty, wrapped up in Calvinism and hoarded through many trying years, were at last destined to float over land and sea, and to bear large harvests of temperate freedom for great commonwealths, which were still unborn. Nevertheless there was a growing aversion in many parts of the States for the rigid and intolerant spirit of the reformed religion. There were many men in Holland who had already imbibed the true lesson—the only one worth learning of the reformation—liberty of thought; but toleration in the eyes of the extreme Calvinistic party was as great a vice as it could be in the estimation of Papists. To a favoured few of other habits of thought, it had come to be regarded as a virtue; but the day was still far distant when men were to scorn the very word toleration as an insult to the dignity of man; as if for any human being or set of human beings, in caste, class, synod, or church, the right could even in imagination be conceded of controlling the consciences of their fellow-creatures.

But it was progress for the sixteenth century that there were individuals, and prominent individuals, who dared to proclaim liberty of conscience for all. William of Orange was a Calvinist, sincere and rigid, but he denounced all oppression of religion, and opened wide the doors of the commonwealth to Papists, Lutherans, and Anabaptists alike. The Earl of Leicester was a Calvinist, most rigid in tenet, most edifying of conversation, the acknowledged head of the Puritan party of England, but he was intolerant and was influenced only by the most intolerant of his sect. Certainly

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it would have required great magnanimity upon his part to assume a friendly demeanour towards the Papists. It is easier for us, in more favoured ages, to rise to the heights of philosophical abstraction, than for a man placed as was Leicester, in the front rank of a mighty battle, in which the triumph of either religion seemed to require the bodily annihilation of all its adversaries. He believed that the success of a Catholic conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth or of a Spanish invasion of England, would raise Mary to the throne and consign himself to the scaffold. He believed that the subjugation of the independent Netherlands would place the Spaniards instantly in England, and he frequently received information, true or false, of Popish plots that were ever hatching in various parts of the Provinces against the English Queen.[1] It was not surprising, therefore, although it was unwise, that he should incline his ear most seriously to those who counselled severe measures not only against Papists, but against those who were not persecutors of Papists, and that he should allow himself to be guided by adventurers, who wore the mask of religion only that they might plunder the exchequer and rob upon the highway.

Under the administration of this extreme party, therefore, the Papists were maltreated, disfranchised, banished, and plundered.[2] The distribution of the heavy war-taxes, more

[1] "May it please your sacred Majesty," wrote Wilkes, "there is come into my hands the copy of a letter written by the Prince of Parma to the Bishop of Liege, dated 24th of last month; by the which, among other things, doth appear, that there is yet some bloody purpose in hand to be executed upon your Majesty's sacred person, as by the same here inclosed doth appear . . . . . It is signified by the letter, that, although the exterior of the treasons and practices plotted and contrived against your Majesty be discovered, yet the core and marrow thereof is not as yet uncovered or known, whereby your enemies doubt not but to achieve in time their wicked and horrible purposes against you." Wilkes to the Queen, 17 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

It can hardly excite surprise that the Queen, receiving almost every week such intimations out of the Spanish Netherlands of attempts against her life, should desire to deal severely with seminary priests and their associates coming from those regions.

[2] Yet, strange to say, it was Lord Buckhurst's opinion that the opponents of the Catholic religion were but a small minority of the Dutch people. "For the commonwealth of these Provinces," wrote that envoy, "consisting of divers parts and professions, as, namely, Protestants, Puri-

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than two-thirds of which were raised in Holland only, was confided to foreigners, and regulated mainly at Utrecht, where not one-tenth part of the same revenue was collected. This naturally excited the wrath of the merchants and manufacturers of Holland and the other Provinces, who liked not that these hard-earned and lavishly-paid subsidies should be meddled with by any but the cleanest hands.

The clergy, too, arrogated a direct influence in political affairs. Their demonstrations were opposed by the anti-Leicestrians, who cared not to see a Geneva theocracy in the place of the vanished Papacy. They had as little reverence in secular affairs for Calvinistic deacons as for the college of cardinals, and would as soon accept the infallibility of Sixtus V. as that of Herman Modet. The reformed clergy who had dispossessed and confiscated the property of the ancient ecclesiastics who once held a constitutional place in the Estates of Utrecht—although many of those individuals were now married and had embraced the reformed religion—who had demolished, and sold at public auction, for 12,300 florins,[1] the time-honoured cathedral where the earliest Christians of the Netherlands had worshipped, and St.

tans, Anabaptists, and Spanish hearts, which are no small number, it is most certain, that, dividing this in five parts, the Protestants and Puritans do hardly *contain even one part of five;* although, at this present, the Protestants and Puritans, by having the rule and sovereignty in their hands, do wholly wage and command the captains and soldiers." Buckhurst to the Queen, 27 May, 1587. Printed in 'Cabala, or Mysteries of State,' p. 37.

And again, in a letter to Walsingham, the same diplomatist remarks that the real object of the revolt of the Netherlanders was not to defend their religious but their civil freedom, and that Catholics and Protestants were all united to that end. "If her Majesty," he said, "should not only refuse the sovereignty, but not give sufficient aid, it is in a manner certain that the people, *not being the fifth man a Protestant*, and not making their war in truth for religion, but for *their country and liberty* only, and to resist the tyranny of the Spaniards, whose hatred is ingraft in the hearts of them all, when they shall see her Majesty fail in their defence, will turn and revolt to the enemy," &c. &c. Ibid. p. 11, 13. 13 April, 1587.

These sweeping statements may not be strictly accurate, but there is no doubt that Buckhurst was struck by the general and growing feeling of mutual toleration among the adherents to the various forms of religion in Holland, and by the instinct which prompted the whole commonwealth to strike for civil and religious liberty in one. Compare Kluit, 'Holl. Staatsreg.' II. 360, who states expressly that the majority of every town and village in the Provinces were, in heart, faithful to the Roman Catholic religion.

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 108.

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Willibrod had ministered, were roundly rebuked, on more than one occasion, by the blunt Hollanders for meddling with matters beyond their sphere.[1]

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 108.

"There is a controversy," wrote Wilkes, "within the town and province of Utrecht (their estate being compounded of the nobility, clergy, and towns, containing three several members) between the towns and the clergy, whom the towns have inhibited to appear any more in the public assemblies, meaning to cass them upon pretence that the clergy, their third member, is a hindrance to their good proceedings. The nobility taketh part with the clergy, and do not think it fit nor agreeable with order or justice that one third member, inferior to the other two, should take upon him to depose the first member, being the clergy, without the authority of the sovereign governor or the general assent of the Union. At the beginning of the garboile, it was thought fit by this council to depute the Count Moeurs, Mons. de Meetkerk, and Doctor Hottman, persons of judgment, to hear the controversy . . . . . and as they were travailing to reduce them to an accord, there came a letter to the captains of the bourgeoisie of the town of Utrecht (being the principal movers of this dissension), written by Mr. Herle, by which they have taken heart to persist obstinately in their purpose, persuading themselves that their proceedings will be avowed by her Majesty. And albeit this letter do not directly touch the matter, yet the large promises he maketh in her Majesty's name of her absolute purpose to embrace their cause, 'avec la pleine main,' as he termeth it, hath been occasion that they have uttered in public speeches that the letters of her Majesty's ambassador Herle hath given them sufficient hope that her Majesty will not mislike of their doings in going about to banish Popery out of that Province, which they make to be a show and countenance of their dealings; but, as I am informed, the most part of those that are of this clergy, and do hold the ecclesiastical livings, are married and of the religion. And in truth, as far as I can perceive, their quarrel is not against the persons of the ecclesiastics, because they are contented that the persons shall continue in their assemblies, but against the livings, which they mean to convert to some other uses. And although, for mine own poor opinion, I think the church-livings were most fitly to be converted to the defence of the public cause, yet the manner of the doing thereof should be speedily prevented, for all men of judgment here are of opinion that if it be not stayed, it will hazard the loss of the town, and consequently of the whole Province. I am informed that the magistrates of Utrecht have despatched towards my lord-general and her Majesty one Herman Modet, their chief minister, to acquaint them with the matter, and to make good their proceedings. The said Modet, by the report of M. de Villiers, the minister, and Saravia, a great learned preacher of Leyden, is taken to be the greatest mutyne in all these countries; and it is avouched by them and others of the best condition that he was the only occasion of the loss of Ghent, upon the like matter begun by him within the town. The Prince of Orange, in his time, could never brook the same Modet, and, as the Count Maurice telleth me, he did always oppose himself against the counsel and designs of the Prince his father. I thought it not unfit to give you this taste of the condition of Modet, because I know that my Lord North, Mr. Killigrew, and Mr. Webbe have greatly supported him in his humours at Utrecht, and it is not to be doubted that they will do the like at home." Wilkes to Walsingham, Dec. 24, 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

Such letters, written on the spot, by a man thoroughly acquainted with Netherland politics, and the experienced faithful representative of her Majesty in the state-council, explain the intrigues and the instruments of the Leicestrian party. It was by honest and lucid expositions like these, that the writer incurred the

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The party of the States-General, as opposed to the Leicester party, was guided by the statesmen of Holland. At a somewhat later period was formed the States-right party, which claimed sovereignty for each Province, and by necessary consequence the hegemony throughout the confederacy, for Holland. At present the doctrine maintained was that the sovereignty forfeited by Philip had naturally devolved upon the States-General. The statesmen of this party repudiated the calumny that it had therefore lapsed into the hands of half a dozen mechanics and men of low degree. The States of each Province were, they maintained, composed of nobles and country-gentlemen, as representing the agricultural interest, and of deputies from the 'vroedschappen,' or municipal governments, of every city and smallest town.

Such men as Adrian Van der Werff, the heroic burgomaster of Leyden during its famous siege, John Van der Does, statesman, orator, soldier, poet, Adolphus Meetkerke, judge, financier, politician, Carl Roorda, Noel de Caron, diplomatist of most signal ability, Floris Thin, Paul Buys, and Olden-Barneveld, with many others, who would have done honour to the legislative assemblies and national councils in any country or any age, were constantly returned as members of the different vroedschaps in the commonwealth.

So far from its being true then that half a dozen ignorant mechanics had usurped the sovereignty of the Provinces, after the abjuration of the Spanish King, it may be asserted in general terms, that of the eight hundred thousand inhabitants of Holland at least eight hundred persons were always engaged in the administration of public affairs, that these individuals were perpetually exchanged for others, and that those whose names became most prominent in the politics of the day were remarkable for thorough education, high talents, and eloquence with tongue and pen.[1] It was acknowledged by the leading statesmen of England and France, on repeated

deadly hatred of the Earl, and was in danger of losing his life. (Compare Bor and Reyd, *ubi sup.* Le Petit, II. xiv. 533. Wagenaar, viii. 168.)

[1] Kluit, 'Holl. Staatsregering,' II. 203.

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occasions throughout the sixteenth century, that the diplomatists and statesmen of the Netherlands were even more than a match for any politicians who were destined to encounter them, and the profound respect which Leicester expressed for these solid statesmen, these "substantial, wise, well-languaged" men, these "big fellows," so soon as he came in contact with them, and before he began to hate them for outwitting him, has already appeared. They were generally men of the people, born without any of the accidents of fortune; but the leaders had studied in the common schools, and later in the noble universities of a land where to be learned and eloquent was fast becoming almost as great an honour as to be wealthy or high born.

The executive, the legislative, and the judiciary departments were more carefully and scientifically separated than could perhaps have been expected in that age. The lesser municipal courts, in which city-senators presided, were subordinate to the supreme court of Holland, whose officers were appointed by the stadholders and council; the supplies were in the hands of the States-Provincial, and the supreme administrative authority was confided to a stadholder appointed by the States.

The States-General were constituted of similar materials to those of which the States-Provincial were constructed, and the same individuals were generally prominent in both. They were deputies appointed by the Provincial Estates, were in truth rather more like diplomatic envoys than senators, were generally bound very strictly by instructions, and were often obliged, by the jealousy springing from the States-right principle, to refer to their constituents, on questions when the times demanded a sudden decision, and when the necessary delay was inconvenient and dangerous.

In religious matters, the States-party, to their honour, already leaned to a wide toleration. Not only Catholics were not burned, but they were not banished, and very large numbers remained in the territory, and were quite undisturbed in religious matters, within their own doors. There were

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even men employed in public affairs who were suspected of papistical tendencies, although their hostility to Spain and their attachment to their native land could not fairly be disputed. The leaders of the States-party had a rooted aversion to any political influence on the part of the clergy of any denomination whatever. Disposed to be lenient to all forms of worship, they were disinclined to an established church, but still more opposed to allowing church-influence in secular affairs. As a matter of course, political men with such bold views in religious matters were bitterly assailed by their rigid opponents. Barneveld, with his "nil scire tutissima fides," was denounced as a disguised Catholic or an infidel, and as for Paul Buys, he was a "bolsterer of Papists, an atheist, a devil," as it has long since been made manifest.

Nevertheless these men believed that they understood the spirit of their country and of the age. In encouragement to an expanding commerce, the elevation and education of the masses, the toleration of all creeds, and a wide distribution of political functions and rights, they looked for the salvation of their nascent republic from destruction, and the maintenance of the true interests of the people. They were still loyal to Queen Elizabeth, and desirous that she should accept the sovereignty of the Provinces. But they were determined that the sovereignty should be a constitutional one, founded upon and limited by the time-honoured laws and traditions of their commonwealth; for they recognised the value of a free republic with an hereditary chief, however anomalous it might in theory appear. They knew that in Utrecht the Leicestrian party were about to offer the Queen the sovereignty of their Province, *without conditions*, but they were determined that neither Queen Elizabeth nor any other monarch should ever reign in the Netherlands, *except* under conditions to be very accurately defined and well secured.

Thus contrasted, then, were the two great parties in the Netherlands, at the conclusion of Leicester's first year of administration. It may easily be understood that it was not an auspicious moment to leave the country without a chief.

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The strength of the States-party lay in Holland, Zeeland, Friesland. The main stay of the democratic or Leicester faction was in the city of Utrecht, but the Earl had many partizans in Gelderland, Friesland, and in Overyssel, the capital of which Province, the wealthy and thriving Deventer, second only in the republic to Amsterdam for commercial and political importance, had been but recently secured for the Provinces by the vigorous measures of Sir William Pelham.

The condition of the republic and of the Spanish Provinces was, at that moment, most signally contrasted. If the effects of despotism and of liberty could ever be exhibited at a single glance, it was certainly only necessary to look for a moment at the picture of the obedient and of the rebel Netherlands.

Since the fall of Antwerp, the desolation of Brabant, Flanders, and of the Walloon territories had become complete. The King had recovered the great commercial capital, but its commerce was gone. The Scheldt, which, till recently, had been the chief mercantile river in the world, had become as barren as if its fountains had suddenly dried up. It was as if it no longer flowed to the ocean, for its mouth was controlled by Flushing. Thus Antwerp was imprisoned and paralyzed. Its docks and basins, where 2500 ships had once been counted, were empty, grass was growing in its streets, its industrious population had vanished, and the Jesuits had returned in swarms. And the same spectacle was presented by Ghent, Bruges, Valenciennes, Tournay, and those other fair cities, which had once been types of vigorous industry and tumultuous life. The sea-coast was in the hands of two rising commercial powers, the great and free commonwealths of the future. Those powers were acting in concert, and commanding the traffic of the world, while the obedient Provinces were excluded from all foreign intercourse and all markets, as the result of their obedience. Commerce, manufactures, agriculture, were dying lingering deaths. The thrifty farms, orchards, and gardens,

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which had been a proverb and wonder of industry were becoming wildernesses. The demand for their produce by the opulent and thriving cities, which had been the workshops of the world, was gone. Foraging bands of Spanish and Italian mercenaries had succeeded to the famous tramp of the artizans and mechanics, which had often been likened to an army, but these new customers were less profitable to the gardeners and farmers. The clothiers, the fullers, the tapestry-workers, the weavers, the cutlers, had all wandered away, and the cities of Holland, Friesland, and of England, were growing skilful and rich by the lessons and the industry of the exiles to whom they afforded a home. There were villages and small towns in the Spanish Netherlands that had been literally depopulated. Large districts of country had gone to waste, and cane-brakes and squalid morasses usurped the place of yellow harvest-fields. The fox, the wild boar, and the wolf, infested the abandoned homes of the peasantry; children could not walk in safety in the neighbourhood even of the larger cities; wolves littered their young in the deserted farm-houses; two hundred persons, in the winter of 1586-7, were devoured by wild beasts in the outskirts of Ghent.[1] Such of the remaining labourers and artizans as had not been converted into soldiers, found their most profitable employment as brigands, so that the portion of the population spared by war and emigration was assisting the enemy in preying upon their native country. Brandschätzung, burglary, highway-robbery, and murder, had become the chief branches of industry among the working classes. Nobles and wealthy burghers had been changed to paupers and mendicants. Many a family of ancient lineage, and once of large possessions, could be seen begging their bread, at the dusk of evening, in the streets of great cities, where they had once exercised luxurious hospitality; and they often begged in vain.[2]

[1] Bor, II. xxii. 984. 985. Meteren, xiv. 253. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 251. Wagenaar, viii. 224, 225. Van Wyn op Wagen, viii. 67.

"The bedsteads of the abandoned cottages," says Meteren, "swarmed with little wolves," *ubi sup.*

[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaar.

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For while such was the forlorn aspect of the country—and the portrait, faithfully sketched from many contemporary pictures, has not been exaggerated in any of its dark details—a great famine smote the land with its additional scourge. The whole population, soldiers and brigands, Spaniards and Flemings, beggars and workmen, were in danger of perishing together. Where the want of employment had been so great as to cause a rapid depopulation, where the demand for labour had almost entirely ceased, it was a necessary result, that during the process, prices should be low, even in the presence of foreign soldiery, and despite the inflamed profits, which such capitalists as remained required, by way not only of profit but insurance, in such troublous times. Accordingly, for the last year or two, the price of rye at Antwerp and Brussels had been one florin for the veertel (three bushels) of one hundred and twenty pounds; that of wheat, about one-third of a florin more. Five pounds of rye, therefore, were worth one penny sterling, reckoning, as was then usual, two shillings to the florin. A pound weight of wheat was worth about one farthing.[1] Yet this was forty-one years after the discovery of the mines of Potosi (A.D. 1545), and full sixteen years after the epoch, from which is dated that rapid fall in the value of silver, which in the course of seventy years, caused the average price of corn and of all other commodities, to be tripled or even quadrupled. At that very moment the average cost of wheat in England was sixty-four shillings the quarter, or about seven and sixpence sterling the bushel,[2] and in the markets of Holland, which in

[1] A contemporary chronicler has preserved a droll medley of prices in the Netherlands in the year 1548, but one which, if accurate, furnishes a striking instance of the low money-valuation of the various necessaries of life, before the great revolution in the value of silver had begun. For one hundred and sixty florins (16*l.*) there were bought a last (108 bushels, or 80 bushels English) of wheat, a last of rye, a last of barley, a last of oats, a quarter hundred-weight of butter, 300 pounds of lard, one hundred cheeses, a doublet, a pair of shoes, a bonnet, a bag, a barrel of excellent beer, and there were six stuyvers over for drink-money. "And let this serve as a memorial," he piously observes, "of how much the wrath of God and how much his benignity can do for us." Met. xiv. 253.

[2] Tables in McCulloch's edition of Adam Smith, p. 117.

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truth regulated all others, the same prices prevailed.[1] A bushel of wheat in England was equal therefore to eight bushels in Brussels.

Thus the silver mines, which were the Spanish King's property, had produced their effect everywhere more signally than within the obedient Provinces. The South American specie found its way to Philip's coffers, thence to the pay-masters of his troops in Flanders, and thence to the commercial centres of Holland and England. Those countries, first to feel and obey the favourable expanding impulse of the age, were moving surely and steadily on before it to greatness. Prices were rising with unexampled rapidity, the precious metals were comparatively a drug, a world-wide commerce, such as had never been dreamed of, had become an every-day concern, the arts and sciences and a most generous culture in famous schools and universities, which had been founded in the midst of tumult and bloodshed, characterized the republic, and the golden age of English poetry, which was to make the Elizabethan era famous through all time, had already begun.

In the Spanish Netherlands the newly-found treasure served to pay the only labourers required in a subjugated and almost deserted country, the pikemen of Spain and Italy, and the reiters of Germany. Prices could not sustain themselves in the face of depopulation. Where there was no security for property, no home-market, no foreign intercourse, industrial pursuits had become almost impossible. The small demand for labour had caused it, as it were, to disappear altogether. All men had become beggars, brigands, or soldiers. A temporary reaction followed. There were no producers. Suddenly it was discovered that no corn had been planted, and that there was no harvest. A famine was the inevitable

[1] Bor, Meteren. A veertel is about three bushels. A florin was then always reckoned at two shillings sterling. The price of a bushel of rye at Brussels and Antwerp was therefore eightpence; that of a bushel of wheat about one-third more, say elevenpence, or seven and fourpence for the quarter (eight bushels), about an eighth or ninth of the price in England and Holland.

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result. Prices then rose with most frightful rapidity. The veertel of rye, which in the previous year had been worth one florin at Brussels and Antwerp, rose in the winter of 1586-7 to twenty, twenty-two, and even twenty-four florins; and wheat advanced from one and one-third florin to thirty-two florins the veertel.[1] Other articles were proportionally increased in market-value; but it is worthy of remark that mutton was quoted in the midst of the famine at nine stuyvers (a little more than ninepence sterling) the pound, and beef at fivepence, while a single cod-fish sold for twenty-two florins.[2] Thus wheat was worth sixpence sterling the pound weight (reckoning the veertel of one hundred and twenty pounds at thirty florins), which was a penny more than the price of a pound of beef; while an ordinary fish was equal in value to one hundred and six pounds of beef. No better evidence could be given that the obedient Provinces were relapsing into barbarism, than that the only agricultural industry then practised was to allow what flocks and herds were remaining to graze at will over the ruined farms and gardens, and that their fishermen were excluded from the sea.

The evil cured itself, however, and, before the expiration of another year, prices were again at their previous level. The land was sufficiently cultivated to furnish the necessaries of life for a diminishing population, and the supply of labour was more than enough for the languishing demand. Wheat was again at tenpence the bushel, and other commodities valued in like proportion, and far below the market-prices in Holland and England.

On the other hand, the prosperity of the republic was rapidly increasing. Notwithstanding the war, which had been raging for a terrible quarter of a century without any interruption, population was increasing, property rapidly

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, *ubi sup.* A last of rye is quoted by Meteren (xiv. 253[vo]) at 800 florins. A last is equal to 80 bushels, English measure. This is just ten florins, or one pound sterling, the bushel for rye, and one-third more, or twenty-seven shillings—that is to say, 10*l.* 16*s.* the quarter—for wheat.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

[3] Ibid.

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advancing in value, labour in active demand. Famine was impossible to a state which commanded the ocean. No corn grew in Holland and Zeeland, but their ports were the granary of the world. The fisheries were a mine of wealth almost equal to the famous Potosi, with which the commercial world was then ringing. Their commerce with the Baltic nations was enormous. In one month eight hundred vessels left their havens for the eastern ports alone. There was also no doubt whatever—and the circumstance was a source of constant complaint and of frequent ineffective legislation—that the rebellious Provinces were driving a most profitable trade with Spain and the Spanish possessions, in spite of their revolutionary war. The mines of Peru and Mexico were as fertile for the Hollanders and Zeelanders as for the Spaniards themselves. The war paid for the war, one hundred large frigates were constantly cruising along the coasts to protect the fast-growing traffic, and an army of twenty thousand foot-soldiers and two thousand cavalry were maintained on land. There were more ships and sailors at that moment in Holland and Zeeland than in the whole kingdom of England.[1]

While the sea-ports were thus rapidly increasing in importance, the towns in the interior were advancing as steadily. The woollen manufacture, the tapestry, the embroideries of Gelderland, and Friesland, and Overyssel, were becoming as famous as had been those of Tournay, Ypres, Brussels, and Valenciennes. The emigration from the obedient Provinces and from other countries was very great. It was difficult to obtain lodgings in the principal cities; new houses, new streets, new towns, were rising every day. The single Province of Holland furnished regularly, for war-expenses alone, two millions of florins (two hundred thousand pounds) a year, besides frequent extraordinary grants for the

[1] Six years later it was asserted by the magistrates of Amsterdam, in a communication made to the States-General, "that no one could doubt that in regard to the mercantile marine and the amount of tonnage, the Provinces were so far superior to England that *hardly any comparison could be made on the subject*, &c. Koop vaardy-Schepen in Nederland a° 1593. Brief v. d. Burgemaasteren en Raden der stad Amsterdam aan do Staaten-General." (Hague Archives, MS.)

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same purpose, yet the burthen imposed upon the vigorous young commonwealth seemed only to make it the more elastic. "The coming generations may see," says a contemporary historian, "the fortifications erected at that epoch in the cities, the costly and magnificent havens, the docks, the great extension of the cities; for truly *the war had become a great benediction* to the inhabitants."[1]

Such a prosperous commonwealth as this was not a prize to be lightly thrown away. There is no doubt whatever that a large majority of the inhabitants, and of the States by whom the people were represented, ardently and affectionately desired to be annexed to the English crown. Leicester had become unpopular, but Elizabeth was adored, and there was nothing unreasonable in the desire entertained by the Provinces of retaining their ancient constitutions, and of transferring their allegiance to the English Queen.

But the English Queen could not resolve to take the step. Although the great tragedy which was swiftly approaching its inevitable catastrophe, the execution of the Scottish Queen, was to make peace with Philip impossible—even if it were imaginable before—Elizabeth, during the year 1587, was earnestly bent on peace. This will be made manifest in subsequent pages, by an examination of the secret correspondence of the court. Her most sagacious statesmen disapproved her course, opposed it, and were often overruled, although never convinced; for her imperious will would have its way.

The States-General loathed the very name of peace with Spain. The people loathed it. All knew that peace with Spain meant the exchange of a thriving prosperous commonwealth, with freedom of religion, constitutional liberty, and self-government, for provincial subjection to the inquisition and to despotism. To dream of any concession from Philip on the religious point was ridiculous. There was a mirror ever held up before their eyes by the obedient Provinces, in which they might see their own image, should they too return to obedience. And there was never a pretence, on the

[1] Meteren, xiv. 253vo.

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part of any honest adviser of Queen Elizabeth in the Netherlands, whether Englishman or Hollander, that the idea of peace-negotiation could be tolerated for a moment by States or people. Yet the sum of the Queen's policy, for the year 1587, may be summed up in one word—peace ; peace for the Provinces, peace for herself, with their implacable enemy.

In France, during the same year of expectation, we shall see the long prologue to the tragic and memorable 1588 slowly enacting ; the same triangular contest between the three Henrys and their partizans still proceeding. We shall see the misguided and wretched Valois lamenting over his victories, and rejoicing over his defeats ; forced into hollow alliance with his deadly enemy ; arrayed in arms against his only protector and the true champion of the realm ; and struggling vainly in the toils of his own mother and his own secretary of state, leagued with his most powerful foes. We shall see 'Mucio,' with one hand extended in mock friendship toward the King, and with the other thrust backward to grasp the purse of 300,000 crowns held forth to aid his fellow-conspirator's dark designs against their common victim ; and the Béarnese, ever with lance in rest, victorious over the wrong antagonist, foiled of the fruits of victory, proclaiming himself the English Queen's devoted knight, but railing at her parsimony ; always in the saddle, always triumphant, always a beggar, always in love, always cheerful, and always confident to outwit the Guises and Philip, Parma and the Pope.

And in Spain we shall have occasion to look over the King's shoulder, as he sits at his study-table, in his most sacred retirement ; and we shall find his policy for the year 1587 summed up in two words—invasion of England. Sincerely and ardently as Elizabeth meant peace with Philip, just so sincerely did Philip intend war with England, and the dethronement and destruction of the Queen. To this great design all others were now subservient, and it was mainly on account of this determination that there was sufficient leisure in the republic for the Leicestrians and the States-General to fight out so thoroughly their party-contests.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Barneveld's Influence in the Provinces — Unpopularity of Leicester — Intrigues of his Servants — Gossip of his Secretary — Its mischievous Effects — The Quarrel of Norris and Hollock — The Earl's Participation in the Affair — His increased Animosity to Norris — Seizure of Deventer — Stanley appointed its Governor — York and Stanley — Leicester's secret Instructions — Wilkes remonstrates with Stanley — Stanley's Insolence and Equivocation — Painful Rumours as to him and York — Duplicity of York — Stanley's Banquet at Deventer — He surrenders the City to Tassis — Terms of the Bargain — Feeble Defence of Stanley's Conduct — Subsequent Fate of Stanley and York — Betrayal of Gelder to Parma — These Treasons cast Odium on the English — Miserable Plight of the English Troops — Honesty and Energy of Wilkes — Indignant Discussion in the Assembly.

THE government had not been laid down by Leicester on his departure. It had been provisionally delegated, as already mentioned to the state-council. In this body—consisting of eighteen persons—originally appointed by the Earl, on nomination by the States, several members were friendly to the governor, and others were violently opposed to him. The States of Holland, by whom the action of the States-General was mainly controlled, were influenced in their action by Buys and Barneveld. Young Maurice of Nassau, nineteen years of age, was stadholder of Holland and Zeeland. A florid complexioned, fair-haired young man, of sanguine-bilious temperament; reserved, quiet, reflective, singularly self-possessed; meriting at that time, more than his father had ever done, the appellation of the taciturn; discreet, sober, studious. "Count Maurice saith but little, but I cannot tell what he thinketh," wrote Leicester's eaves-dropper-in-chief.[1] Mathematics, fortification, the science of war—these were his daily pursuits. "The sapling was to become the tree," and meantime the youth was preparing for the great destiny which he felt, lay before him. To ponder over the works and the daring conceptions of Stevinus, to build up and to batter the wooden blocks of mimic citadels; to arrange in countless

[1] Otheman to Leicester. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 216, 1 Feb. 1587, MS.)

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combinations, great armies of pewter soldiers; these were the occupations of his leisure-hours. Yet he was hardly suspected of bearing within him the germs of the great military commander. "Small desire hath Count Maurice to follow the wars," said one who fancied himself an acute observer at exactly this epoch. "And whereas it might be supposed that in respect to his birth and place, he would affect the chief military command in these countries, it is *found by experience had of his humour, that there is no chance of his entering into competition* with the others."[1] A modest young man, who could bide his time—but who, meanwhile, under the guidance of his elders, was doing his best, both in field and cabinet, to learn the great lessons of the age—he had already enjoyed much solid practical instruction, under such a desperate fighter as Hohenlo, and under so profound a statesman as Barneveld. For at this epoch Olden-Barneveld was the preceptor, almost the political patron of Maurice, and Maurice, the official head of the Holland party, was the declared opponent of the democratic-Calvinist organization. It is not necessary, at this early moment, to foreshadow the changes which time was to bring. Meantime it would be seen, perhaps ere long, whether or no, it would be his humour to follow the wars. As to his prudent and dignified deportment there was little doubt. "Count Maurice behaveth himself very discreetly all this while," wrote one, who did not love him, to Leicester, who loved him less: "He cometh every day to the council, keeping no company with Count Hollock, nor with any of them all, and never drinks himself full with any of them, as they do every day among themselves."[2]

Certainly the most profitable intercourse that Maurice could enjoy with Hohenlo was upon the battle-field. In winter-quarters, that hard-fighting, hard-drinking, and most turbulent chieftain, was not the best Mentor for a youth whose destiny pointed him out as the leader of a free commonwealth. After the campaigns were over—if they ever

[1] Project for the Government of the Provinces. ('Cabala,' p. 23.)

[2] Otheman to Leicester, 16 Jan. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 99, MS.)

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could be over—the Count and other nobles from the same country were too apt to indulge in those mighty potations, which were rather characteristic of their nation and the age.

"Since your Excellency's departure," wrote Leicester's secretary, "there hath been among the Dutch Counts nothing but dancing and drinking, to the grief of all this people, which foresee that there can come no good of it. Specially Count Hollock, who hath been drunk almost a fortnight together."[1]

Leicester had rendered himself unpopular with the States-General, and with all the leading politicians and generals; yet, at that moment, he had deeply mortgaged his English estates in order to raise funds to expend in the Netherland cause. Thirty thousand pounds sterling—according to his own statement—he was already out of pocket, and, unless the Queen would advance him the means to redeem his property, his broad lands were to be brought to the hammer.[2] But it was the Queen, not the States-General, who owed the money; for the Earl had advanced these sums as a portion of the royal contingent. Five hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling had been the cost of one year's war during the English governor's administration; and of this sum one hundred and forty thousand had been paid by England.[3] There was a portion of the sum, over and above their monthly levies, for which the States had contracted a debt, and they were extremely desirous to obtain, at that moment, an additional loan of fifty thousand pounds from Elizabeth; a favour which Elizabeth was very firmly determined not to grant. It was this terror at the expense into which the Netherland war was plunging her, which made the English sovereign so desirous for peace, and filled the anxious mind of Walsingham with the most painful forebodings.

[1] Otheman to Leicester, 7 Jan. 1587. (Ibid. p. 72, MS.)

[2] "List of the Earl of Leicester's mortgages, to raise money spent in doing her Majesty service in the Low Countries." (S. P. Office, 1587, MS.)

There were five different mortgages of estates and manors in England, amounting in all to 18,000*l*. "All the mortgages above written are past redemption, except on present payment of the due debts. His Lordship doth owe an infinite sum besides for his expenses made in these services, over and besides these debts."

[3] Wilkes to Walsingham, 12 Jan. 1587. Same to Burghley, 12 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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Leicester, in spite of his good qualities—such as they were—had not that most necessary gift for a man in his position, the art of making friends. No man made so many enemies. He was an excellent hater, and few men have been more cordially hated in return. He was imperious, insolent, hot-tempered. He could brook no equal. He had also the fatal defect of enjoying the flattery of his inferiors in station. Adroit intriguers burned incense to him as a god, and employed him as their tool. And now he had mortally offended Hohenlo, and Buys, and Barneveld, while he hated Sir John Norris with a most passionate hatred. Wilkes, the English representative, was already a special object of his aversion. The unvarnished statements made by the stiff counsellor, of the expense of the past year's administration, and the various errors committed, had inspired Leicester with such ferocious resentment, that the friends of Wilkes trembled for his life.[1]

[1] "It is generally bruited here," wrote Henry Smith to his brother-in-law Wilkes, "of a most heavy displeasure conceived by my Lord of Leicester against you, and it is said to be so great as that he hath protested to be revenged of you; and to procure you the more enemies, it is said he hath revealed to my Lord Treasurer, and Secretary Davison some injurious speeches (which I cannot report) you should have used of them to him at your last being with him. Furthermore some of the said Lord's secretaries have reported here that it were good for you never to return hither, or, if their Lord be appointed to go over again, it will be too hot for you to tarry there. These things thus coming to the ears of your friends have stricken a great fear and grief into the minds of such as love you, lest the wonderful force and authority of this man being bent against you, should do you hurt, while there is none to answer for you." Smith to Wilkes, 26 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Wilkes immediately wrote to Lord Burghley, indignantly denying that he had ever spoken disrespectfully or injuriously of him, as thus meanly reported of him by Leicester.

"I do briefly assure your Lordship," he said, "which I will avow with mine oath upon the Holy Testament, that I am therein as falsely and injuriously abused as ever was poor man, and, upon that protestation, I utterly deny that ever I advised my Lord to beware of your Lordship, or of any counsellor at your devotion, or that I ever used unto him, or to any creature living, any vile, uncivil, lewd, or undutiful term of your Lordship. I trust in the observation you have made of my conversation, serving her Majesty a dozen years under your wing, did never see that I was so indiscreet as to speak irreverently of men of your Lordship's place, and I hope you have not found me so foolish as by such lightness to draw myself into the hatred of so great personages, to overthrow myself wilfully. I thank God I was never so mad, and I might speak it without vaunt, that there was no man in court of my sort that had more good-will of high and low than myself, before the acceptance of this cursed and unfortunate journey, which, as I declared to your Lordship at the beginning, will be, I fear, the cause of my ruin; and then it pleased you to give me this advice, that I should serve her Majesty truly, and refer the rest to God. Your Lordship doth know the

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Cordiality between the governor-general and Count Maurice had become impossible. As for Willoughby and Sir William Pelham, they were both friendly to him, but Willoughby was a magnificent cavalry officer, who detested politics, and cared little for the Netherlands, except as the best battle-field in Europe, and the old marshal of the camp—the only man that Leicester ever loved—was growing feeble in health, was broken down by debt, and hardly possessed, or wished for, any general influence.

Besides Deventer of Utrecht, then, on whom the Earl chiefly relied during his absence, there were none to support him cordially, except two or three members of the state-council. "Madame de Brederode hath sent unto you a kind of rose," said his intelligencer, "which you have asked for, and beseeches you to command anything she has in her garden, or whatsoever. M. Meetkerke, M. Brederode, and Mr. Dorius, wish your return with all their hearts. For the rest I cannot tell, and will not swear. But Mr. Barneveld is not your very great friend, whereof I can write no more at this time."[1]

This certainly was a small proportion out of a council of eighteen, when all the leading politicians of the country were in avowed hostility to the governor. And thus the Earl was, at this most important crisis, to depend upon the subtle and dangerous Deventer, and upon two inferior personages, the "fellow Junius"[2] and a non-descript, whom Hohenlo cha-

humours and disposition of my great adversary better than I, and can judge thereof accordingly, which, with silence, I will leave to plead for me in your grave conceipt, together with the unlikelihood that I, having no cause of offense and finding you my good Lord, and that I am not mad, or used to precipitate myself in that manner, should in any probability be so great an enemy to myself as to make your Lordship my foe by any such levity. . . . Your Lordship hath herein dealt with me according to yourself, that you have not directly condemned me before you heard me. . . . . If my adversary were as mean in quality as myself, I would not doubt but by God's grace and help, to make mine innocency appear upon him with my hand." Wilkes to Burghley, 17 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Thus it appears that the Lord Treasurer's conduct towards the Counsellor, who had been taking his advice of "serving her Majesty truly and referring the rest to God," was as honourable as that of Leicester was base.

[1] Otheman to Leicester, 16 Jan. 1587. (MS. already cited.)

[2] Common expression of Hohenlo. (Bor, III. xxiii. 28.)

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racterized as a "long lean Englishman, with a little black beard."[1] This meagre individual however seems to have been of somewhat doubtful nationality. He called himself Otheman, claimed to be a Frenchman, had lived much in England, wrote with great fluency and spirit, both in French and English, but was said, in reality, to be named Robert Dale.[2]

It was not the best policy for the representative of the English Queen to trust to such counsellors at a moment when the elements of strife between Holland and England were actively at work; and when the safety, almost the existence, of the two commonwealths depended upon their acting cordially in concert. "Overyssel, Utrecht, Friesland, and Gelderland, have agreed to renew the offer of sovereignty to her Majesty," said Leicester. "I shall be able to make a better report of their love and good inclination than I can of Holland."[3] It was thought very desirable by the English government that this great demonstration should be made once more, whatever might be the ultimate decision of her Majesty upon so momentous a measure. It seemed proper that a solemn embassy should once more proceed to England in order to confer with Elizabeth; but there was much delay in regard to the step, and much indignation, in consequence, on the part of the Earl. The opposition came, of course, from the Barneveld party. "They are in no great haste to offer the sovereignty," said Wilkes. "First some towns of Holland made bones thereat, and now they say that Zeeland is not resolved."[4]

The nature and the causes of the opposition offered by

[1] Bor, III., MS. last cited.

[2] Fowler to Burghley, 7 Oct. 1589, in Murdin's State Papers, p. 639.

[3] Speech of Leicester to the deputies of States-General, just before his departure, Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) "The town of Utrecht," said Wilkes a few weeks later, "doth dissent from the rest of the provinces in the manner of their sovereignty, who seeming to be best affected to her Majesty, do mean to yield her the same *as Charles V. did hold it*, reserving only their principal privileges and religion, which the rest do not intend to do, as I can learn, who do purpose to charge the same with *many strange conditions*. I would be glad to know your honour's opinion of her Majesty's purpose therein, whereby I may better direct my services here." Wilkes to Walsingham, 19 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Barneveld and the States of Holland have been sufficiently explained. Buys, maddened by his long and unjustifiable imprisonment, had just been released by the express desire of Hohenlo ; and that unruly chieftain, who guided the German and Dutch magnates, such as Moeurs and Overstein, and who even much influenced Maurice and his cousin Count Lewis William, was himself governed by Barneveld. It would have been far from impossible for Leicester, even then, to conciliate the whole party. It was highly desirable that he should do so, for not one of the Provinces where he boasted his strength was quite secure for England. Count Moeurs, a potent and wealthy noble, was governor of Utrecht and Gelderland, and he had already begun to favour the party in Holland which claimed for that Province a legal jurisdiction over the whole ancient episcopate. Under these circumstances common prudence would have suggested that as good an understanding as possible might be kept up with the Dutch and German counts, and that the breach might not be rendered quite irreparable.

Yet, as if there had not been administrative blunders enough committed in one year, the unlucky lean Englishman, with the black beard, who was the Earl's chief representative, contrived—almost before his master's back was turned—to draw upon himself the wrath of all the fine ladies in Holland. That this should be the direful spring of unutterable disasters, social and political, was easy to foretell.

Just before the governor's departure Otheman came to pay his farewell respects, and receive his last commands. He found Leicester seated at chess with Sir Francis Drake.

"I do leave you here, my poor Otheman," said the Earl, "but so soon as I leave you I know very well that nobody will give you a good look."[1]

"Your Excellency was a true prophet," wrote the secretary a few weeks later, "for, my good Lord, I have been in as great danger of my life as ever man was. I have been hunted at Delft from house to house, and then besieged in my lodg-

[1] Otheman to Leicester, 29 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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ings four or five hours, as though I had been the greatest thief, murderer, and traitor in the land."

And why was the unfortunate Otheman thus hunted to his lair? Because he had chosen to indulge in *scandalum magnatum*, and had thereby excited the frenzy of all the great nobles whom it was most important for the English party to conciliate.

There had been gossip about the Princess of Chimay and one Calvaert, who lived in her house, much against the advice of all her best friends. One day she complained bitterly to Master Otheman of the spiteful ways of the world.

"I protest," said she, "that I am the unhappiest lady upon earth to have my name thus called in question."[1]

So said Otheman, in order to comfort her: "Your Highness is aware that such things are said of all. I am sure I hear every day plenty of speeches about lords and ladies, queens and princesses. You have little cause to trouble yourself for such matters, being known to live honestly and like a good Christian lady. Your Highness is not the only lady spoken of."

The Princess listened with attention.

"*Think of the stories about the Queen of England and my Lord of Leicester!*"[2] said Otheman, with infinite tact. "No person is exempted from the tongues of evil speakers; but virtuous and godly men do put all such foolish matter under their feet. Then there is the *Countess of Moeurs*, how much evil talk does one hear about her!"

The Princess seemed still more interested and even excited; and the adroit Otheman having thus, as he imagined, very successfully smoothed away her anger, went off to have a little more harmless gossip about the Princess and the Countess, with Madame de Meetkerke, who had sent Leicester the rose from her garden.

But, no sooner had he gone, than away went her Highness

[1] Otheman to Leicester, last cited.

[2] Ibid—*totidem verbis*. It is somewhat amusing to find, in a letter to Leicester from his own secretary, these allusions to the "scandal about Queen Elizabeth."

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to Madame de Moeurs, "a marvellous wise and well-spoken gentlewoman and a grave,"[1] and informed her and the Count, with some trifling exaggeration, that the vile Englishman, secretary to the odious Leicester, had just been there, abusing and calumniating the Countess in most lewd and abominable fashion. He had also, she protested, used "very evil speeches of all the ladies in the country."[2] For her own part the Princess avowed her determination to have him instantly murdered.[3] Count Moeurs was quite of the same mind, and desired nothing better than to be one of his executioners. Accordingly, the next Sunday, when the babbling secretary had gone down to Delft to hear the French sermon, a select party, consisting of Moeurs, Lewis William of Nassau, Count Overstein, and others, set forth for that city, laid violent hands on the culprit, and brought him bodily before Princess Chimay. There, being called upon to explain his innuendos, he fell into much trepidation, and gave the names of several English captains, whom he supposed to be at that time in England. "For if I had denied the whole matter," said he, "they would have given me the lie, and used me according to their evil mind."[4] Upon this they relented, and released their prisoner, but, the next day they made another attack upon him, hunted him from house to house, through the whole city of Delft, and at last drove him to earth in his own lodgings, where they kept him besieged several hours. Through the intercession of Wilkes and the authority of the council of state, to which body he succeeded in conveying information of his dangerous predicament, he was, in his own language, "miraculously preserved," although remaining still in daily danger of his life. "I pray God keep me hereafter from the anger of a woman," he exclaimed, "quia non est ira supra iram mulieris."[5]

He was immediately examined before the council, and succeeded in clearing and justifying himself to the satisfaction of

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, in Bruce, p. 217.
[2] Otheman to Leicester. MS. before cited. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

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his friends. His part was afterwards taken by the councillors, by all the preachers and godly men, and by the university of Leyden. But it was well understood that the blow and the affront had been levelled at the English governor and the English nation.

"All your friends do see," said Otheman, "that this disgrace is not meant so much to me as to your Excellency; the Dutch Earls having used such speeches unto me, and against all law, custom, and reason, used such violence to me, that your Excellency shall wonder to hear of it."[1]

Now the Princess Chimay, besides being of honourable character, was a sincere and exemplary member of the Calvinist church, and well inclined to the Leicestrians. She was daughter of Count Meghem, one of the earliest victims of Philip II., in the long tragedy of Netherland independence, and widow of Lancelot Berlaymont. Count Moeurs was governor of Utrecht, and by no means, up to that time, a thorough supporter of the Holland party;[2] but thenceforward he went off most abruptly from the party of England, became hand and glove with Hohenlo, accepted the influence of Barneveld, and did his best to wrest the city of Utrecht from English authority. Such was the effect of the secretary's harmless gossip.

"I thought Count Moeurs and his wife better friends to your Excellency than I do see them to be," said Otheman afterwards. "But he doth now disgrace the English nation many ways in his speeches—saying that they are no soldiers, that they do no good to this country, and that these Englishmen that are at Arnheim have an intent to sell and betray the town to the enemy."[3]

[1] Otheman to Leicester, 1 Feb. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 216. MS.)

[2] On the contrary, although Hohenlo had been doing his best to gain him, having been drunk with him most conscientiously for a fortnight at a time, his wife, who was his commanding officer, had expressed aversion to the German party, and great affection for that of Leicester. "The Countess told me but yesterday," Otheman had written only a few days before, "that her husband was not so foolish as to trust him, who had deceived him so often, and that *she will never permit her husband to go from* the party of England." Otheman to Leicester, 16th Jan. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 99. MS.)

[3] Otheman to Leicester, 1 Feb. 1587. (MS. before cited.)

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But the disgraceful squabble between Hohenlo and Edward Norris had been more unlucky for Leicester than any other incident during the year, for its result was to turn the hatred of both parties against himself. Yet the Earl, of all men, was originally least to blame for the transaction. It has been seen that Sir Philip Sidney had borne Norris's cartel to Hohenlo, very soon after the outrage had been committed. The Count had promised satisfaction, but meantime was desperately wounded in the attack on Fort Zutphen. Leicester afterwards did his best to keep Edward Norris employed in distant places, for he was quite aware that Hohenlo, as lieutenant-general and count of the empire, would consider himself aggrieved at being called to the field by a simple English captain, however deeply he might have injured him. The governor accordingly induced the Queen to recall the young man to England, and invited him—much as he disliked his whole race—to accompany him on his departure for that country.

The Captain then consulted with his brother Sir John, regarding the pending dispute with Hohenlo. His brother advised that the Count should be summoned to keep his promise, but that Lord Leicester's permission should previously be requested.

A week before the governor's departure, accordingly, Edward Norris presented himself one morning in the dining-room, and, finding the Earl reclining on a window-seat, observed to him that "he desired his Lordship's favour towards the discharging of his reputation."

"The Count Hollock is now well," he proceeded, "and is feasting and banqueting in his lodgings, although he does not come abroad."

"And what way will you take?" inquired Leicester, "considering that he keeps his house."

"'Twill be best, I thought," answered Norris, "to write unto him, to perform his promise he made me to answer me in the field."

"To whom did he make that promise?" asked the Earl.

"To Sir Philip Sidney," answered the Captain.

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"To my nephew Sidney," said Leicester, musingly; "very well; do as you think best, and I will do for you what I can."[1]

And the governor then added many kind expressions concerning the interest he felt in the young man's reputation. Passing to other matters, Norris then spoke of the great charges he had recently been put to by reason of having exchanged out of the States' service in order to accept a commission from his Lordship to levy a company of horse. This levy had cost him and his friends three hundred pounds, for which he had not been able to "get one groat."

"I beseech your Lordship to stand good for me," said he; "considering the meanest captain in all the country hath as good entertainment as I."

"I can do but little for you before my departure," said Leicester; "but at my return I will advise to do more."

After this amicable conversation Norris thanked his Lordship, took his leave, and straightway wrote his letter to Count Hollock.[2]

That personage, in his answer, expressed astonishment that Norris should summon him, in his "weakness and indisposition;" but agreed to give him the desired meeting, with sword and dagger, so soon as he should be sufficiently recovered. Norris, in reply, acknowledged his courteous promise, and hoped that he might be speedily restored to health.[3]

The state-council, sitting at the Hague, took up the matter at once however, and requested immediate information of the Earl. He accordingly sent for Norris and his brother Sir John, who waited upon him in his bed-chamber, and were requested to set down in writing the reasons which had moved them in the matter. This statement was accordingly

[1] Edward Norris to the Lords, 28 July, 1587. Sir John Norris to Walsingham, same date. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Edward Norris to Leicester (the correspondence with Hohenlo enclosed), Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare Bruce's 'Leyc. Corresp.,' Appendix, 474, 475. Remonstrance of Count Hohenlo to the States-General, 3 Dec. 1587; *apud* Bor, III. xxiii. 121-129 Reyd, V. 80, 81.

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furnished, together with a copy of the correspondence. The Earl took the papers, and promised to allow most honourably of it in the Council."[1]

Such is the exact narrative, word for word, as given by Sir John and Edward Norris, in a solemn memorial to the Lords of Her Majesty's privy council, as well as to the state-council of the United Provinces. A very few days afterwards Leicester departed for England, taking Edward Norris with him.

Count Hohenlo was furious at the indignity, notwithstanding the polite language in which he had accepted the challenge. "'T was a matter punishable with death," he said, "in all kingdoms and countries, for a simple captain to send such a summons to a man of his station, without consent of the supreme authority. It was plain," he added, "that the English governor-general had connived at the affront, for Norris had been living in his family and dining at his table. Nay, more, Lord Leicester had made him a knight at Flushing just before their voyage to England."[2]

There seems no good reason to doubt the general veracity of the brothers Norris, although, for the express purpose of screening Leicester, Sir John represented at the time to Hohenlo and others that the Earl had not been privy to the transaction.[3] It is very certain, however, that so soon as the general indignation of Hohenlo and his partizans began to be directed against Leicester, he at once denied, in passionate and abusive language, having had any knowledge whatever of Norris's intentions. He protested that he learned, for the first time, of the cartel from information furnished to the council of state.

[1] E. Norris to the Lords. J. Norris to Leicester. (MSS. before cited.) E. Norris to Leicester, 21 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Remonstrance of Hohenlo, before cited. Hooft, Vervolgh, 209.

[3] "For all this I will assure you that I did always, both to the Council, the States, and Count Hollock, confidently deny [*i. e.* maintain] that my Lord knew not of it, because they should not for this matter have any advantage against his Lordship." Sir John Norris to Sir F. Walsingham, before cited.

The two negatives do not here make an affirmative; but it is evident that Leicester made great use of this damaging denial on the part of Norris.

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The quarrel between Hohenlo and Norris was afterwards amicably arranged by Lord Buckhurst, during his embassy to the States, at the express desire of the Queen. Hohenlo and Sir John Norris became very good friends, while the enmity between them and Leicester grew more deadly every day. The Earl was frantic with rage whenever he spoke of the transaction, and denounced Sir John Norris as "a fool, liar, and coward" on all occasions, besides overwhelming his brother, Buckhurst, Wilkes, and every other person who took their part, with a torrent of abuse; and it is well known that the Earl was a master of Billingsgate.[1]

"Hollock says that I did procure Edward Norris to send him his cartel," observed Leicester on one occasion, "wherein I protest before the Lord, I was as ignorant as any man in England. His brother John can tell whether I did not send for him to have committed him for it; but that, in very truth, upon the perusing of it" (after it had been sent), "it was very reasonably written, and I did consider also the great wrong offered him by the Count, and so forbore it. I was so careful for the Count's safety after the brawl between him and Norris, that I charged Sir John, if any harm came to the Count's person by any of his or under him, that he should answer it. Therefore, I take the story to be bred in the bosom of some much like a thief or villain, whatsoever he were."[2]

And all this was doubtless true so far as regarded the Earl's original exertions to prevent the consequences of the quarrel, but did not touch the point of the *second correspondence* preceded by the conversation in the dining-room, eight days before the voyage to England. The affair, in itself of slight importance, would not merit so much comment at this late day had it not been for its endless consequences. The

[1] J. Norris to Walsingham, 14 March, 1587. Same to same, 3 June, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

"The best is, such tales can no more irritate my Lord's anger against me," said Sir John; "for since he affirmeth that I am a fool, a coward, and a hinderer of all these services, I know not what more he can be provoked to."

[2] Leicester to Buckhurst, 30 April, 1587. Same to Walsingham, 4 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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ferocity with which the Earl came to regard every prominent German, Hollander, and Englishman, engaged in the service of the States, sprang very much from the complications of this vulgar brawl. Norris, Hohenlo, Wilkes, Buckhurst, were all denounced to the Queen as calumniators, traitors, and villains; and it may easily be understood how grave and extensive must have been the effects of such vituperation upon the mind of Elizabeth,[1] who, until the last day of his life, doubtless entertained for the Earl the deepest affection of which her nature was susceptible. Hohenlo, with Count Maurice, were the acknowledged chiefs of the anti-English party, and the possibility of cordial cooperation between the countries may be judged of by the entanglement which had thus occurred.

Leicester had always hated Sir John Norris, but he knew that the mother had still much favour with the Queen, and he was therefore the more vehement in his denunciations of the son the more difficulty he found in entirely destroying his character, and the keener jealousy he felt that any other tongue but his should influence her Majesty. "The story of John Norris about the cartel is, by the Lord God, most false," he exclaimed; "I do beseech you not to see me so dealt withal, but that especially her Majesty may understand these untruths, who perhaps, by *the mother's fair speeches and the son's smooth words*, may take some other conceit of my doings than I deserve."[2]

He was most resolute to stamp the character of falsehood upon both the brothers, for he was more malignant towards Sir John than towards any man in the world, not even ex-

[1] *E. g.* "The lies which Lord Buckhurst, Sir J. Norris, and Wilkes, did with their malicious wits and slanderous tongues devise and utter," wrote Leicester to the Privy Council, "concern my honour and my life, I demand that I, being found clear, and they to have slandered me, may have that remedy against them which is in justice due." Leicester to the Privy Council, 19 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Leicester to Burghley, 11 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) The meddling Otheman seems to have made himself privately very busy in this affair. He sent Leicester copies of the letters written by the brothers Norris, and declared that he was "enticed by them, in the Earl's absence, to become a forger and liar in this matter, but utterly refused." MS. last cited.

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cepting Wilkes. To the Queen, to the Lords of the Privy Council, to Walsingham, to Burghley, he poured forth endless quantities of venom, enough to destroy the characters of a hundred honest men.

"The declaration of the two Norrises for the cartel is most false, as I am a Christian," he said to Walsingham. "I have a dozen witnesses, as good and some better than they, who will testify that they were present when I misliked the writing of the letter before ever I saw it. And by the allegiance I owe to her Majesty, I never knew of the letter, nor gave consent to it, nor heard of it till it was complained of from Count Hollock. But, as they are false in this, so you will find J. N. as false in his other answers; so that he would be ashamed, but that his old conceit hath made him past shame, I fear. His companions in Ireland, as in these countries, report that *Sir John Norris* would often say that *he was but an ass and a fool, who, if a lie would serve his turn, would spare it. I remember I have heard that the Earl of Sussex would say so; and indeed this gentleman doth imitate him in divers things.*"[1]

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) To the Lord Treasurer the Earl took pains to narrate the whole story, with much emphasis, and in minute detail; and it is important to lay it before the reader, as an offset to the simple and apparently truthful narrative of Edward Norris, because such intimate revelations indicate to us the really trifling springs of numerous great events. As before observed, the affair in itself is one which history should justly disdain, but it swells into considerable importance, both on account of its extensive results, and from the light which it throws on the character of Leicester, the most important personage, during his lifetime, in the whole kingdom of England.

"Would God," said Leicester to Burghley, "that it had pleased her Majesty to have suffered my Lord Buckhurst and Sir John Norris to have gone on with their plot, for they laid a most malicious plot against me. As for the answer that Sir John Norris and his brother have made touching their acquainting me with the cartel to Count Hollock, thus made now to your Lordship, if ever I knew or heard any news of this cartel till complaint came to me from the Count, I renounce my allegiance and fidelity to my Sovereign Lady. Therefore mark the arrogant boldness of those young fellows that will face a lie of that sort. But I have here Sir William Pelham and Sir William Russel, besides others that were present when I called Sir John to me, and threatened to lay his brother by the heels, and himself too, if he were privy to it. He then besought me to hear his brother and to see the letters, assuring me there was no such cartel as was reported. I commanded him to give me the copy of his letters, and bring it to me. Meanwhile, I was gone to the council, and whilst we were at council, an hour or two after, Edward Norris sent me his letters,

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But a very grave disaster to Holland and England was soon the fruit of the hatred borne by Leicester to Sir John Norris. Immediately after the battle of Zutphen and the investment of that town by the English and Netherlanders,

which I took to Wilkes before I did so much as look into them. Being openly read there, we did indeed perceive so direct a cartel as could be made, and divers of the council made the best of it, and so did I, declaring what the gent. was. Yet did I then declare to them all what order I had taken for Norris, that he should go with me to England, and that her Majesty had also sent for him, protesting to your Lordships, by all faith, honour, and truth, that neither the one nor the other did dare to use those speeches that they have set down; saving that one of the servants of Sir John Norris came to me, hearing that his brother should go over, to know how his credit should be saved with the Count Hollock, touching the disgrace he was in, with such like words. I answered, 'the Count Hollock is now sick and sore, and it were no honesty for Sir John's brother to offer him any quarrel. Besides, I will not suffer it, so long as I am here, and Edward Norris is commanded to go into England. *No doubt the Count will remember his promise*, which—as Sir John Norris had told me—was, that when the camp was broken up, *he will answer his brother in the field, like a gentleman.*' Never was there more—never did any of them tell me of any cartel to be sent—never did any speak with me at Deventer.

Besides, after I was gone, lying on shipboard at Brill, Edward Norris being then in ship with me, there came a messenger from the Count Hollock, with a letter to me, about midnight. This messenger was only to let me know of the Count's having received such letters and brags from Norris, and that now he began to amend, Norris, as he heard, was gone away with me into England. He marvelled much he would do so, and sent his messenger to see if it were so. I answered him, it was so, for the gentleman, Sir Edward Norris, lay there asleep, and he was to go into England by her Majesty's express commandment. For my part, I said, I was willing also to carry him with me, for that I would be loth to leave any occasion behind me of trouble or discord, knowing already some mislike to be between his brother John and the Count. This was my answer. Now, judge how likely these tales be that I would consent that Norris should send a cartel, and yet take him away when he should perform the matter. Either he must show to be a coward, or else, if he were in earnest, he must seem to be angry with me for taking him away. If ever there were other speeches, either by the one Norris or the other, or if ever I knew of this cartel, directly or indirectly, more than your Lordship that was in England, till the complaint came to me of it, I am the falsest wretch that lives. If I had liked of their quarrels or cartels, there was means enough for me to leave them to their own revenge. I have troubled your Lordship too long with this trifle, but you should know the shameless audacity of these young fellows, whose cunning sly heads you had need look into." Leicester to Burghley, 12 Aug. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. 240, MS.)

Thus the November letter was not seen by Leicester before it was sent, although he was aware that it was to be sent, and in that circumstance seemed to reside the whole strength of his case. So soon as it appeared that the state-council was angry, and that the Count considered himself outraged, the Earl seems to have taken advantage of a subterfuge, and to have made up by violence what he lacked in argument.

It is difficult to imagine a more paltry affair to occupy the attention of grave statesmen and generals for months, and to fill the archives of kingdom and commonwealth with mountains of correspondence.

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great pains were taken to secure the city of Deventer. This was, after Amsterdam and Antwerp, the most important mercantile place in all the Provinces. It was a large prosperous commercial and manufacturing capital, a member of the Hanseatic League, and the great centre of the internal trade of the Netherlands with the Baltic nations. There was a strong Catholic party in the town, and the magistracy were disposed to side with Parma. It was notorious that provisions and munitions were supplied from thence to the beleaguered Zutphen; and Leicester despatched Sir William Pelham, accordingly, to bring the inhabitants to reason. The stout Marshal made short work of it. Taking Sir William Stanley and the greater part of his regiment with him, he caused them, day by day, to steal into the town, in small parties of ten and fifteen. No objection was made to this proceeding on the part of the city government. Then Stanley himself arrived in the morning, and the Marshal in the evening, of the 20th of October. Pelham ordered the magistrates to present themselves forthwith at his lodgings, and told them, with grim courtesy, that the Earl of Leicester excused himself from making them a visit, not being able, for grief at the death of Sir Philip Sidney, to come so soon near the scene of his disaster. His Excellency had therefore sent him to require the town to receive an English garrison. "So make up your minds, and delay not," said Pelham; "for I have many important affairs on my hands, and must send word to his Excellency at once. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I shall expect your answer."[1]

Next day, the magistrates were all assembled in the town-house before six. Stanley had filled the great square with his troops, but he found that the burghers—five thousand of whom constituted the municipal militia—had chained the streets and locked the gates. At seven o'clock Pelham proceeded to the town-house, and, followed by his train, made his appearance before the magisterial board. Then there was

[1] Letter of Henry Archer, from Utrecht, 23 Oct. 1586, in the Appendix to Mr. Bruce's admirably edited volume of 'Leycester Correspondence,' 478-480.

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a knocking at the door, and Sir William Stanley entered, having left a strong guard of soldiers at the entrance to the hall.

"I am come for an answer," said the Lord Marshal; "tell me straight." The magistrates hesitated, whispered, and presently one of them slipped away.

"There's one of you gone," cried the Marshal. "Fetch him straight back; or, by the living God, before whom I stand, there is not one of you shall leave this place with life."

So the burgomasters sent for the culprit, who returned.

"Now, tell me," said Pelham, "why you have, this night, chained your streets and kept such strong watch while your friends and defenders were in the town? Do you think we came over here to spend our lives and our goods, and to leave all we have, to be thus used and thus betrayed by you? Nay, you shall find us trusty to our friends, but as politic as yourselves. Now, then, set your hands to this document," he proceeded, as he gave them a new list of magistrates, all selected from stanch Protestants.

"Give over your government to the men here nominated,
Straight; dally not!"

The burgomasters signed the paper.

"Now," said Pelham, "let one of you go to the watch, discharge the guard, bid them unarm, and go home to their lodgings."

A magistrate departed on the errand.

"Now fetch me the keys of the gate," said Pelham, "and that straightway, or, before God, you shall die."

The keys were brought, and handed to the peremptory old Marshal. The old board of magistrates were then clapped into prison, the new ones installed, and Deventer was gained for the English and Protestant party.[1]

There could be no doubt that a city so important and thus fortunately secured was worthy to be well guarded. There could be no doubt either that it would be well to conciliate the rich and influential Papists in the place, who, although

[1] Letter of Henry Archer, &c., just cited.

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attached to the ancient religion, were not necessarily disloyal to the republic; but there could be as little that, under the circumstances of this sudden municipal revolution, it would be important to place a garrison of Protestant soldiers there, under the command of a Protestant officer of known fidelity.

To the astonishment of the whole commonwealth, the Earl appointed Sir William Stanley to be governor of the town, and stationed in it a garrison of twelve hundred wild Irishmen.[1]

Sir William was a cadet of one of the noblest English houses. He was the bravest of the brave. His gallantry at the famous Zutphen fight had attracted admiration, where nearly all had performed wondrous exploits, but he was known to be an ardent Papist and a soldier of fortune, who had fought on various sides, and had even borne arms in the Netherlands under the ferocious Alva.[2] Was it strange that there should be murmurs at the appointment of so dangerous a chief to guard a wavering city which had so recently been secured?

The Irish kernes—and they are described by all contemporaries, English and Flemish, in the same language—were accounted as the wildest and fiercest of barbarians. There was something grotesque, yet appalling, in the pictures painted of these rude, almost naked, brigands, who ate raw flesh, spoke no intelligible language, and ranged about the country, burning, slaying, plundering, a terror to the peasantry and a source of constant embarrassment to the more orderly troops in the service of the republic. "It seemed," said one who had seen them, "that they belonged not to Christendom, but to Brazil."[3] Moreover, they were all Papists, and, however much one might be disposed to censure that great curse of the age, religious intolerance—which was almost as flagrant in the councils of Queen Elizabeth as in those of Philip—it was certainly a most fatal policy to place such a garrison, at that critical juncture, in the newly-acquired

[1] Reyd. v. 85. J. Norris to Burghley, 21 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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city. Yet Leicester, who had banished Papists from Utrecht without cause and without trial, now placed most notorious Catholics in Deventer.[1]

Zutphen, which was still besieged by the English and the patriots, was much crippled by the loss of the great fort, the capture of which, mainly through the brilliant valour of Stanley's brother Edward, has already been related. The possession of Deventer and of this fort gave the control of the whole north-eastern territory to the patriots; but, as if it were not enough to place Deventer in the hands of Sir William Stanley, Leicester thought proper to confide the government of the fort to Roland York. Not a worse choice could be made in the whole army.

York was an adventurer of the most audacious and dissolute character. He was a Londoner by birth, one of those "ruffling blades" inveighed against by the governor-general on his first taking command of the forces. A man of desperate courage, a gambler, a professional duellist, a bravo, famous in his time among the "common hacksters and swaggerers" as the first to introduce the custom of foining, or thrusting with the rapier in single combats—whereas before his day it had been customary among the English to fight with sword and shield, and held unmanly to strike below the girdle[2]—he had perpetually changed sides, in the Netherland wars, with the shameless disregard to principle which characterized all his actions. He had been lieutenant to the infamous John Van Imbyze, and had been concerned with him in the notorious attempt to surrender Dendermonde and Ghent to the enemy, which had cost that traitor his head. York had been thrown into prison at Brussels, but there had been some delay about his execution, and the conquest of the city by Parma saved him from the gibbet. He had then taken service under the Spanish commander-in-chief, and had distinguished himself, as usual, by deeds of extraordinary valour, having sprung on board the burning

[1] Reyd. *ubi sup.* Le Petit, II. xiv. 341. Bor, II. xxii. 878-879. Wagenaar, viii. 196. Meteren, xiv. 250.

[2] Camden, III. 397. Baker's 'Chronicle,' 375.

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volcano-ship at the siege of Antwerp. Subsequently returning to England, he had, on Leicester's appointment, obtained the command of a company in the English contingent, and had been conspicuous on the field of Warnsveld; for the courage which he always displayed under any standard was only equalled by the audacity with which he was ever ready to desert from it. Did it seem credible that the fort of Zutphen should be placed in the hands of Roland York?

Remonstrances were made by the States-General at once. With regard to Stanley, Leicester maintained that he was, in his opinion, the fittest man to take charge of the whole English army, during his absence in England.[1] In answer to a petition made by the States against the appointment of York, "in respect to his perfidious dealings before," the Earl replied that he would answer for his fidelity as for his own brother; adding peremptorily—"Do you trust me? Then trust York."[2]

But, besides his other qualifications for high command, Stanley possessed an inestimable one in Leicester's eyes. He was, or at least had been, an enemy of Sir John Norris. To be this made a Papist pardonable. It was even better than to be a Puritan.

But the Earl did more than to appoint the traitor York and the Papist Stanley to these important posts. On the very day of his departure, and immediately after his final quarrel with Sir John about the Hohenlo cartel, which had renewed all the ancient venom, he signed a secret paper, by which he especially forbade the council of state to interfere with or set aside any appointments to the government of towns or forts, or to revoke any military or naval commissions, without his consent.[3]

Now supreme executive authority had been delegated to the state-council by the Governor-General during his absence. Command in chief over all the English forces,

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid. Sir John Conway to Walsingham, 28 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[3] Meteren, xiii. 238. Bor, II. xxii. 786-787. Wagenaar, viii. 188-189.

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whether in the Queen's pay or the State's pay, had been conferred upon Norris, while command over the Dutch and German troops belonged to Hohenlo; but, by virtue of the Earl's secret paper, Stanley and York were now made independent of all authority. The evil consequences natural to such a step were not slow in displaying themselves.

Stanley at once manifested great insolence towards Norris. That distinguished general was placed in a most painful position. A post of immense responsibility was confided to him. The honour of England's Queen and of England's soldiers was entrusted to his keeping, at a moment full of danger, and in a country where every hour might bring forth some terrible change; yet he knew himself the mark at which the most powerful man in England was directing all his malice, and that the Queen, who was wax in her great favourite's hands, was even then receiving the most fatal impressions as to his character and conduct. "Well I know," said he to Burghley, "that the root of the former malice borne me is not withered, but that I must look for like fruits therefrom as before;"[1] and he implored the Lord-Treasurer, that when his honour and reputation should be called in question, he might be allowed to return to England and clear himself. "For myself," said he, "I have not yet received any commission, although I have attended his Lordship of Leicester to his ship. It is promised to be sent me, and in the meantime I understand that my Lord hath granted separate commissions to Sir William Stanley and Roland York, exempting them from obeying of me. If this be true, 'tis only done to nourish factions, and to interrupt any better course in our doings than before hath been." He earnestly requested to be furnished with a commission directly from her Majesty. "The enemy is reinforcing," he added. "We are very weak, our troops are unpaid these three months, and we are grown odious to our friends."[2]

Honest Councillor Wilkes, who did his best to conciliate all parties, and to do his duty to England and Holland, to

[1] J. Norris to Burghley, 17 Nov. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) [2] Ibid.

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Leicester and to Norris, had the strongest sympathy with Sir John. "Truly, besides the value, wisdom, and many other good parts that are in him," he said, "I have noted wonderful patience and modesty in the man, in bearing many apparent injuries done unto him, which I have known to be countenanced and nourished, contrary to all reason, to disgrace him. Please therefore continue your honourable opinion of him in his absence, whatsoever may be maliciously reported to his disadvantage, for I dare avouch, of my own poor skill, that her Majesty hath not a second subject of his place and quality so able to serve in those countries as he. . . . . I doubt not but God will move her Majesty, in despite of the devil, to respect him as he deserves."[1]

Sir John disclaimed any personal jealousy in regard to Stanley's appointment, but, within a week or two of the Earl's departure, he already felt strong anxiety as to its probable results. "If it prove no hindrance to the service," he said, "it shall nothing trouble me. I desire that my doings may show what I am; neither will I seek, by indirect means to calumniate him or any other, but will let them show themselves."[2]

Early in December he informed the Lord-Treasurer that Stanley's own men were boasting that their master acknowledged no superior authority to his own, and that he had said as much himself to the magistracy of Deventer. The burghers had already complained, through the constituted guardians of their liberties, of his insolence and rapacity, and of the turbulence of his troops, and had appealed to Sir John; but the colonel-general's remonstrances had been received by Sir William with contumely and abuse, and by the vaunt that he had even a greater commission than any he had yet shown.[3]

"Three sheep, an ox, and a whole hog," were required

[1] Wilkes to Burghley, 17 Nov. 1586. Same to Walsingham, 17 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] J. Norris to Walsingham, 9 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Same to Burghley, 12 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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weekly of the peasants for his table, in a time of great scarcity, and it was impossible to satisfy the rapacious appetites of the Irish kernes.[1] The paymaster-general of the English forces was daily appealed to by Stanley for funds—an application which was certainly not unreasonable, as her Majesty's troops had not received any payment for three months—but there "was not a denier in the treasury," and he was therefore implored to wait. At last the States-General sent him a month's pay for himself and all his troops, although, as he was in the Queen's service, no claim could justly be made upon them.[2]

Wilkes, also, as English member of the state council, faithfully conveyed to the governor-general in England the complaints which came up to all the authorities of the republic, against Sir William Stanley's conduct in Deventer. He had seized the keys of the gates, he kept possession of the towers and fortifications, he had meddled with the civil government, he had infringed all their privileges. Yet this was the board of magistrates, expressly set up by Leicester, with the armed hand, by the agency of Marshal Pelham and this very Colonel Stanley—a board of Calvinist magistrates placed but a few weeks before in power to control a city of Catholic tendencies. And here was a papist commander displaying Leicester's commission in their faces, and making it a warrant for dealing with the town as if it were under martial law, and as if he

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 19 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "He is not contented with the entertainment of 40*l.* sterling a month allowed him by the States as governor of the place, but hath taken perforce from the commissioners lately sent thither to *deliver a month's pay*, an allowance of 10*l.* sterling a month over and besides for every company of his regiment, being, as he sayeth, ten companies, amounting by the muster to 1400 florins (140*l.*), besides a pay for his own company, which is more than is allowed to Sir J. Norris by 300 florins a month, and as much as is given for entertainment to Count Hohenlo, or to any earl that serveth in these countries. He is charged further to take within the country hereabouts, from the poor villagers, weekly, for the provisions of his table, one whole ox, three sheep, and one hog, or in lieu of the hog, twenty shillings sterling; and if it be not brought every week, they sent the soldiers to take it perforce," &c. &c. Wilkes to Walsingham, 19 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

This certainly was stronger diet than the "bare cheese" of which Sir William complained. Compare Reyd, vi. 96-97. Bor, II. xxii. 878-879.

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were an officer of the Duke of Parma. It might easily be judged whether such conduct were likely to win the hearts of Netherlanders to Leicester and to England.[1]

"Albeit, for my own part," said Wilkes, "I do hold Sir William Stanley to be a wise and a discreet gent., yet when I consider that the magistracy is such as was established by your Lordship, and of the religion, and well affected to her Majesty, and that I see how heavily the matter is conceived of here by the States and council, I do fear that all is not well. The very bruit of this doth begin to draw hatred upon our nation. Were it not that I doubt some dangerous issue of this matter, and that I might be justly charged with negligence, if I should not advertise you beforehand, I would have forborne to mention this dissension, for the States are about to write to your Lordship and to her Majesty for reformation in this matter."[2] He added that he had already written earnestly to Sir William, "hoping to persuade him to carry a mild hand over the people."

Thus wrote Councillor Wilkes, as in duty bound, to Lord Leicester, so early as the 9th December, and the warning voice of Norris had made itself heard in England quite as soon. Certainly the governor-general, having, upon his own responsibility, and prompted, it would seem, by passion more than reason, made this dangerous appointment, was fortunate in receiving timely and frequent notice of its probable results.

And the conscientious Wilkes wrote most earnestly, as he said he had done, to the turbulent Stanley.

"Good Sir William," said he, "the magistrates and burgesses of Deventer complain to this council, that you have by violence wrested from them the keys of one of their gates, that you assemble your garrison in arms to terrify them, that you have seized one of their forts, that the Irish soldiers do commit many extortions and exactions upon the inhabitants, that you have imprisoned their burgesses, and do many things against their laws and privileges, so that it is feared the best affected

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 9 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.) [2] Ibid.

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of the inhabitants towards her Majesty will forsake the town. Whether any of these things be true, yourself doth best know, but I do assure you that the apprehension thereof here doth make us and our government hateful. For mine own part, I have always known you for a gentleman of value, wisdom, and judgment, and therefore should hardly believe any such thing. . . . . I earnestly require you to take heed of consequences, and to be careful of the honour of her Majesty and the reputation of our nation. You will consider that the gaining possession of the town grew by them that are now in office, who being of the religion, and well affected to his Excellency's government, wrought his entry into the same. . . . . I know that Lord Leicester is sworn to maintain all the inhabitants of the Provinces in their ancient privileges and customs. I know further that your commission carreeth no authority to warrant you to intermeddle any further than with the government of the soldiers and guard of the town. Well, you may, *in your own conceipt*, confer some words to authorize you in some larger sort, but, believe me, Sir, they will not warrant you sufficiently to deal any further than I have said, for I have perused a copy of your commission for that purpose. I *know the name itself of a governor of a town is odious to this people*, and hath been ever since *the remembrance of the Spanish government*, and if we, by any lack of foresight, should give the like occasion, *we should make ourselves as odious as they are*, which God forbid.

"You are to consider that we are not come into these countries *for their defence* only, but for the defence of her Majesty and our own native country, knowing that *the preservation of both dependeth altogether upon the preserving of these*. Wherefore I do eftsoons intreat and require you to forbear to intermeddle any further. If there shall follow any dangerous effect of your proceedings after this my friendly advice, I shall be heartily sorry for your sake, but I shall be able to testify to her Majesty that I have done my duty in admonishing you."[1]

[1] Wilkes to Stanley, 9 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Thus spake the stiff councillor, earnestly and well, in behalf of England's honour and the good name of England's Queen.

But the brave soldier, whose feet were fast sliding into the paths of destruction, replied, in a tone of indignant innocence, more likely to aggravate than to allay suspicion. "Finding," said Stanley, "that you already threaten, I have gone so far as to scan the terms of my commission, which I doubt not to execute, *according to his Excellency's meaning and mine honour*. First, I assure you that I have maintained justice, and that severely; else hardly would the soldiers have been contented with bread and bare cheese."[1]

He acknowledged possessing himself of the keys of the town, but defended it on the ground of necessity, and of the character of the people, "who thrust out the Spaniards and Almaynes, and afterwards never would obey the Prince and States." "I would be," he said, "the *sorriest man that lives*, if by my negligence the place should be lost. Therefore I thought good to seize the great tower and ports. If I meant evil, I *needed no keys, for here is force enough*."[2]

With much effrontery, he then affected to rely for evidence of his courteous and equitable conduct towards the citizens, upon the very magistrates who had been petitioning the States-General, the state-council, and the English Queen, against his violence.

"For my courtesy and humanity," he said, "I refer me unto the magistrates themselves. But I think they sent some *rhetoricians*, who could allege of little grief, and speak pitiful, and truly I find your ears have been as pitiful in so timorously condemning me. *I assure you that her Majesty hath not a better servant than I nor a more faithful* in these parts. This I will prove with my flesh and blood. Although I know there be divers flying reports spread by my enemies, which are come to my ears, I doubt not my virtue and truth will prove them calumniators[3] and men of little. So, good

[1] Stanley to Wilkes, 14 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] "*Callaminaters*," so Sir William called the men who were speaking the truth about him. (MS. *ubi sup.*) He was more used to handle the sword

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Mr. Wilkes, I pray you, consider gravely, give ear discreetly, and advertise into England soundly. For me, I have been and am your friend, and glad to hear any admonition from one so wise as yourself."

He then alluded ironically to the "good favour and money" with which he had been so contented of late, that if Mr. Wilkes would discharge him of his promise to Lord Leicester, he would take his leave with all his heart. Captain, officers, and soldiers, had been living on half a pound of cheese a day. For himself, he had received but one hundred and twenty pounds in five months, and was living at three pounds by the day. "This my wealth will not long hold out," he observed, "but yet I will never fail of my promise to his Excellency, whatsoever I endure. It is for her Majesty's service and for the love I bear to him."

He bitterly complained of the unwillingness of the country-people to furnish vivers, waggons, and other necessaries, for the fort before Zutphen. "Had it not been," he said, "for the travail extraordinary of myself, *and patience of my brother Yorke*, that fort would have been in danger. But, according to *his desire and forethought*, I furnished that place with cavalry and infantry; for I know the troops there be marvellous weak."[1]

In reply, Wilkes stated that the complaints had been made "by no *rhetorician*, but by letter from the magistrates themselves (on whom he relied so confidently) to the state-council. The councillor added, rather tartly, that since his honest words of defence and of warning, had been "taken in so scoffing a manner," Sir William might be sure of not being troubled with any more of his letters.[2]

But, a day or two before thus addressing him, he had already enclosed to Leicester very important letters addressed by the council of Gelderland to Count Moeurs, stadholder of the Province, and by him forwarded to the state-council. For

than the pen, yet the untaught vigour of his style causes an additional regret that a man so brave and so capable should have thrown himself away.

[1] Stanley to Wilkes, *ubi sup.*

[2] Wilkes to Stanley, 18 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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there were now very grave rumours concerning the fidelity of "that patient and foreseeing brother York," whom Stanley had been so generously strengthening in Fort Zutphen. The lieutenant of York, a certain Mr. Zouch, had been seen within the city of Zutphen, in close conference with Colonel Tassis, Spanish governor of the place.[1] Moreover there had been a very frequent exchange of courtesies—by which the horrors of war seemed to be much mitigated—between York on the outside and Tassis within. The English commander sent baskets of venison, wild fowl, and other game, which were rare in the market of a besieged town. The Spanish governor responded with baskets of excellent wine and barrels of beer.[2] A very pleasant state of feeling, perhaps, to contemplate—as an advance in civilization over the not very distant days of the Haarlem and Leyden sieges, when barrels of prisoners' heads, cut off, a dozen or two at a time, were the social amenities usually exchanged between Spaniards and Dutchmen—but somewhat suspicious to those who had grown grey in this horrible warfare.

The Irish kernes too, were allowed to come to mass within the city, and were received there with as much fraternity by the Catholic soldiers of Tassis as the want of any common dialect would allow—a proceeding which seemed better perhaps for the salvation of their souls, than for the advancement of the siege.[3]

The state-council had written concerning these rumours to Roland York, but the patient man had replied in a manner which Wilkes characterized as "unfit to have been given to such as were the executors of the Earl of Leicester's authority." The councillor implored the governor-general accordingly to send some speedy direction in this matter, as well to Roland York as to Sir William Stanley; for he explicitly

[1] "Le Conseil de Gueldres au Comte de Moeurs et Nieuwenaer, 14 Dec. 1586. Wilkes to Leicester, 16 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Hoofd, Vervolgh, 220. Reyd, vi. 95.

[3] Wilkes to Stanley, 17 Dec. 1586, MS. strongly remonstrating against the practice. Hoofd, Reyd, *ubi sup.* Wagenaar, viii. 196.

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and earnestly warned him, that those personages would pay no heed to the remonstrances of the state-council.[1]

Thus again and again was Leicester—on whose head rested, by his own deliberate act, the whole responsibility—forewarned that some great mischief was impending. There was time enough even then—for it was but the 16th December—to place full powers in the hands of the state-council, of Norris, or of Hohenlo, and secretly and swiftly to secure the suspected persons, and avert the danger. Leicester did nothing. How could he acknowledge his error? How could he manifest confidence in the detested Norris? How appeal to the violent and deeply incensed Hohenlo?

Three weeks more rolled by, and the much-enduring Roland York was still in confidential correspondence with Leicester and Walsingham, although his social intercourse with the Spanish governor of Zutphen continued to be upon the most liberal and agreeable footing. He was not quite satisfied with the general aspect of the Queen's cause in the Netherlands, and wrote to the Secretary of State in a tone of despondency, and mild expostulation. Walsingham would have been less edified by these communications, had he been aware that York, upon *first entering Leicester's service*, had immediately opened a correspondence with the Duke of Parma, and had secretly given him to understand that his *object was to serve the cause of Spain*. This was indeed the fact, as the Duke informed the King, "but then he is such a scatter-brained, reckless dare-devil," said Parma, "that I hardly expected much of him."[2] Thus the astute Sir Francis had been outwitted by the adventurous Roland, who was perhaps destined also to surpass the anticipations of the Spanish commander-in-chief.

Meantime York informed his English patrons, on the 7th January, that matters were not proceeding so smoothly in the

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 16 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Parma to Philip II. 12 Feb. 1587. "Tan liviano y arriscado," &c. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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political world as he could wish. He had found "many cross and indirect proceedings," and so, according to Lord Leicester's desire, he sent him a "discourse" on the subject, which he begged Sir Francis to "peruse, add to, or take away from," and then to inclose to the Earl. He hoped he should be forgiven if the style of the production was not quite satisfactory; for, said he, "the place where I am doth too much torment my memory, to call every point to my remembrance."[1]

It must, in truth, have been somewhat a hard task upon his memory, to keep freshly in mind every detail of the parallel correspondence which he was carrying on with the Spanish and with the English government. Even a cool head like Roland's might be forgiven for being occasionally puzzled. "So if there be anything hard to be understood," he observed to Walsingham, "advertise me, and I will make it plainer." Nothing could be more ingenuous. He confessed, however, to being out of pocket. "Please your honour," said he, "I have taken great pains to make a bad place something, and it has cost me all the money I had, and here I can receive nothing but discontentment. I dare *not write you all* lest you should think it impossible," he added—and it is quite probable that even Walsingham would have been astonished, had Roland written all. The game playing by York and Stanley was not one to which English gentlemen were much addicted.

"I trust the bearer, Edward Stanley, a discreet, brave gentleman," he said, "with details." And the remark proves that the gallant youth who had captured this very Fort Zutphen in so brilliant a manner was not privy to the designs of his brother and of York; for the object of the "discourse" was to deceive the English government.

"I humbly beseech that you will send for me home," concluded Roland, "for true as I humbled my mind to please her Majesty, your honour, and the dead,[2] now am I content to humble myself lower to please myself, for now, since his

[1] Rowland York to Walsingham, 7 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] By the dead, he meant Sir Philip Sidney, who had been deceived into a friendly feeling for the adventurer. Meteren, xiv. 250.

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Excellency's departure, there is no form of proceeding neither honourably nor honestly.[1]

Three other weeks passed over, weeks of anxiety and dread throughout the republic. Suspicion grew darker than ever, not only as to York and Stanley, but as to all the English commanders, as to the whole English nation. An Anjou plot, a general massacre, was expected by many, yet there were no definite grounds for such dark anticipations. In vain had painstaking, truth-telling Wilkes summoned Stanley to his duty, and called on Leicester, time after time, to interfere. In vain did Sir John Norris, Sir John Conway, the members of the state-council, and all others who should have had authority, do their utmost to avert a catastrophe. Their hands were all tied by the fatal letter of the 24th November. Most anxiously did all implore the Earl of Leicester to return. Never was a more dangerous moment than this for a country to be left to its fate. Scarcely ever in history was there a more striking exemplification of the need of a man—of an individual—who should embody the powers and wishes, and concentrate in one brain and arm, the whole energy, of a commonwealth. But there was no such man, for the republic had lost its chief when Orange died. There was much wisdom and patriotism now. Olden-Barneveld was competent, and so was Buys, to direct the councils of the republic, and there were few better soldiers than Norris and Hohenlo to lead her armies against Spain. But the supreme authority had been confided to Leicester. He had not perhaps proved himself extraordinarily qualified for his post, but he *was* the governor-in-chief, and his departure, without resigning his powers, left the commonwealth headless, at a moment when singleness of action was vitally important.

At last, very late in January, one Hugh Overing, a haberdasher from Ludgate Hill, was caught at Rotterdam, on his way to Ireland, with a bundle of letters from Sir William Stanley, and was sent, as a suspicious character, to

[1] York to Walsingham. (MS. last cited.)

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the state-council at the Hague.[1] On the same day, another Englishman, a small youth, "well-favoured," rejoicing in a "very little red beard, and in very ragged clothes," unknown by name, but ascertained to be in the service of Roland York and to have been the bearer of letters to Brussels, also passed through Rotterdam. By connivance of the innkeeper, one Joyce, also an Englishman, he succeeded in making his escape.[2] The information contained in the letters thus intercepted was important, but it came too late, even if then the state-council could have acted without giving mortal offence to Elizabeth and to Leicester.

On the evening of 28th January (N. S.), Sir William Stanley entertained the magistrates of Deventer at a splendid banquet. There was free conversation at table concerning the idle suspicions which had been rife in the Provinces as to his good intentions and the censures which had been cast upon him for the repressive measures which he had thought necessary to adopt for the security of the city. He took that occasion to assure his guests that the Queen of England had not a more loyal subject than himself, nor the Netherlands a more devoted friend. The company expressed themselves fully restored to confidence in his character and purposes, and the burgomasters, having exchanged pledges of faith and friendship with the commandant in flowing goblets, went home comfortably to bed, highly pleased with their noble entertainer and with themselves.[3]

Very late that same night, Stanley placed three hundred of his wild Irish in the Noorenberg tower, a large white structure which commanded the Zutphen gate, and sent bodies of chosen troops to surprise all the burgher-guards at their respective stations. Strong pickets of cavalry were also placed in all the principal thoroughfares of the city. At three o'clock in the following morning he told his officers that he was about to leave Deventer for a few hours, in order to bring in some reinforcements for which he had sent, as he

$\frac{19}{29}$ Jan. 1587.

[1] Conway to Walsingham, 28 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid. [3] Reyd. vi. 96.

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had felt much anxiety for some time past as to the disposition of the burghers. His officers, honest Englishmen, suspecting no evil and having confidence in their chief, saw nothing strange in this proceeding, and Sir William rode deliberately out of Zutphen. After he had been absent an hour or two, the clatter of hoofs and the tramp of infantry was heard without, and presently the commandant returned, followed by a thousand musketeers and three or four hundred troopers. It was still pitch dark; but, dimly lighted by torches, small detachments of the fresh troops picked their way through the black narrow streets, while the main body poured at once upon the Brink, or great square. Here, quietly and swiftly, they were marshalled into order, the cavalry, pikemen, and musketeers, lining all sides of the place, and a chosen band—among whom stood Sir William Stanley, on foot, and an officer of high rank on horseback—occupying the central space immediately in front of the town-house.[1]

The drums then beat, and proclamation went forth through the city that all burghers, without any distinction—municipal guards and all—were to repair forthwith to the city-hall, and deposit their arms. As the inhabitants arose from their slumbers, and sallied forth into the streets to inquire the cause of the disturbance, they soon discovered that they had, in some mysterious manner, been entrapped. Wild Irishmen, with uncouth garb, threatening gesture, and unintelligible jargon, stood gibbering at every corner, instead of the comfortable Flemish faces of the familiar burgher-guard. The chief burgomaster, sleeping heavily after Sir William's hospitable banquet, aroused himself at last, and sent a militia-captain to inquire the cause of the unseasonable drum-beat and monstrous proclamation. Day was breaking as the trusty captain made his way to the scene of action. The wan light of a cold, drizzly January morning showed him the wide, stately square—with its leafless lime-trees and its tall many-storied, gable-ended houses rising dim and spectral through

[1] Bor, II. xxii. 878-879. Reyd, vi. 96-97. Strada, II. 467. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 220-221. Le Petit, II. 341. Wagenaar, viii. 196, *seq.*

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the mist—filled to overflowing with troops, whose uniforms and banners resembled nothing that he remembered in Dutch and English regiments. Fires were lighted at various corners, kettles were boiling, and camp-followers and sutlers were crouching over them, half perished with cold—for it had been raining dismally all night[1]—while burghers, with wives and children, startled from their dreams by the sudden reveillée, stood gaping about, with perplexed faces and despairing gestures. As he approached the town-house—one of those magnificent, many-towered, highly-decorated, municipal palaces of the Netherlands—he found troops all around it; troops guarding the main entrance, troops on the great external staircase leading to the front balcony, and officers, in yellow jerkin and black bandoleer, grouped in the balcony itself.

The Flemish captain stood bewildered, when suddenly the familiar form of Stanley detached itself from the central group and advanced towards him. Taking him by the hand with much urbanity, Sir William led the militia-man through two or three ranks of soldiers, and presented him to the strange officer on horseback.[2]

"Colonel Tassis," said he, "I recommend to you a very particular friend of mine. Let me bespeak your best offices in his behalf."

"Ah God!" cried the honest burgher, "Tassis! Tassis! Then are we indeed most miserably betrayed."[3]

Even the Spanish colonel, who was of Flemish origin, was affected by the despair of the Netherlander.

"Let those look to the matter of treachery whom it concerns," said he; "my business here is to serve the King, my master."

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's," said Stanley, with piety.[4]

The burgher-captain was then assured that no harm was intended to the city, but that it now belonged to his most

[1] "Ongeacht dat ze de gantsche nacht gereyst hadden, in seer quaet en kout weder, ende dat het den selven voormiddags oock reghende," &c. Reyd, vi. 96.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

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Catholic Majesty of Spain—Colonel Stanley, to whom its custody had been entrusted, having freely and deliberately restored it to its lawful owner. He was then bid to go and fetch the burgomasters and magistrates.

Presently they appeared—a dismal group, weeping and woe-begone—the same board of strict Calvinists forcibly placed in office but three months before by Leicester, through the agency of this very Stanley, who had so summarily ejected their popish predecessors, and who only the night before had so handsomely feasted themselves. They came forward, the tears running down their cheeks, crying indeed so piteously that even Stanley began to weep bitterly himself. "I have not done this," he sobbed, "for power or pelf. Not the hope of reward, but the love of God hath moved me."[1]

Presently some of the ex-magistrates made their appearance, and a party of leading citizens went into a private house with Tassis and Stanley to hear statements and explanations—as if any satisfactory ones were possible.

Sir William, still in a melancholy tone, began to make a speech, through an interpreter, and again to protest that he had not been influenced by love of lucre. But as he stammered and grew incoherent as he approached the point, Tassis suddenly interrupted the conference. "Let us look after our soldiers," said he, "for they have been marching in the foul weather half the night." So the Spanish troops, who had been standing patiently to be rained upon after their long march, until the burghers had all deposited their arms in the city-hall, were now billeted on the townspeople. Tassis gave

[1] "Sir William Stanley did fetch some of the commons and magistrates to come and welcome Taxis. With weeping tears and sad countenances they gave him reverence, sorry to see themselves so betrayed.

"When Sir William Stanley did see the pitiful state and sorrowful hearts of the burghers, God made him have some feeling of his sins. His own conscience, it seemed, accused him, and he *wept with the burghers for company*, protesting with vehement words and oaths that he had done it with no covetous mind for profit, but only for the discharge of his conscience. It is now said he hath and shall have 30,000*l.*" Sir John Conway to Walsingham, 28 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Compare Reyd, *ubi sup.* Wilkes to Leicester, MS. before cited. Norris to Burghley, $\frac{21}{31}$ Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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peremptory orders that no injury should be offered to persons or property on pain of death; and, by way of wholesome example, hung several Hibernians the same day who had been detected in plundering the inhabitants.[1]

The citizens were, as usual in such cases, offered the choice between embracing the Catholic religion or going into exile, a certain interval being allowed them to wind up their affairs. They were also required to furnish Stanley and his regiment full pay *for the whole period of their service* since coming to the Provinces, and to Tassis three months' wages for his Spaniards in advance.[2] Stanley offered his troops the privilege of remaining with him in the service of Spain, or of taking their departure unmolested. The Irish troops were quite willing to continue under their old chieftain, particularly as it was intimated to them that there was an immediate prospect of a brisk campaign in their native island against the tyrant Elizabeth, under the liberating banners of Philip. And certainly, in an age where religion constituted country, these fervent Catholics could scarcely be censured for taking arms against the sovereign who persecuted their religion and themselves. These honest barbarians had broken no oath, violated no trust, had never pretended sympathy with freedom or affection for their Queen. They had fought fiercely under the chief who led them into battle—they had robbed and plundered voraciously as opportunity served, and had been occasionally hanged for their exploits; but Deventer and Fort Zutphen had not been confided to their keeping; and it was a pleasant thought to them, that approaching invasion of Ireland.

"I will ruin the whole country from Holland to Friesland," said Stanley to Captain Newton, "and then I will play such

[1] Reyd, *ubi sup.*

[2] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

"From the market-place Taxis and Stanley went to the town-house, whither the woeful magistrates were called and made to welcome Taxis, and were then required with all expedition to furnish and make ready so much money as should pay all the arrearage due to Stanley and his regiment, sithence their coming into these countries, who had received a month's pay of the States not eight days before he received the enemy into the town. They were also required to furnish and deliver as much more money as might give three months to the troops of the enemy then newly entered."

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a game in Ireland as the Queen has never seen the like all the days of her life." [1]

Newton had already been solicited by Roland York to take service under Parma, and had indignantly declined. Sir Edmund Carey and his men, four hundred in all, refused, to a man, to take part in the monstrous treason, and were allowed to leave the city.[2] This was the case with all the English officers. Stanley and York were the only gentlemen who on this occasion sullied the honour of England.

Captain Henchman, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish a few days before the surrender of Deventer, was now brought to that city, and earnestly entreated by Tassis and by Stanley to seize this opportunity of entering the service of Spain.

"You shall have great advancement and preferment," said Tassis. "His Catholic Majesty has got ready very many ships for Ireland, and *Sir William Stanley is to be general of the expedition.*"

"And you shall choose your own preferment," said Stanley, "for I know you to be a brave man."

"I would rather," replied Henchman, "serve my prince in loyalty as a beggar, than to be known and reported a rich traitor, with breach of conscience."

"Continue so," replied Stanley, unabashed; "for this is the very principle of my own enlargement: for, before, I served the devil, and now I am serving God."

The offers and the arguments of the Spaniard and the renegade were powerless with the blunt captain, and notwithstanding "divers other traitorous alledgements by Sir William for his most vile facts," as Henchman expressed it, that officer

[1] "Que le Colonel Stanley lui a proferé, Je me comporterai tellement que le pays jusqu'en Hollande et entre Wezel et Embden, seront en tout ruiné, dedans six jours; et causerai en Irlande tel jeu de guerre que la Reine n'a vu en sa vie." Examination of Capt. Thomas Newton touching the loss of Deventer, before the Council of State, $\frac{21}{31}$ Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

"That he (Lieutenant John Reenan, in Stanley's service, an earnest man) may deliver to Sir Francis Walsingham some circumstance of the surrendering of Deventer, and what speeches passed from Sir William Stanley touching Ireland, whither he thinks to be sent to work her Majesty some trouble and annoy, if he shall be able." Sir John Norris to F. Walsingham, 29 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Off. MS.)

[2] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Jan. (MS. before cited.)

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remained in poverty and captivity until such time as he could be exchanged.[1]

Stanley subsequently attempted in various ways to defend his character. He had a commission from Leicester, he said, to serve whom he chose—as if the governor-general had contemplated his serving Philip II. with that commission; he had a passport to go whither he liked—as if his passport entitled him to take the city of Deventer along with him; he owed no allegiance to the States; he was discharged from his promise to the Earl; he was his own master; he wanted neither money nor preferment; he had been compelled by his conscience and his duty to God to restore the city to its lawful master, and so on, and so on.[2]

But whether he owed the States allegiance or not, it is certain that he had accepted their money to relieve himself and his troops eight days before his treason. That Leicester had discharged him from his promises to such an extent as to justify his surrendering a town committed to his honour for safe keeping, certainly deserved no answer; that his duty to conscience required him to restore the city argued a somewhat tardy awakening of that monitor in the breast of the man who three months before had wrested the place with the armed hand from men suspected of Catholic inclinations; that his first motive however was not the mere love of money, was doubtless true. Attachment to his religion, a desire to atone for his sins against it, the insidious temptings of his evil spirit, York,[3] who was the chief organizer of the conspiracy, and the

[1] Henry Henchman to Walsingham, 22 March, 1587. (S. P. office MS.) *Totidem verbis.*

[2] Bor, Reyd, Strada, Hoofd, 'Vervolgh,' Le Petit, Wagenaar, *ubi sup.* Bentivoglio, P. II. l. v. 312. F. Harnei Ann. III. 398. Camden, III. 397-398.

[3] According to Camden, York had persuaded Stanley that he had been accused by the conspirators of being engaged in the Babington plot, and that he was "forthwith to be sent into England, to be hanged." Haraeus (*ubi sup.*) has a slight allusion to the same effect, but I have found no other intimation of this very improbable suspicion with regard to Sir William. The English historian also states that after the treason Stanley called his troops the Seminary regiment of soldiers, to defend the Romish religion by their swords, as the Seminary priests by their writings. Cardinal Allen praised his deed in his famous book, and excited all others to go and do likewise. Camden, B. III. 398.

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prospect of gratifying a wild and wicked ambition—these were the springs that moved him. Sums—varying from 30,000*l.* to a pension of 1500 pistolets a year—were mentioned, as the stipulated price of his treason, by Norris, Wilkes, Conway, and others ;[1] but the Duke of Parma, in narrating the whole affair in a private letter to the King, explicitly stated that he had found Stanley "singularly disinterested."

"The colonel was only actuated by religious motives," he said, "asking for no reward, except that he might serve in his Majesty's army thenceforth—and this is worthy to be noted."[2]

At the same time it appears from this correspondence, that the Duke recommended, and that the King bestowed, a "merced," which Stanley did not refuse ;[3] and it was very well known that to no persons in the world was Philip apt to be so generous as to men of high rank, Flemish, Walloon, or English, who deserted the cause of his rebellious subjects to serve under his own banners. Yet, strange to relate, almost at the very moment that Stanley was communicating his fatal act of treason, in order that he might open a high career for his ambition, a most brilliant destiny was about to dawn upon him. The Queen had it in contemplation, in recompense for his distinguished services, and by advice of Leicester, to bestow great honors and titles upon him, and to appoint him Viceroy of Ireland—of that very country which he was now proposing, as an enemy to his sovereign and as the purchased tool of a foreign despot, to invade.[4]

[1] MS. Letters before cited. Doyley to Walsingham, 25 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "Que ha sido de nota," &c. Parma to Philip, 12 Feb. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Ibid. Compare Bentivoglio, P. II. l. v. 312. "Era Cattolico lo Stanley, e *mostró* di farlo per zelo principalmente di Religione," says the Cardinal, "contucció ne fu *premiato largamente* dal Ré, e tanto piu, perche egli tiró seco nel medesimo servitio *tutti gli Inglesi* ch' eravano in Deventer," &c. This last statement we have seen to be entirely a mistake.

Compare Strada, II. 468, 469, who is very emphatic with regard to the purity of Stanley's motives: "Motum se ad dedendam urbem Stanlaeus adjunxit, non largitionibus, aut honorum titulis, proditorum pretiis; *quae quamvis oblata respuerit* uti aliena à majorum claritudine, vitaque sua," &c. The Jesuit adds, that the Duke warmly adjured his sovereign not to allow such disinterestedness to go unrewarded—and it did not.

[4] This is stated distinctly by Leicester in his letter to the States-General, on first being informed of the surrender of Deventer: "L'affection

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Stanley's subsequent fate was obscure. A price of 3000 florins was put by the States upon his head and upon that of York.[1] He went to Spain, and afterwards returned to the Provinces. He was even reported to have become, through the judgment of God, a lunatic,[2] although the tale wanted confirmation; and it is certain that at the close of the year he had mustered his regiment under Farnese, prepared to join the Duke in the great invasion of England.[3]

Roland York, who was used to such practices, cheerfully consummated his crime on the same day that witnessed the surrender of Deventer. He rode up to the gates of that city on the morning of the 29th January, inquired quietly whether Tassis was master of the place, and then galloped furiously back the ten miles to his fort. Entering, he called his soldiers together, bade them tear in pieces the colours of England, and follow him into the city of Zutphen.[4] Two companies of States' troops offered resistance, and attempted to hold the place; but they were overpowered by the English and Irish, assisted by a force of Spaniards, who, by a concerted movement, made their appearance from the town. He received a handsome reward, having far surpassed the Duke of Parma's

et soing qu ay toujours eu a la conservation de l'estat des provces unies m'augmentent tant plus de regret qu ay eu d'entendre la trahison de la ville de Deventer, qu elle a este forme par la lascheté de celuy auquel S. M. *eut voulu confier royaumes entiers* et lequel elle pensoit annoblir des plus grands titres avecq recompenses condignes, pour le promouvoir a la dignité de Vice Roy d'Irlande," &c. Leicester to the States-General, $\frac{2}{12}$ Feb. 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.)

[1] Bor, II. xxii. 882. Wagenaar, viii. 199.

[2] "By letters from Deventer, they write that the traitor Stanley groweth frantic—a just punishment of God—and his men very poor and in misery. The other traitor, York, has been seen of late in Antwerp and Brussels, little regarded, whose determination is to go to Spain or Naples, there to live on his stipend, out of the stir of these wars, fearing that which I hope to God he shall never escape." Captain Ed. Burnham to Walsingham, 7 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

"It is bruited that Stanley was now lately become a lunatic, void of government and discretion. . . . . If this be true, as he was known for a traitor, so he may be noted for a fool." Lloyd to Walsingham, 15 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] "Among them, Sir William Stanley was the leader of his companies, 800 or 900 men, the most part Irish and Scotch and the rest English. I heard an Italian captain report that Stanley's companies were the best that they make account of." John Giles to Walsingham, 4 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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expectations, when he made his original offer of service. He died very suddenly, after a great banquet at Deventer, in the course of the same year, not having succeeded in making his escape into Spain to live at ease on his stipend. It was supposed that he was poisoned; but the charge in those days was a common one, and nobody cared to investigate the subject. His body was subsequently exhumed—when Deventer came into the hands of the patriots—and with impotent and contemptible malice hanged upon a gibbet. This was the end of Roland York.[1]

Parma was highly gratified, as may be imagined, at such successful results. "Thus Fort Zutphen," said he, "about which there have been so many fisticuffs, and Deventer—which was the real object of the last campaign, and which has cost the English so much blood and money, and is the safety of Groningen and of all those Provinces—is now your Majesty's. Moreover, the effect of this treason must be to sow great distrust between the English and the rebels, who will henceforth never know in whom they can confide."[2]

Parma was very right in this conjuncture. Moreover, there was just then a fearful run against the States. The castle of Wauw, within a league of Bergen-op-Zoom, which had been entrusted to one Le Marchand, a Frenchman in the service of the republic, was delivered by him to Parma for 16,000 florins. "'Tis a very important post," said the Duke, "and the money was well laid out."[3]

The loss of the city of Gelder, capital of the Province of the same name, took place in the summer. This town belonged to the jurisdiction of Martin Schenk, and was his chief place of deposit for the large and miscellaneous property acquired by him during his desultory, but most profitable, freebooting career. The famous partisan was then absent, engaged in a lucrative job in the way of his profession. He had made a

[1] Bor, Reyd, Hoofd, Wagenaar, Strada, Bentivoglio, Camden, Le Petit, Haraeus, *locis citatis*. Baker's Chronicle, 385. Meteren, xiv. 245-250. MS. Letters already cited.

[2] Parma to Philip II. 12 Feb. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas MS.)

[3] Ibid. Compare Bor, II. xxii. 878. Strada, II. 466. Wagenaar, viii. 196. Haraeus, III. 397 *et mult. al.*

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contract—in a very business-like way—with the States, to defend the city of Rheinberg and all the country round against the Duke of Parma, pledging himself to keep on foot for that purpose an army of 3300 foot and 700 horse. For this extensive and important operation he was to receive 20,000 florins a month from the general exchequer, and in addition he was to be allowed the brandschatz—the black-mail, that is to say—of the whole country-side, and the taxation upon all vessels going up and down the river before Rheinberg; an ad valorem duty, in short, upon all river-merchandise, assessed and collected in summary fashion.[1] A tariff thus enforced was not likely to be a mild one; and although the States considered that they had got a "good penny-worth" by the job, it was no easy thing to get the better, in a bargain, of the vigilant Martin, who was as thrifty a speculator as he was a desperate fighter. A more accomplished highwayman, artistically and enthusiastically devoted to his pursuit, never lived. Nobody did his work more thoroughly—nobody got himself better paid for his work—and Thomas Wilkes, that excellent man of business, thought the States not likely to make much by their contract.[2] Nevertheless, it was a comfort to know that the work would not be neglected.

Schenk was accordingly absent, jobbing the Rheinberg siege, and in his place one Aristotle Patton, a Scotch colonel in the States' service, was commandant of Gelders. Now the thrifty Scot had an eye to business, too, and was no more troubled with qualms of conscience than Rowland York himself. Moreover, he knew himself to be in great danger of losing his place, for Leicester was no friend to him, and intended to supersede him. Patton had also a decided grudge against Martin Schenk, for that truculent personage had recently administered to him a drubbing, which no doubt he had richly deserved.[3] Accordingly, when the Duke of Parma made a

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 3 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid.
[3] Strada, II. 500. Baudartii Polemographia, II. 90. Compare Wagenaar, viii. 226, who is the authority for the illustrious pagan name of the Scot.

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secret offer to him of 36,000 florins if he would quietly surrender the city entrusted to him, the colonel jumped at so excellent an opportunity of circumventing Leicester, feeding his grudge against Martin, and making a handsome fortune for himself. He knew his trade too well, however, to accept the offer too eagerly, and bargained awhile for better terms, and to such good purpose, that it was agreed he should have not only the 36,000 florins, but all the horses, arms, plate, furniture, and other moveables in the city belonging to Schenk, that he could lay his hands upon. Here were revenge and solid damages for the unforgotten assault and battery—for Schenk's property alone made no inconsiderable fortune—and accordingly the city, towards Midsummer, was surrendered to the Seigneur d'Haultepenne.[1] Moreover, the excellent Patton had another and a loftier motive. He was in love. He had also a rival. The lady of his thoughts was the widow of Pontus de Noyelle, Seigneur de Bours, who had once saved the citadel of Antwerp, and afterwards sold that city and himself. His rival was no other than the great Seigneur de Champagny, brother of Cardinal Granvelle, eminent as soldier, diplomatist, and financier, but now growing old, not in affluent circumstances, and much troubled with the gout. Madame de Bours had, however, accepted his hand, and had fixed the day for the wedding, when the Scotchman, thus suddenly enriched, renewed a previously unsuccessful suit. The widow then, partially keeping her promise, actually celebrated her nuptials on the appointed evening; but, to the surprise of the Provinces, she became not the *haulte et puissante dame de Champagny*, but Mrs. Aristotle Patton.[2]

For this last treason neither Leicester nor the English were responsible. Patton was not only a Scot, but a follower of Hohenlo, as Leicester loudly protested.[3] Le Marchant was a

[1] Ibid. Leicester to Walsingham, 4 July, 4 Aug. 1587. Lloyd to Walsingham, 3 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.) But Strada states that the plate and other property were reserved to the Spanish government.

[2] Baudart, *ubi sup.* Le Petit, II. 346-347.

[3] "It is so that Gelders is lost, given up by Paton, the Scotchman, and commanded thither by the Count Hollock, and hath been wholly at his direction

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Frenchman. But Deventer and Zutphen were places of vital importance, and Stanley an Englishman of highest consideration, one who had been deemed worthy of the command in chief in Leicester's absence. Moreover, a cornet in the service of the Earl's nephew, Sir Robert Sidney, had been seen at Zutphen in conference with Tassis; and the horrible suspicion went abroad that even the illustrious name of Sidney was to be polluted also.[1] This fear was fortunately false, although the cornet was unquestionably a traitor, with whom the enemy had been tampering; but the mere thought that Sir Robert Sidney could betray the trust reposed in him was almost enough to make the still unburied corpse of his brother arise from the dead.

Parma was right when he said that all confidence of the Netherlanders in the Englishmen would now be gone, and that the Provinces would begin to doubt their best friends. No fresh treasons followed, but they were expected every day. An organized plot to betray the country was believed in, and a howl of execration swept through the land. The noble deeds of Sidney and Willoughby, and Norris and Pelham, and Roger Williams, the honest and valuable services of Wilkes, the generosity and courage of Leicester, were for a season forgotten. The English were denounced in every city and village of the Netherlands as traitors and miscreants. Respectable English merchants went from hostelry to hostelry, and from town to town, and were refused a lodging for love or money. The nation was put under ban.[2] A most melancholy change from the beginning of the year, when the very men who were now loudest in denunciation and fiercest in hate, had been the warmest friends of Elizabeth, of England, and of Leicester.

and commandment. Yet for the good nature of Norris and Wilkes, so soon as they heard of this, reported to the States that this Patton was a colonel of my preferment to make the people to hate me," &c. Leicester to Walsingham, 2 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

It will be perceived that this occurrence has been placed in juxtaposition with similar occurrences in the narrative, although a few months removed from them in chronological sequence.

[1] Examination of Newton. MS. before cited. Compare Meteren, xiv. 249-250. Reyd, vi. 97-98.

[2] Wilkes to Hatton, 24 Jan. 1587. Memorial given to Sir Roger Williams, Feb. 1587. Wilkes to the Queen, 16 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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At Hohenlo's table the opinion was loudly expressed, even in the presence of Sir Roger Williams, that it was highly improbable, if a man like Stanley, of such high rank in the kingdom of England, of such great connections and large means, could commit such a treason, that he could do so without the knowledge and consent of her Majesty.[1]

Barneveld, in council of state, declared that Leicester, by his restrictive letter of 24th November, had intended to carry the authority over the republic into England, in order to dispose of everything at his pleasure, in conjunction with the English cabinet-council, and that the country had never been so cheated by the French as it had now been by the English, and that their government had become insupportable.[2]

Councillor Carl Roorda maintained at the table of Elector Truchsess that the country had fallen *de tyrannide in tyrranidem*, and—if they had spurned the oppression of the Spaniards and the French—that it was now time to rebel against the English. Barneveld and Buys loudly declared that the Provinces were able to protect themselves without foreign assistance, and that it was very injurious to impress a contrary opinion upon the public mind.[3]

The whole college of the States-General came before the state-council, and demanded the name of the man to whom the Earl's restrictive letter had been delivered—that document by which the governor had dared surreptitiously to annul the authority which publicly he had delegated to that body, and thus to deprive it of the power of preventing anticipated crimes. After much colloquy the name of Brackel was given, and, had not the culprit fortunately been absent, his life might have been in danger, for rarely had grave statesmen been so thoroughly infuriated.[4]

No language can exaggerate the consequences of this

[1] Abuses offered to her Majesty and his Excellency and the whole English nation by the States and others. April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Sir J. Norris to Walsingham, 25 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid. Compare Strada, II. 469; Bentivoglio, P. II. l. iv. 312-313; Bor, II. xxii. 883; Wagenaar, viii. 199: *et mult. al.*

[4] Wilkes to Leicester, 24 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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wretched treason. Unfortunately, too, the abject condition to which the English troops had been reduced by the niggardliness of their sovereign was an additional cause of danger. Leicester was gone, and since her favourite was no longer in the Netherlands, the Queen seemed to forget that there was a single Englishman upon that fatal soil. In *five months not one penny* had been sent to her troops. While the Earl had been there one hundred and forty thousand pounds had been sent in seven or eight months. After his departure not five thousand pounds were sent in one half year.[1]

The English soldiers, who had fought so well in every Flemish battle-field of freedom, had become—such as were left of them—mere famishing half naked vagabonds and marauders. Brave soldiers had been changed by their sovereign into brigands, and now the universal odium which suddenly attached itself to the English name converted them into outcasts. Forlorn and crippled creatures swarmed about the Provinces, but were forbidden to come through the towns, and so wandered about, robbing hen-roosts and pillaging the peasantry.[2] Many deserted to the enemy. Many begged their way to England, and even to the very gates of the palace, and exhibited their wounds and their misery before the eyes of that good Queen Bess who claimed to be the mother of her subjects,—and begged for bread in vain.[3]

The English cavalry, dwindled now to a body of five hundred, starving and mutinous, made a foray into Holland, rather as highwaymen than soldiers. Count Maurice commanded their instant departure, and Hohenlo swore that if the order were not instantly obeyed, he would put himself at the head of his troops and cut every man of them to pieces.[4] A most painful and humiliating condition for brave men who had been fighting the battles of their Queen and of the republic, to behold themselves—through the parsimony of the one and

[1] J. Norris to Walsingham, 25 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Wilkes to the Queen, 16 Feb. 1587. Same to Walsingham, 19 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[3] Memorial (in Burghley's hand) of things to be declared, Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Wilkes to Leicester, 12 March 1587. (MS.)

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the infuriated sentiment of the other—compelled to starve, to rob, or to be massacred by those whom they had left their homes to defend!

At last, honest Wilkes, ever watchful of his duty, succeeded in borrowing eight hundred pounds sterling for two months, by "pawning his own carcase" as he expressed himself. This gave the troopers about thirty shillings a man, with which relief they became, for a time, contented and well disposed.[1]

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 12 March, 1587. (MS.) "So great is the lack of discipline among the garrisons," wrote Wilkes, "especially of our nation, that I am ashamed to hear the continual complaints which come to this council against them. And albeit Sir John Norris and I have written often unto the captains and governors to see reformation had of the insolences and disorders of their soldiers within the towns, it is notwithstanding so slenderly respected as there followeth no amendment at all; so as we begin to grow as hateful to the people as the *Spaniard himself, who governeth his towns of conquest with a milder hand than we do our friends and allies.* The causes hereof we find to be two. The one is for lack of pay, without which it is impossible to preserve discipline among the soldiers, and most of the troops in her Majesty's pay (excepting the garrisons of Brill and Flushing) have not been paid from the beginning of September last, being now about five months. The other is lack of government in the captains and officers, who for the most part are either such as never served before, and have no judgment—no not to rule themselves, and such as make their profit of the poor soldiers so extremely as they are hateful to the companies, wherein if there is no redress, it were better her Majesty did revoke all; for as the case of the common soldier now standeth the States receive little or no service of them but spoil and ruin of their towns and countries." Wilkes to Walsingham, 19 Jan. 1587. (MS.)

And again he writes to the Queen, about "the weakness and confusion to which her troops are reduced for want of pay, having received nothing from 1 Sept. to that day" (16 Feb). "The captains of the horsemen," he says, "are all in England, and thereby the most of the companies evil led and governed, committing daily upon the villages and people extreme spoils, insolences, and mischiefs, which, together with the example of the late treasons of Stanley and York, hath drawn our nation into the hatred of this people very deeply, so as they are for the most part turned out of the towns, and refused to be taken into garrison. The horsemen, destitute of money and food, are, without order, entered now into Holland (an unfit place for their abode), where the people are risen against them, and they to the number of 500 or 600, in terms either themselves to do mischief, or themselves to be cut in pieces by the country—a case very lamentable to us that feel the grief of so hard a choice, and can find almost no way to prevent the peril. I have urged the States by earnest letters (myself being at this present sick, by God's visitation, to the danger of my life) to take some order to relieve your people in this distress, myself offering my carcase in pawn, to answer as much as they shall eat, after a certain rate. I find them reasonably inclined, yet affected by two impediments—a strange jealousy, by them conceived of all our nation; the other their own want. . . . . The confusions are wonderful that are grown in this State in the absence of my Lord of Leicester, which hath opened many gaps to disorder," &c. Wilkes to the Queen, 16 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

And once more he writes, "I saw no remedy for them but to engage myself for some means to feed them until other order might be taken, whereupon with the help of mine own

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Is this picture exaggerated? Is it drawn by pencils hostile to the English nation or the English Queen? It is her own generals and confidential counsellors who have told a story in all its painful details, which has hardly found a place in other chronicles. The parsimony of the great Queen must ever remain a blemish on her character, and it was never more painfully exhibited than towards her brave soldiers in Flanders in the year 1587. Thomas Wilkes, a man of truth, and a man of accounts, had informed Elizabeth that the expenses of one year's war, since Leicester had been governor-general, had amounted to exactly five hundred and seventy-nine thousand three hundred and sixty pounds and nineteen shillings, of which sum one hundred and forty-six thousand three hundred and eighty-six pounds and eleven shillings had been spent by her Majesty, and the balance had been paid, or was partly owing by the States.[1] These were not agreeable figures, but the figures of honest accountants rarely flatter, and Wilkes was not one of those financiers who have the wish or the gift to make things pleasant. He had transmitted the accounts just as they had been delivered, certified by the treasurers of the States and by the English paymasters, and the Queen was appalled at the sum-totals. She could never proceed with such a war as that, she said, and she declined a loan of sixty thousand pounds which the States requested, besides stoutly refusing to advance her darling Robin a penny to pay off the mortgages upon two-thirds of his estates, on which the equity of redemption was fast expiring, or to give him the slightest help in furnishing him forth anew for the wars.

Yet not one of her statesmen doubted that these Netherland battles were English battles, almost as much as if the fighting-ground had been the Isle of Wight or the coast of Kent, the

credit, and pawn of my own carcase, to repay at the end of two months 800*l.* which I divided among the companies distressed, being eight in number, which extended to thirty shillings a man," &c. Wilkes to Leicester, 12 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 12 Jan. 1587. Same to Burghley, 12 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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charts of which the statesmen and generals of Spain were daily conning.

Wilkes, too, while defending Leicester stoutly behind his back, doing his best to explain his short-comings, lauding his courage and generosity, and advocating his beloved theory of popular sovereignty with much ingenuity and eloquence, had told him the truth to his face. Although assuring him that if he came back soon, he might rule the States "as a school-master doth his boys,"[1] he did not fail to set before him the disastrous effects of his sudden departure and of his protracted absence; he had painted in darkest colours the results of the Deventer treason, he had unveiled the cabals against his authority, he had repeatedly and vehemently implored his return; he had informed the Queen, that notwithstanding some errors of administration, he was much the fittest man to represent her in the Netherlands, and that he could accomplish, by reason of his experience, more in three months than any other man could do in a year. He had done his best to reconcile the feuds which existed between him and important personages in the Netherlands, he had been the author of the complimentary letters sent to him in the name of the States-General—to the great satisfaction of the Queen—but he had not given up his friendship with Sir John Norris, because he said "the virtues of the man made him as worthy of love as any one living, and because the more he knew him, the more he had cause to affect and to admire him."[2]

This was the unpardonable offence, and for this, and for having told the truth about the accounts, Leicester denounced Wilkes to the Queen as a traitor and a hypocrite, and threatened repeatedly to take his life. He had even the meanness to prejudice Burghley against him—by insinuating to the Lord-Treasurer that he too had been maligned by Wilkes—and thus most effectually damaged the character of the plain-spoken councillor with the Queen and many of

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 17 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid. Same to the Queen, 16 Feb. 1587. Same to Walsingham, 17 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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her advisers; notwithstanding that he plaintively besought her to "allow him to reiterate his sorry song, as doth the cuckoo, that she would please not condemn her poor servant unheard."[1]

Immediate action was taken on the Deventer treason, and on the general relations between the States-General and the English government. Barneveld immediately drew up a severe letter to the Earl of Leicester. On the 2nd February Wilkes came by chance into the assembly of the States-General, with the rest of the councillors, and found Barneveld just demanding the public reading of that document. The letter was read. Wilkes then rose and made a few remarks.

"The letter seems rather sharp upon his Excellency," he observed. "There is not a word in it," answered Barneveld curtly, "that is not perfectly true;" and with this he cut the matter short, and made a long speech upon other matters which were then before the assembly.

Wilkes, very anxious as to the effect of the letter, both upon public feeling in England and upon his own position as English councillor, waited immediately upon Count Maurice, President van der Myle, and upon Villiers the clergyman, and implored their interposition to prevent the transmission of the epistle. They promised to make an effort to delay its despatch or to mitigate its tone. A fortnight afterwards, however, Wilkes learned with dismay, that the document (the leading passages of which will be given hereafter) had been sent to its destination.[2]

Meantime, a consultation of civilians and of the family council of Count Maurice was held, and it was determined that the Count should assume the title of Prince more formally than he had hitherto done,[3] in order that the actual head of the Nassaus might be superior in rank to Leicester or to any

[1] Wilkes to the Queen, 8 Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Wilkes to Walsingham, 17 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Compare Wagenaar, viii. 201, who states that the famous 4th of February letter was read and approved by Wilkes. This is an error, as appears in the narrative given in the text from the MS. letter-book of Wilkes.

[3] Memorial given by Wilkes to Sir R. Williams, Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare Le Petit, II. xiv. 541. Wagenaar, viii. 203-204.

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man who could be sent from England. Maurice was also appointed by the States, provisionally, governor-general, with Hohenlo for his lieutenant-general.[1] That formidable personage, now fully restored to health, made himself very busy in securing towns and garrisons for the party of Holland, and in cashiering all functionaries suspected of English tendencies. Especially he became most intimate with Count Moeurs, stadholder of Utrecht—the hatred of which individual and his wife towards Leicester and the English nation, springing originally from the unfortunate babble of Otheman, had grown more intense than ever,—"banquetting and feasting" with him all day long, and concocting a scheme, by which, for certain considerations, the province of Utrecht was to be annexed to Holland under the perpetual stadholderate of Prince Maurice.

[1] Meteren, xiv. 250. Wagenaar, viii. 204. Reyd, vi. 100.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Leicester in England—Trial of the Queen of Scots—Fearful Perplexity at the English Court—Infatuation and Obstinacy of the Queen—Netherland Envoys in England—Queen's bitter Invective against them—Amazement of the Envoys—They consult with her chief Councillors—Remarks of Burghley and Davison—Fourth of February Letter from the States—Its severe Language towards Leicester—Painful Position of the Envoys at Court—Queen's Parsimony towards Leicester.

THE scene shifts, for a brief interval, to England. Leicester had reached the court late in November. Those "blessed beams," under whose shade he was wont to find so much "refreshment and nutrition," had again fallen with full radiance upon him. "Never since I was born," said he, "did I receive a more gracious welcome."[1] Alas, there was not so much benignity for the starving English soldiers, nor for the Provinces, which were fast growing desperate; but although their cause was so intimately connected with the "great cause," which then occupied Elizabeth, almost to the exclusion of other matter, it was, perhaps, not wonderful, although unfortunate, that for a time the Netherlands should be neglected.

The "daughter of debate" had at last brought herself, it was supposed, within the letter of the law, and now began those odious scenes of hypocrisy on the part of Elizabeth, that frightful comedy—more melancholy even than the solemn tragedy which it preceded and followed—which must ever remain the darkest passage in the history of the Queen. It is unnecessary, in these pages, to make more than a passing allusion to the condemnation and death of the Queen of Scots. Who doubts her participation in the Babington conspiracy? Who doubts that she was the centre of one endless

[1] Leicester to Wilkes, 4 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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conspiracy by Spain and Rome against the throne and life of Elizabeth? Who doubts that her long imprisonment in England was a violation of all law, all justice, all humanity? Who doubts that the fineing, whipping, torturing, hanging, embowelling of men, women, and children, guilty of no other crime than adhesion to the Catholic faith, had assisted the Pope and Philip, and their band of English, Scotch, and Irish conspirators, to shake Elizabeth's throne and endanger her life? Who doubts that, had the English sovereign been capable of conceiving the great thought of religious toleration, her reign would have been more glorious than it was, the cause of Protestantism and freedom more triumphant, the name of Elizabeth Tudor dearer to human hearts? Who doubts that there were many enlightened and noble spirits among her Protestant subjects who lifted up their voices, over and over again, in parliament and out of it, to denounce that wicked persecution exercised upon their innocent Catholic brethren, which was fast converting loyal Englishmen, against their will, into traitors and conspirators? Yet who doubts that it would have required, at exactly that moment, and in the midst of that crisis, more elevation of soul than could fairly be predicated of any individual, for Elizabeth in 1587 to pardon Mary, or to relax in the severity of her legislation towards English Papists?

Yet, although a display of sublime virtue, such as the world has rarely seen, was not to be expected, it was reasonable to look for honest and royal dealing, from a great sovereign, brought at last face to face with a great event. The "great cause" demanded a great, straightforward blow. It was obvious, however, that it would be difficult, in the midst of the tragedy and the comedy, for the Nethetland business to come fairly before her Majesty. "Touching the Low Country causes," said Leicester, "very little is done yet, by reason of the continued business we have had about the Queen of Scots' matters. All the speech I have had with her Majesty hitherto touching those causes hath been but private."[1]

[1] Leicester to Wilkes, 4 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Walsingham, longing for retirement, not only on account of "his infinite grief for the death of Sir Philip Sidney, which hath been the cause," he said, "that I have ever since betaken myself into solitariness, and withdrawn from public affairs," but also by reason of the perverseness and difficulty manifested in the gravest affairs by the sovereign he so faithfully served, sent information, that, notwithstanding the arrival of some of the States' deputies, Leicester was persuading her Majesty to proceed first in the great cause. "Certain principal persons, chosen as committees," he said, "of both Houses are sent as humble suitors to her Majesty to desire that she would be pleased to give order for the execution of the Scottish Queen. Her Majesty made answer that she was loath to proceed in so violent a course against the said Queen, as the taking away of her life, and therefore prayed them to think of some other way which might be for her own and their safety. They replied, no other way but her execution. Her Majesty, though she yielded no answer to this their latter reply, is contented to give order that the proclamation be published, and so also it is hoped that she will be moved by this their earnest instance to proceed to the thorough ending of the cause."[1]

And so the cause went slowly on to its thorough ending. And when "no other way" could be thought of but to take Mary's life, and when "no other way" of taking that life could be "devised," at Elizabeth's suggestion, except by public execution, when none of the gentlemen "of the association," nor Paulet, nor Drury—how skilfully soever their "pulses had been felt"[2] by Elizabeth's command—would commit assassination to serve a Queen who was capable of punishing them afterwards for the murder, the great cause came to its inevitable conclusion, and Mary Stuart was executed by command of Elizabeth Tudor. The world may continue to differ as to the necessity of the execution, but it has long since pronounced a unanimous verdict as to

[1] Walsingham to Wilkes, 3 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Davison, in Camden, iii. 393.

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the respective display of royal dignity by the two Queens upon that great occasion.

During this interval the Netherland matter, almost as vital to England as the execution of Mary, was comparatively neglected. It was not absolutely in abeyance, but the condition of the Queen's mind coloured every state-affair with its tragic hues. Elizabeth, harassed, anxious, dreaming dreams, and enacting a horrible masquerade, was in the worst possible temper to be approached by the envoys. She was furious with the Netherlanders for having maltreated her favourite. She was still more furious because their war was costing so much money. Her disposition became so uncertain, her temper so ungovernable, as to drive her counsellors to their wit's ends. Burghley confessed himself "weary of his miserable life," and protested "that the only desire he had in the world was to be delivered from the ungrateful burthen of service, which her Majesty laid upon him so very heavily."[1] Walsingham wished himself "well established in Basle."[2] The Queen set them all together by the ears. She wrangled spitefully over the sum-totals from the Netherlands; she worried Leicester, she scolded Burghley for defending Leicester, and Leicester abused Burghley for taking part against him.[3]

[1] Burghley to Leicester, 7 Feb. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 252. MS.)

[2] Walsingham to Wilkes, 2 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Burghley to Leicester. (MS. before cited.)

"Your Lordship is greatly offended," said the Lord Treasurer, "for my speeches in her Majesty's presence. What you conceive, my good Lord, is best known to yourself; what I meant is best known to me; and I do avow in the presence of God that I no more meant to offend you in any thing I spoke, than I meant to offend the best and dearest friend I can imagine in England. And yet her Majesty many times chargeth me that I conceit, I flatter, I dare not speak anything that you should mislike. I see my hard fortune continueth to be subject to your doubtful opinion, howsoever I do behave myself. . . . . You believe me to have moved her Majesty to be offended with you for lack of your procuring a more certainty of the expenses and accounts of the last year's charges on the States behalf. . . . . But I never did say, nor mean to say, that your Lordship ought to be blamed for those accounts; for I did say, and do still say, that their accounts are obscure, confused, and without credit. . . . . I say that they ought to have been commanded by your authority to have reformed the same, and made your Lordship more privy to their doings. For not doing so I condemned them, and not your Lordship, who had so often complained that you were not better obeyed by them in those points. And so your Lordship did fully answer

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The Lord-Treasurer, overcome with "grief which pierced both his body and his heart," battled his way—as best he could—through the throng of dangers which beset the path of England in that great crisis. It was most obvious to every statesman in the realm that this was not the time—when the gauntlet had been thrown full in the face of Philip and Sixtus and all catholicism, by the condemnation of Mary—to leave the Netherland cause "at random," and these outer bulwarks of her own kingdom insufficiently protected.

"Your Majesty will hear," wrote Parma to Philip, "of the disastrous, lamentable, and pitiful end of the poor Queen of Scots. Although for her it will be immortal glory, and she will be placed among the number of the many martyrs whose blood has been shed in the kingdom of England, and be crowned in Heaven with a diadem more precious than the one she wore on earth, nevertheless one cannot repress one's natural emotions. I believe firmly that this cruel deed will be the concluding crime of the many which that Englishwoman has committed, and that our Lord will be pleased that she shall at last receive the chastisement which she has these many long years deserved, and which has been reserved till now, for her greater ruin and confusion."[1] And with this, the Duke proceeded to discuss the all important and rapidly-preparing invasion of England. Farnese was not the man to be deceived by the affected reluctance of Elizabeth before Mary's scaffold, although he was soon to show that he was himself a master in the science of grimace. For Elizabeth—

my speeches, and I also did affirm the same by often repetition to her Majesty that both in that as in many other things, the States had grossly and most rudely encountered your Lordship. And although her Majesty was disposed to leave the cause unrelieved, persisting on her misliking of the accounts, and so to take occasion to deny their requests, yet I trust that your Lordship and the rest did see how earnest I was to draw her Majesty from these reckonings of expenses, and to take regard to the cause which *I said and do say may not now be left at random for respect* to any charges. I do persist in the opinion that her Majesty may not abandon the cause without manifest injury to her state, as the case and time now forceth her. . . . . Your Lordship hath seen and heard her tax me very sharply, that in not applauding to her censures, I do commonly flatter you and that I do against my conscience hold opinions to please you—a very hard case held against me."

[1] Parma to Philip II., 22 March, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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more than ever disposed to be friends with Spain and Rome, now that war to the knife was made inevitable—was wistfully regarding that trap of negotiation, against which all her best friends were endeavouring to warn her. She was more ill-natured than ever to the Provinces, she turned her back upon the Béarnese, she affronted Henry III. by affecting to believe in the fable of his envoy's complicity in the Stafford conspiracy against her life.[1]

"I pray God to open her eyes," said Walsingham, "to see the evident peril of the course she now holdeth. . . . If it had pleased her to have followed the advice given her touching the French ambassador, our ships had been released . . . . but she has taken a very strange course by writing a very sharp letter unto the French King, which I fear will cause him to give ear to those of the League, and make himself a party with them, seeing so little regard had to him here. Your Lordship may see that our courage doth greatly increase, for that we make no difficulty to fall out with all the world. . . . . I never saw her worse affected to the poor King of Navarre, and yet doth she seek in no sort to yield contentment to the French King. If to offend all the world," repeated the Secretary bitterly, "be a good cause of government, then can we not do amiss. . . . . I never found her less disposed to take a course of prevention of the approaching mischiefs toward this realm than at this present. And to be plain with you, there is none here that hath either credit or courage to deal effectually with her in any of her great causes."[2]

Thus distracted by doubts and dangers, at war with her best friends, with herself, and with all the world, was Elizabeth during the dark days and months which preceded and followed the execution of the Scottish Queen. If the great fight was at last to be fought triumphantly through, it was obvious that England was to depend upon Englishmen of all ranks and

[1] "Declaration of the Negotiations with the French Ambassador, l'Aubespine, at the Lord Treasurer's house," 12 Jan. 1587, in Murdin, 579–583. Compare Mignet, 'Hist. de Marie Stuart,' 3rd edition, II. 344, *seq.*

[2] Walsingham to Leicester, 8 April, 1587. Same to Same, 10 April, 1587, (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 319–321. MSS.)

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classes, upon her prudent and far-seeing statesmen, upon her nobles and her adventurers, on her Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman blood ever mounting against oppression, on Howard and Essex, Drake and Williams, Norris and Willoughby, upon high-born magnates, plebeian captains, London merchants, upon yeomen whose limbs were made in England, and upon Hollanders and Zeelanders whose fearless mariners were to swarm to the protection of her coasts, quite as much in that year of anxious expectation as upon the great Queen herself. Unquestionable as were her mental capacity and her more than woman's courage, when fairly brought face to face with the danger, it was fortunately not on one man or woman's brain and arm that England's salvation depended in that crisis of her fate.

As to the Provinces, no one ventured to speak very boldly in their defence. "When I lay before her the peril," said Walsingham, "she scorneth at it. The hope of a peace with Spain has put her into a most dangerous security."[1] Nor would any man now assume responsibility. The fate of Davison—of the man who had already in so detestable a manner been made the scape-goat for Leicester's sins in the Netherlands, and who had now been so barbarously sacrificed by the Queen for faithfully obeying her orders in regard to the death-warrant, had sickened all courtiers and counsellors for the time. "The late severe dealing used by her Highness towards Mr. Secretary Davison," said Walsingham to Wilkes, "maketh us very circumspect and careful not to proceed in anything but wherein we receive direction from herself, and therefore you must not find it strange if we now be more sparing than heretofore hath been accustomed."[2]

Such being the portentous state of the political atmosphere, and such the stormy condition of the royal mind, it may be supposed that the interviews of the Netherland envoys with her Majesty during this period were not likely to be genial. Exactly at the most gloomy

28 Jan. (O. S.) / 7 Feb. (N. S.) 1587.

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, &c., MS. last cited.
[2] Walsingham to Wilkes, 13 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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moment—thirteen days before the execution of Mary—they came first into Elizabeth's presence at Greenwich.[1]

The envoys were five in number, all of them experienced and able statesmen—Zuylen van Nyvelt, Joos de Menyn, Nicasius de Silla, Jacob Valck, and Vitus van Kamminga.[2] The Queen was in the privy council-chamber, attended by the admiral of England, Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Hunsdon, great-chamberlain, Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain, Secretary Davison, and many other persons of distinction.

The letters of credence were duly presented, but it was obvious from the beginning of the interview that the Queen was ill-disposed toward the deputies, and had not only been misinformed as to matters of fact, but as to the state of feeling of the Netherlanders and of the States-General towards herself.[3]

Menyn, however, who was an orator by profession—being pensionary of Dort—made, in the name of his colleagues, a brief but pregnant speech, to which the Queen listened attentively, although with frequent indications of anger and impatience. He commenced by observing that the United Provinces still entertained the hope that her Majesty would conclude, upon further thoughts, to accept the sovereignty over them, with *reasonable conditions;* but the most important passages of his address were those relating to the cost of the war. "Besides our stipulated contributions," said the pensionary, "of 200,000 florins the month, we have furnished 500,000 as an extraordinary grant; making for the year 2,900,000 florins, *and this over and above* the particular and special expenditures of the Provinces, and other sums for military purposes. We confess, Madam, that the succour of your Majesty is a truly royal one, and that there have been few princes in history who have given such assistance to their neighbours unjustly oppressed. It is certain that by means of

[1] Brief van de Gedeputeerden uit England, $\frac{9}{19}$ Feb. 1587. (Hague Arch., MS.) Compare Bor, II. xxii. 872, *seq.* Wagenaar, viii. 214, *seq.*

[2] Menyn was pensionary of Dort; Silla, pensionary of Amsterdam; Valck member of the state-council. Wagenaar, viii. 192.

[3] Letter of the Deputies last cited. (Hague Archives, MS.)

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that help, joined with the forces of the United Provinces, the Earl of Leicester has been able to arrest the course of the Duke of Parma's victories and to counteract his designs. Nevertheless, it appears, Madam, that these forces have not been sufficient to drive the enemy out of the country. We are obliged, for regular garrison work and defence of cities, to keep up an army of at least 27,000 foot and 3500 horse. Of this number your Majesty pays 5000 foot and 1000 horse, and we are now commissioned, Madam, humbly to request an increase of your regular succour during the war to 10,000 foot and 2000 horse. We also implore the loan of 60,000*l.* sterling, in order to assist us in maintaining for the coming season a sufficient force in the field."[1]

Such, in brief, was the oration of pensionary Menyn, delivered in the French language. He had scarcely concluded, when the Queen—evidently in a great passion[2]—rose to her feet, and without any hesitation, replied in a strain of vehement eloquence in the same tongue.

"Now I am not deceived, gentlemen," she said, "and that which I have been fearing has occurred. Our common adage, which we have in England, is a very good one. When one fears that an evil is coming, the sooner it arrives the better. Here is a quarter of a year that I have been expecting you, and certainly for the great benefit I have conferred on you, you have exhibited a great ingratitude, and I consider myself very ill treated by you. 'Tis very strange that you should begin by soliciting still greater succour without rendering me any satisfaction for your past actions, which have been so extraordinary, that I swear by the living God I think it impossible to find peoples or states more ungrateful or ill-advised than yourselves.

I have sent you this year fifteen, sixteen, aye seventeen or eighteen thousand men. You have left them without payment, you have let some of them die of hunger, driven others to such desperation that they have deserted to the

[1] Discours de Menin—Audience à Greenwich. (Hague Arch. MS.)

[2] "Zeer gealtereert," MS. Letter, *ubi sup.*

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enemy. Is it not mortifying for the English nation and a great shame for you that Englishmen should say that they have found more courtesy from Spaniards than from Netherlanders? Truly, I tell you frankly that I will never endure such indignities. Rather will I act according to my will, and you may do exactly as you think best.

"If I chose, I could do something very good without you, although some persons are so fond of saying that it was quite necessary for the Queen of England to do what she does for her own protection. No, no! Disabuse yourselves of that impression. These are but false persuasions. Believe boldly that I can play an excellent game without your assistance, and a better one than I ever did with it.[1] Nevertheless, I do not choose to do that, nor do I wish you so much harm. But likewise do I not choose that you should hold such language to me. It is true that I should not wish the Spaniard so near me if he should be my enemy. But why should I not live in peace, if we were to be friends to each other? At the commencement of my reign we lived honourably together, the King of Spain and I, and he even asked me to marry him, and, after that, we lived a long time very peacefully, without any attempt having been made against my life. If we both choose, we can continue so to do.

"On the other hand, I sent you the Earl of Leicester, as lieutenant of my forces, and my intention was that he should have exact knowledge of your finances and contributions. But, on the contrary, he has never known anything about them, and you have handled them in your own manner and amongst yourselves. You have given him the title of governor, in order, under this name, to cast all your evils on his head. That title he accepted against my will, by doing which he ran the risk of *losing his life*, and his estates, and the grace and favour of his Princess, which was more important to him than all. But he did it in order to maintain your tottering state. And what authority, I pray you, have you given him?

[1] "Que je feroy bien un bon parti sans vous y appeller, et meilleur que je nay faict oncques avecq vous." 'Response de Sa Majesté au Discours de S^r de Menin.' (Hague Archives, MS.)

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A shadowy authority, a purely imaginary one. This is but mockery. He is, at any rate, a gentleman, a man of honour and of counsel. You had no right to treat him thus. If I had accepted the title which you wished to give me, by the living God, I would not have suffered you so to treat me.

"But you are so badly advised that when there is a man of worth who discovers your tricks you wish him ill, and make an outcry against him; and yet some of you, in order to save your money, and others in the hope of bribes, have been favouring the Spaniard, and doing very wicked work. No, believe me that God will punish those who for so great a benefit wish to return me so much evil. Believe, boldly too, that the King of Spain will never trust men who have abandoned the party to which they belonged, and from which they have received so many benefits, and will never believe a word of what they promise him. Yet, in order to cover up their filth, they spread the story that the Queen of England is thinking of treating for peace without their knowledge. No, I would rather be dead than that any one should have occasion to say that I had not kept my promise. But princes must listen to both sides, and that can be done without breach of faith.[1] For they transact business in a certain way, and with a princely intelligence, such as private persons cannot imitate.[2]

"You are States, to be sure, but private individuals in regard to princes. Certainly, I would never choose to do anything without your knowledge, and I would never allow the authority which you have among yourselves, nor your privileges, nor your statutes, to be infringed. Nor will I allow you to be perturbed in your consciences. What then would you more of me? You have issued a proclamation in your country that no one is to talk of peace. Very well, very good. But permit princes likewise to do as they shall think

[1] "Et encores que les princes oyent aulcunes fois l'ung et l'aultre, cela se peult faire sans . . . . ." There is a broken sentence here in the original, which seems to require a phrase similar to the one which I have supplied. 'Reponse,' &c., just cited.

[2] "Car ils besoignent aveeq une maniere de faire et intelligence des princes, ce que les particuliers ne scauroient faire." (Ibid.)

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best for the security of their state, provided it does you no injury. Among us princes we are not wont to make such long orations as you do, but you ought to be content with the few words that we bestow upon you, and make yourself quiet thereby.[1]

"If I ever do anything for you again, I choose to be treated more honourably. I shall therefore appoint some personages of my council to communicate with you. And in the first place I choose to hear and see for myself what has taken place already, and have satisfaction about that, before I make any reply to what you have said to me as to greater assistance. And so I will leave you to-day, without troubling you further."[2]

With this her Majesty swept from the apartment, leaving the deputies somewhat astounded at the fierce but adroit manner in which the tables had for a moment been turned upon them.

It was certainly a most unexpected blow, this charge of the States having left the English soldiers—whose numbers the Queen had so suddenly multiplied by three—unpaid and unfed. Those Englishmen who, as individuals, had entered the States' service, had been—like all the other troops—regularly paid. This distinctly appeared from the statements of her own counsellors and generals.[3] On the other hand, the Queen's contingent, now dwindled to about half their original number, had been notoriously unpaid for nearly six months.

This has already been made sufficiently clear from the private letters of most responsible persons. That these soldiers were starving, deserting, and pillaging, was, alas! too true; but the envoys of the States hardly expected to be censured by her Majesty, because she had neglected to pay

[1] "Entre nous princes nous ne scavons ainsi orer comme vous faictes, mais vous devriez estre contentz avecq ce peu de parolles qui'on vous dict, et vous asseurer la dessus." 'Reponse,' &c., just cited.

[2] Ibid. Compare Bor, II. xxii. 873, 874. Wagenaar, viii. 193-194.

[3] Memorial given by Wilkes to Sir R. Williams, Feb. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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her own troops. It was one of the points concerning which they had been especially enjoined to complain, that the English cavalry, converted into highwaymen by want of pay, had been plundering the peasantry,[1] and we have seen that Thomas Wilkes had "pawned his carcase" to provide for their temporary relief.

With regard to the insinuation that prominent personages in the country had been tampered with by the enemy, the envoys were equally astonished by such an attack. The great Deventer treason had not yet been heard of in England —for it had occurred only a week before this first interview —but something of the kind was already feared; for the slippery dealings of York and Stanley with Tassis and Parma had long been causing painful anxiety, and had formed the subject of repeated remonstrances on the part of the States to Leicester and to the Queen. The deputies were hardly prepared therefore to defend their own people against dealing privately with the King of Spain. The only man suspected of such practices was Leicester's own favourite and financier, Jacques Ringault, whom the Earl had persisted in employing against the angry remonstrances of the States, who believed him to be a Spanish spy; and the man was now in prison, and threatened with capital punishment.

To suppose that Buys or Barneveld, Roorda, Meetkerk, or any other leading statesman in the Netherlands, was contemplating a private arrangement with Philip II., was as ludicrous a conception as to imagine Walsingham a pensioner of the Pope, or Cecil in league with the Duke of Guise. The end and aim of the States' party was war. In war they not only

[1] "Les compagnies Anglaises," wrote the States-General to Leicester, "tant de cheval que de pied à la charge de S. Majesté, ayans delaissé les frontières se sont jectez en Hollande, ou ils foulent et mangent le bon homme soubs pretexte qu'ils disent n'avoir reçu aulcun payment en cinq mois, ce que cause grande alteration pardessus l'amoindrissement des contributions du Plat Pays. Et comme ils tiennent journellement plusieurs propos estranges contre la dite province d'Hollande, et qu'ils y veuillent pourchasser leur payement, a esté trouvé bon de les faire contenir ou ils sont," &c. States-General to Leicester, 1 March, 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.)

The statements of Wilkes to his government, of like import, have been given in the notes on preceding pages.

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saw the safety of the reformed religion, but the only means of maintaining the commercial prosperity of the commonwealth. The whole correspondence of the times shows that no politician in the country dreamed of peace, either by public or secret negotiation. On the other hand—as will be made still clearer than ever—the Queen was longing for peace, and was treating for peace at that moment through private agents, quite without the knowledge of the States, and in spite of her indignant disavowals in her speech to the envoys.

Yet if Elizabeth could have had the privilege of entering—as we are about to do—into the private cabinet of that excellent King of Spain, with whom she had once been such good friends, who had even sought her hand in marriage, and with whom she saw no reason whatever why she should not live at peace, she might have modified her expressions on this subject. Certainly, if she could have looked through the piles of papers—as we intend to do—which lay upon that library-table, far beyond the seas and mountains, she would have perceived some objections to the scheme of living at peace with that diligent letter-writer.

Perhaps, had she known how the subtle Farnese was about to express himself concerning the fast-approaching execution of Mary, and the as inevitably impending destruction of "that Englishwoman" through the schemes of his master and himself, she would have paid less heed to the sentiments couched in most exquisite Italian which Alexander was at the same time whispering in her ear, and would have taken less offence at the blunt language of the States-General.

Nevertheless, for the present, Elizabeth would give no better answer than the hot-tempered one which had already somewhat discomfited the deputies.

Two days afterwards, the five envoys had an interview with several members of her Majesty's council, in the private apartment of the Lord-Treasurer in Greenwich Palace. Burghley, being indisposed, was lying upon his bed. Leicester, Admiral Lord Howard, Lord Hunsden, Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Buckhurst, and Secretary Davison, were present, and the

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Lord-Treasurer proposed that the conversation should be in Latin, that being the common language most familiar to them all.[1] Then, turning over the leaves of the report, a copy of which lay on his bed, he asked the envoys, whether, in case her Majesty had not sent over the assistance which she had done under the Earl of Leicester, their country would not have been utterly ruined.

"To all appearance, yes," replied Menyn.

"But," continued Burghley, still running through the pages of the document, and here and there demanding an explanation of an obscure passage or two, "you are now proposing to her Majesty to send 10,000 foot and 2000 horse, and to lend 60,000*l*. This is altogether monstrous and excessive. *Nobody will ever dare even to speak to her Majesty* on the subject. When you first came in 1585, you asked for 12,000 men, but you were fully authorized to accept 6000. No doubt that is the case now."[2]

"On that occasion," answered Menyn, "our main purpose was to induce her Majesty to accept the sovereignty, or at least the perpetual protection of our country. Failing in that we broached the third point, and not being able to get 12,000 soldiers we compounded for 5000, the agreement being subject to ratification by our principals. We gave ample security in shape of the mortgaged cities. But experience has shown us that these forces and this succour are insufficient. We have therefore been sent to beg her Majesty to make up the contingent to the amount originally requested."

"But we are obliged to increase the garrisons in the cautionary towns," said one of the English councillors, "as 800 men in a city like Flushing are very little."

"Pardon me," replied Valck, "the burghers are not enemies but friends to her Majesty and to the English nation. They are her dutiful subjects like all the inhabitants of the Netherlands."

[1] Rapport de la Légation. Conference des Deputés avec les Commissaires de S. M., $\frac{7}{17}$ Feb. 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

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"It is quite true," said Burghley, after having made some critical remarks upon the military system of the Provinces, "and a very common adage, *quod tunc tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet*, but, nevertheless, this war principally concerns you. Therefore you are bound to do your utmost to meet its expenses in your own country, quite as much as a man who means to build a house is expected to provide the stone and timber himself. But the States have not done their best. They have not at the appointed time come forward with their extraordinary contributions for the last campaign. "How many men," he asked, "are required for garrisons in all the fortresses and cities, and for the field?"

"But," interposed Lord Hunsden, "not half so many men are needed in the garrisons; for the burghers ought to be able to defend their own cities. Moreover it is probable that your ordinary *contributions might be continued and doubled and even tripled.*"[1]

"And on the whole," observed the Lord Admiral, "don't you think that *the putting an army in the field* might be dispensed with for this year? Her Majesty at present must get together and equip a fleet of war vessels against the King of Spain, which will be an excessively large pennyworth, besides the assistance which she gives her neighbours."

"Yes, indeed," said Secretary Davison, "it would be difficult to exaggerate the enormous expense which her Majesty must encounter this year for defending and liberating her own kingdoms against the King of Spain. That monarch is making great naval preparations, and is treating all Englishmen in the most hostile manner. We are on the brink of declared war with Spain, with the French King, who is arresting all English persons and property within his kingdom, and with Scotland, all which countries are understood to have made a league together on *account of the Queen of Scotland, whom it will be absolutely necessary to put to death in order to preserve the life of her Majesty*, and are about to make war

[1] MS. Report last cited.

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upon England. This matter then will cost us, the current year, at least eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Nevertheless her Majesty is sure to assist you so far as her means allow; and I, for my part, will do my best to keep her Majesty well disposed to your cause, even as I have ever done, as you well know."[1]

Thus spoke poor Davison, but a few days before the fatal 8th of February, little dreaming that the day for his influencing the disposition of her Majesty would soon be gone, and that he was himself to be crushed for ever by the blow which was about to destroy the captive Queen. The political combinations resulting from the tragedy were not to be exactly as he foretold, but there is little doubt that in him the Netherlands, and Leicester, and the Queen of England, were to lose an honest, diligent, and faithful friend.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Lord-Treasurer, after a few more questions concerning the financial abilities of the States had been asked and answered, "it is getting late into the evening, and time for you all to get back to London. Let me request you, as soon as may be, to draw up some articles in writing, to which we will respond immediately."[2]

Menyn then, in the name of the deputies, expressed thanks for the urbanity shown them in the conference, and spoke of the deep regret with which they had perceived, by her Majesty's answer two days before, that she was so highly offended with them and with the States-General. He then, notwithstanding Burghley's previous hint as to the lateness of the hour, took up the Queen's answer, point by point, contradicted all its statements, appealing frequently to Lord Leicester for confirmation of what he advanced, and concluded by begging the councillors to defend the cause of the Netherlands to her Majesty. Burghley requested them to make an excuse or reply to the Queen in writing, and send it to him to present.[3]

Thus the conference terminated, and the envoys returned to London. They were fully convinced by the result of these

[1] MS. Report last cited. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. Compare Bor, II. xxii. 875 877, *seq.*

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interviews, as they told their constituents, that her Majesty, by false statements and reports of persons either grossly ignorant or not having the good of the commonwealth before their eyes, had been very incorrectly informed as to the condition of the Provinces, and of the great efforts made by the States-General to defend their country against the enemy. It was obvious, they said, that their measures had been exaggerated in order to deceive the Queen and her council.[1]

And thus statements and counter-statements, protocols and apostilles, were glibly exchanged, the heap of diplomatic rubbish was rising higher and higher, and the councillors and envoys, pleased with their work, were growing more and more amicable, when the court was suddenly startled by the news of the Deventer and Zutphen treason. The intelligence was accompanied by the famous 4th of February letter, which descended, like a bombshell, in the midst of the decorous council-chamber. Such language had rarely been addressed to the Earl of Leicester, and, through him, to the imperious sovereign herself, as the homely truths with which Barneveld, speaking with the voice of the States-General, now smote the delinquent governor.

"My Lord," said he, "it is notorious, and needs no illustration whatever, with what true confidence and unfeigned affection we received your Excellency in our land; the States-General, the States-Provincial, the magistrates, and the communities of the chief cities in the United Provinces, all uniting to do honour to her serene Majesty of England and to yourself, and to confer upon you the government-general over us. And although we should willingly have placed some limitations upon the authority thus bestowed on you, in order that by such a course your own honour and the good and constitutional condition of the country might be alike preserved, yet finding your Excellency not satisfied with those limitations, we postponed every objection, and conformed ourselves to your pleasure. Yet, before coming to that decision, we had well

[1] MS. Report, $\frac{9}{19}$ Feb. 1587, before cited.

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considered that by doing so we might be opening a door to many ambitious, avaricious, and pernicious persons, both of these countries and from other nations, who might seize the occasion to advance their own private profits, to the detriment of the country and the dishonour of your Excellency.

"And, in truth, such persons have done their work so efficiently as to inspire you with distrust against the most faithful and capable men in the Provinces, against the Estates General and Provincial, magistrates, and private persons, knowing very well that they could never arrive at their own ends so long as you were guided by the constitutional authorities of the country. And precisely upon the distrust, thus created as a foundation, they raised a back-stairs council, by means of which they were able to further their ambitious, avaricious, and seditious practices, notwithstanding the good advice and remonstrances of the council of state, and the States General and Provincial."[1]

He proceeded to handle the subjects of the English rose-noble, put in circulation by Leicester's finance or back-stairs council at two florins above its value, to the manifest detriment of the Provinces, to the detestable embargo which had prevented them from using the means bestowed upon them by God himself to defend their country, to the squandering and embezzlement of the large sums contributed by the Provinces and entrusted to the Earl's administration, to the starving condition of the soldiers, maltreated by government, and thus compelled to prey upon the inhabitants—so that troops in the States' service had never been so abused during the whole war, although the States had never before voted such large contributions nor paid them so promptly—to the placing in posts of high honour and trust men of notoriously bad character and even Spanish spies; to the taking away the public authority from those to whom it legitimately belonged, and conferring it on incompetent and unqualified persons; to the illegal banishment of respectable citizens, to the violation

[1] Lettre des Etats à Leycestre, 4 Feb. 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.) | Compare Bor, II. xxii. 944, *seq.* Wagenaar, viii. 202. Le Petit, II. xiv. 541.

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of time-honoured laws and privileges, to the shameful attempts to repudiate the ancient authority of the States, and to usurp a control over the communities and nobles by them represented, and to the perpetual efforts to foster dissension, disunion, and rebellion among the inhabitants. Having thus drawn up a heavy bill of indictment, nominally against the Earl's illegal counsellors, but in reality against the Earl himself, he proceeded to deal with the most important matter of all.

"The principal cities and fortresses in the country have been placed in hands of men suspected by the States on legitimate grounds, men who had been convicted of treason against these Provinces, and who continued to be suspected, notwithstanding that your Excellency had pledged your own honour for their fidelity. Finally, by means of these scoundrels,[1] it was brought to pass, that—the council of state having been invested by your Excellency with supreme authority during your absence—a secret document was brought to light after your departure, by which the most substantial matters, and those most vital to the defence of the country, were withdrawn from the disposition of that council. And now, alas, we see the effects of these practices!

"Sir William Stanley, by you appointed governor of Deventer, and Rowland York, governor of Fort Zutphen, have refused, by virtue of that secret document, to acknowledge any authority in this country. And notwithstanding that since your departure they and their soldiers have been supported at our expense, and had just received a full month's pay from the States, they have traitorously and villainously delivered the city and the fortress to the enemy, with a declaration made by Stanley that he did the deed to ease his conscience, and to render to the King of Spain the city which of right was belonging to him. And this is a crime so dishonourable, scandalous, ruinous, and treasonable, as that, during this whole war, we have never seen the like. And we are now in daily fear lest the English commanders in Bergen-op-Zoom,

[1] "Gibier." MS. last cited.

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Ostend, and other cities, should commit the same crime. And although we fully suspected the designs of Stanley and York, yet your Excellency's secret document had deprived us of the power to act.

"We doubt not that her Majesty and your Excellency will think this strange language. But we can assure you, that we too think it strange and grievous that those places should have been confided to such men, against our repeated remonstrances, and that, moreover, this very Stanley should have been recommended by your Excellency for general of all the forces. And although we had many just and grave reasons for opposing your administration—even as our ancestors were often wont to rise against the sovereigns of the country—we have, nevertheless, patiently suffered for a long time, in order not to diminish your authority, which we deemed so important to our welfare, and in the hope that you would at last be moved by the perilous condition of the commonwealth, and awake to the artifices of your advisers.

"But at last—feeling that the existence of the state can no longer be preserved without proper authority, and that the whole community is full of emotion and distrust, on account of these great treasons—we, the States-General, as well as the States-Provincial, have felt constrained to establish such a government as we deem meet for the emergency. And of this we think proper to apprize your Excellency."

He then expressed the conviction that all these evil deeds had been accomplished against the intentions of the Earl and the English government, and requested his Excellency so to deal with her Majesty that the contingent of horse and foot hitherto accorded by her "might be maintained in good order, and in better pay."

Here, then, was substantial choleric phraseology, as good plain speaking as her Majesty had just been employing, and with quite as sufficient cause. Here was no pleasant diplomatic fencing, but straightforward vigorous thrusts. It was no wonder that poor Wilkes should have thought the letter "too sharp," when he heard it read in the assembly, and that

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he should have done his best to prevent it from being despatched. He would have thought it sharper could he have seen how the pride of her Majesty and of Leicester was wounded by it to the quick. Her list of grievances against the States seem to vanish into air. Who had been tampering with the Spaniards now? Had that "shadowy and imaginary authority" granted to Leicester not proved substantial enough? Was it the States-General, the state-council, or was it the "absolute governor"—who had carried off the supreme control of the commonwealth in his pocket—that was responsible for the ruin effected by Englishmen who had scorned all "authority" but his own?

The States, in another blunt letter to the Queen herself, declared the loss of Deventer to be more disastrous to them than even the fall of Antwerp had been; for the republic had now been split asunder, and its most ancient and vital portions almost cut away. Nevertheless they were not "dazzled nor despairing," they said, but more determined than ever to maintain their liberties, and bid defiance to the Spanish tyrant. And again they demanded of, rather than implored, her Majesty to be true to her engagements with them.[1]

The interviews which followed were more tempestuous than ever. "I had intended that my Lord of Leicester should return to you," she said to the envoys. "But that shall never be. He has been treated with gross ingratitude, he has served the Provinces with ability, he has consumed his own property there, he has risked his life, he has lost his near kinsman, Sir Philip Sidney, whose life I should be glad to purchase with many millions, and, in place of all reward, he receives these venomous letters, of which a copy has been sent to his sovereign to blacken him with her." She had been advising

[1] "Car si la perte d'Anvers a esté tres grande pour toute le pays, ceste cy tire avec soi plus grande consequence, tout au regard de plusieurs autres villes circumvoisines de Deventer, lesquelles ne pourront etre avictuaillees que par force, que aultrement. Non pas que nous disons cesq comme esblouys et par desespoir. . . . . Car nous ne manquerons jamais en nos premieres resolutions de nous vouloir maintenir contre le Roi d'Espaigne, pour la conservation de la religion Chrestienne, nos privileges, franchises, et libertés." States-General to the Queen, 6 Feb. 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.)

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him to return, she added, but she was now resolved that he should never set foot in the Provinces again."[1]

Here the Earl, who was present, exclaimed—beating himself on the breast—"a tali officio libera nos, Domine!"[2]

But the States, undaunted by these explosions of wrath, replied that it had ever been their custom, when their laws and liberties were invaded, to speak their mind boldly to kings and governors, and to procure redress of their grievances, as became free men.[3]

During that whole spring the Queen was at daggers drawn with all her leading counsellors, mainly in regard to that great question of questions—the relations of England with the Netherlands and Spain. Walsingham—who felt it madness to dream of peace, and who believed it the soundest policy to deal with Parma and his veterans upon the soil of Flanders, with the forces of the republic for allies, rather than to await his arrival in London—was driven almost to frenzy by what he deemed the Queen's perverseness.

"Our sharp words continue," said the Secretary, "which doth greatly disquiet her Majesty, and discomfort her poor servants that attend her. The Lord-Treasurer remaineth still in disgrace, and, behind my back, her Majesty giveth out very hard speeches of myself, which I the rather credit, for that I find, in dealing with her, I am nothing gracious; and if her Majesty could be otherwise served, I know I should not be used. . . . . Her Majesty doth wholly lend herself to devise some further means to disgrace her poor council, in respect whereof she neglecteth all other causes. . . . . The discord between her Majesty and her council hindereth the necessary consultations that were to be destined for the preventing of the manifold perils that hang over this realm. . . . . Sir Christopher Hatton hath dealt very plainly and dutifully

[1] Bor, II. xxii. 949.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Nous sommes accoustumez, comme aussi ont ete nos predecesseurs, de remonstrer a nos princes et gouverneurs librement des desordres et contraventions que nous trouvons contre nos privileges et libertes, comme avons fait a V. E. etant ici,—ce que nous avons toujours tenu etre de notre devoir et vrai moyen pour parvenir au redres des dites desordres," &c. States-General to Leicester, 1 March, 1587. (Hague Archives, MS.)

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with her, which hath been accepted in so evil part as he is resolved to retire for a time. I assure you I find every man weary of attendance here. . . . . I would to God I could find as good resolution in her Majesty to proceed in a princely course in relieving the United Provinces, as I find an honorable disposition in your Lordship to employ yourself in their service."[1]

The Lord-Treasurer was much puzzled, very wretched, but philosophically resigned. "Why her Majesty useth me thus strangely, I know not," he observed. "To some she saith that she meant not I should have gone from the court; to some she saith, she may not admit me, nor give me contentment. I shall dispose myself to enjoy God's favour, and shall do nothing to deserve her disfavour. And if I be suffered to be a stranger to her affairs, I shall have a quieter life."[2]

Leicester, after the first burst of his anger was over, was willing to return to the Provinces. He protested that he had a greater affection for the Netherland people—not for the governing powers—even than he felt for the people of England."[3] "There is nothing sticks in my stomach," he said, "but the good-will of that poor afflicted people, for whom, I take God to record, I could be content to lose any limb I have to do them good."[4] But he was crippled with debt, and the Queen resolutely refused to lend him a few thousand pounds, without which he could not stir. Walsingham in vain did battle with her parsimony, representing how urgently and vividly the necessity of his return had been depicted by all her ministers in both countries, and how much it imported to her own safety and service. But she was obdurate. "She would rather," he said bitterly to Leicester, "hazard the increase of confusion there—which may put the whole country in peril—than supply your want. The like course she holdeth in the rest of her causes, which maketh me to wish myself

[1] Walsingham to Leicester, 3 April, 1587. Same to same, 10 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 315-319.)
[2] Burghley to Leicester, 16 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 333.)
[3] Bor, II. xxii. 950-952.
[4] Leicester to Walsingham, 16 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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from the helm." At last she agreed to advance him ten thousand pounds, but on so severe conditions, that the Earl declared himself heart-broken again, and protested that he would neither accept the money, nor ever set foot in the Netherlands. "Let Norris stay there," he said in a fury; "he will do admirably, no doubt. Only let it not be supposed that I can be there also. Not for one hundred thousand pounds would I be in that country with him."[2]

Meantime it was agreed that Lord Buckhurst should be sent forth on what Wilkes termed a mission of expostulation,

[1] "For the 10,000*l.* for your particular," said Walsingham, "I have dealt very earnestly, but cannot prevail to win her Majesty to assent thereunto. I caused Mr. Barker to set down a note of your mortgages that stand upon forfeiture for lack of this promised support of the 10,000*l.*, wherewith she has been made acquainted, but not moved thereby to relieve you." Walsingham to Leicester, 6 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 323. MS.)

And again, two days later—"I am sorry that her Majesty sticketh with you for the loan, for I see, without your return, both the cause and many an honest man that have showed them most constantly affected to you, will go to ruin. I wish you had it, though it were for but two months. The enemy is not like to attempt any great matter in respect of his wants. But I am most sorry to see so great an advantage lost as her Majesty might have had, in case she had been induced to contribute towards the putting an army into the field." Same to same, 8 April, 1587. Ibid. p. 321-331. MS.

And once more, a week afterwards—"She can be content to furnish you with 10,000*l.*, so as you would devise, out of her entertainment and the States to pay her in one year the said sum, which she saith you promised unto herself, and therefore willed me to write to you to know whether you can make repayment in such order as she requireth." Same to same, 14 April, 1587. Ibid. 326.

There was not much sentiment between the "throned vestal" and "Sweet Robin" when pounds and shillings were discussed; and it will be seen that the Earl was rendered quite frantic by the screwing process to which he found himself subjected by her whose "blessed beams" had formerly been so "nutritious."

[2] "I perceive by your letters," said Leicester, "that her Majesty would now I should go over, and will lend me 10,000*l.* so she may be sure to receive it back within a year. I did offer to her Majesty heretofore that she should have all I receive of her entertainment, and as much besides as shall yield her 2,000*l.*, paid either 1,000*l.* at Michaelmas and the other at our Lady-day, or else both at our Lady, which is less than a year; and so long as I shall receive, then her Majesty shall receive after this sort till her 10,000*l.* be paid. And this is more, I am now persuaded, than I shall be able to do, and keep any countenance fit for the place . . . . but seeing I find her Majesty's hardness continue still to me as it doth, I pray you let me your earnest and true furtherance for my abode at home and discharge . . . for my heart is more than half-broken, and I do think her Majesty had rather far continue Sir J. Norris there, in respect to the reconciliation between him and Count Hollock. . . . . But I will never serve with him again as long as I live; no, not for to have 100,000*l.* given me. . . . . I know the man too well to trust to his service. I shall have no good thereby—not if I were an angel, for he cannot obey nor almost like of an equal . . . . and already he hath taken advantage to curry favour with captains and soldiers. . . . . He

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and a very ill-timed one. This new envoy was to inquire into the causes of the discontent, and to do his best to remove them: as if any man in England or in Holland doubted as to the causes, or as to the best means of removing them; or as if it were not absolutely certain that delay was the very worst specific that could be adopted—delay—which the Netherland statesmen, as well as the Queen's wisest counsellors, most deprecated, which Alexander and Philip most desired, and by indulging in which her Majesty was most directly playing into her adversary's hand. Elizabeth was preparing to put cards upon the table against an antagonist whose game was close, whose honesty was always to be suspected, and who was a consummate master in what was then considered diplomatic sleight of hand. So Lord Buckhurst was to go forth to expostulate at the Hague, while transports were loading in Cadiz and Lisbon, reiters levying in Germany, pikemen and musketeers in Spain and Italy, for a purpose concerning which Walsingham and Barneveld had for a long time felt little doubt.

Meantime Lord Leicester went to Bath to drink the waters, and after he had drunk the waters, the Queen, ever anxious for his health, was resolved that he should not lose the benefit of those salubrious draughts by travelling too soon, or by plunging anew into the fountains of bitterness which flowed perennially in the Netherlands.[1]

shall never bear sway under me; his disdain and craft hath no moderation; and I know, for all those speeches of my going, his friends make full account that he shall remain there as her Majesty's general of the forces." Leicester to Walsingham, 16 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] "Finding your presence here necessary," wrote Walsingham, "for the expedition of the Low Country causes, I moved her Majesty that I might be authorised in her name to hasten your repair hither, whereunto she would in no sort consent, pretending that after the use of the Bath, it would be dangerous for your Lordship to take any extraordinary travail. There is some doubt that Ostend will be presently besieged," &c. &c. Walsingham to Leicester, 17 April, 1587. (B. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 327, MS.)

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CHAPTER XV.

Buckhurst sent to the Netherlands — Alarming State of Affairs on his Arrival — His Efforts to conciliate — Democratic Theories of Wilkes — Sophistry of the Argument — Dispute between Wilkes and Barneveld — Religious Tolerance by the States — Their Constitutional Theory — Deventer's bad Counsels to Leicester — Their pernicious Effect — Real and supposed Plots against Hohenlo — Mutual Suspicion and Distrust — Buckhurst seeks to restore good Feeling — The Queen angry and vindictive — She censures Buckhurst's Course — Leicester's Wrath at Hohenlo's Charges of a Plot by the Earl to murder him — Buckhurst's eloquent Appeals to the Queen — Her perplexing and contradictory Orders — Despair of Wilkes — Leicester announces his Return — His Instructions — Letter to Junius — Barneveld denounces him in the States.

We return to the Netherlands. If ever proof were afforded of the influence of individual character on the destiny of nations and of the world, it certainly was seen in the year 1587. We have lifted the curtain of the secret council-chamber at Greenwich. We have seen all Elizabeth's advisers anxious to arouse her from her fatal credulity, from her almost as fatal parsimony. We have seen Leicester anxious to return, despite all fancied indignities, Walsingham eager to expedite the enterprise, and the Queen remaining obdurate, while month after month of precious time was melting away.

In the Netherlands, meantime, discord and confusion had been increasing every day; and the first great cause of such a dangerous condition of affairs was the absence of the governor. In this all parties agreed. The Leicestrians, the anti-Leicestrians, the Holland party, the Utrecht party, the English counsellors, the English generals, in private letter, in solemn act, all warned the Queen against the lamentable effects resulting from Leicester's inopportune departure and prolonged absence.[1]

On the first outbreak of indignation after the Deventer affair, Prince Maurice was placed at the head of the general government, with the violent Hohenlo as his lieutenant.[2] The

[1] Documents in Bor, III. xxiii. 76-80.

[2] Wagenaar, viii. 204.

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greatest exertions were made by these two nobles and by Barneveld, who guided the whole policy of the party, to secure as many cities as possible to their cause. Magistrates and commandants of garrisons in many towns willingly gave in their adhesion to the new government; others refused; especially Diedrich Sonoy, an officer of distinction, who was governor of Enkhuyzen, and influential throughout North Holland, and who remained a stanch partisan of Leicester.[1] Utrecht, the stronghold of the Leicestrians, was wavering and much torn by faction; Hohenlo and Moeurs had "banquetted and feasted" to such good purpose that they had gained over half the captains of the burgher-guard, and, aided by the branch of nobles, were making a good fight against the Leicester magistracy and the clerical force, enriched by the plunder of the old Catholic livings, who denounced as Papistical and Hispaniolized all who favoured the party of Maurice and Barneveld.

By the end of March the envoys returned from London, and in their company came Lord Buckhurst, as special ambassador from the Queen.[2]

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst—afterwards Earl of Dorset and lord-treasurer—was then fifty-one years of age. A man of large culture—poet, dramatist, diplomatist—bred to the bar; afterwards elevated to the peerage; endowed with high character and strong intellect; ready with tongue and pen; handsome of person, and with a fascinating address, he was as fit a person to send on a mission of expostulation as any man to be found in England. But the author of the 'Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates' and of 'Gorboduc,' had come to the Netherlands on a forlorn hope. To expostulate in favour of peace with a people who knew that their existence depended on war, to reconcile those to delay who felt that delay was death, and to heal animosities between men who were enemies from their cradles to their graves, was a difficult mission. But the chief ostensible object of Buckhurst was to smooth the way for Leicester, and, if possible, to

[1] Wagenaar, viii. 176, 185, 209-211, 270-278. Bor, III. xxiii. 10, *seq.* Reyd, vi. 101.

[2] Bor, xxii. 952. Wagenaar, 216.

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persuade the Netherlanders as to the good inclinations of the English government. This was no easy task, for they knew that their envoys had been dismissed, without even a promise of subsidy. They had asked for twelve thousand soldiers and sixty thousand pounds, and had received a volley of abuse. Over and over again, through many months, the Queen fell into a paroxysm of rage when even an allusion was made to the loan of fifty or sixty thousand pounds; and even had she promised the money, it would have given but little satisfaction. As Count Moeurs observed, he would rather see one English rose-noble than a hundred royal promises. So the Hollanders and Zeelanders—not fearing Leicester's influence within their little morsel of a territory—were concentrating their means of resistance upon their own soil, intending to resist Spain, and, if necessary, England, in their last ditch, and with the last drop of their blood.

While such was the condition of affairs, Lord Buckhurst landed at Flushing—four months after the departure of Leicester—on the 24th March, having been tossing three days and nights at sea in a great storm, "miserably sick and in great danger of drowning."[1] Sir William Russell, governor of Flushing, informed him of the progress making by Prince Maurice in virtue of his new authority. He told him that the Zeeland regiment, vacant by Sidney's death, and which the Queen wished bestowed upon Russell himself, had been given to Count Solms; a circumstance which was very sure to excite her Majesty's ire; but that the greater number, and those of the better sort, disliked the alteration of government, and relied entirely upon the Queen. Sainte Aldegonde visited him at Middelburgh, and in a "long discourse" expressed the most friendly sentiments towards England, with free offers of personal service. "Nevertheless," said Buckhurst, cautiously, "I mean to trust the effect, not his words, and so I hope he shall not much deceive me. His opinion is that the Earl of Leicester's absence hath chiefly caused this change, and that without his return it will hardly be restored again, but that

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, 26th March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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upon his arrival all these clouds will prove but a summer-shower."[1]

As a matter of course the new ambassador lifted up his voice, immediately after setting foot on shore, in favour of the starving soldiers of his Queen. "'Tis a most lamentable thing," said he, "to hear the complaints of soldiers and captains for want of pay." . . . . Whole companies made their way into his presence, literally crying aloud for bread. "For Jesus' sake," wrote Buckhurst, "hasten to send relief with all speed, and let such victuallers be appointed as have a conscience not to make themselves rich with the famine of poor soldiers. If her Majesty send not money, and that with speed, for their payment, I am afraid to think what mischief and miseries are like to follow."[2]

Then the ambassador proceeded to the Hague, holding interviews with influential personages in private, and with the States-General in public. Such was the charm of his manner, and so firm the conviction of sincerity and good-will which he inspired, that in the course of a fortnight there was already a sensible change in the aspect of affairs. The enemy, who, at the time of their arrival, had been making bonfires and holding triumphal processions for joy of the great breach between Holland and England, and had been "hoping to swallow them all up, while there were so few left who knew how to act," were already manifesting disappointment.[3]

In a solemn meeting of the States-General with the state-council, Buckhurst addressed the assembly upon the general subject of her Majesty's goodness to the Netherlands. He spoke of the gracious assistance rendered by her, notwithstanding her many special charges for the common cause, and of the mighty enmities which she had incurred for their sake. He sharply censured the Hollanders for their cruelty to men who had shed their blood in their cause, but who were now driven forth from their towns, and left to starve on the highways, and hated for their nation's sake; as if the whole

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, MS. last cited.
[2] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, 12 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[3] Ibid.

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English name deserved to be soiled "for the treachery of two miscreants." He spoke strongly of their demeanour towards the Earl of Leicester, and of the wrongs they had done him, and told them, that, if they were not ready to atone to her Majesty for such injuries, they were not to wonder if their deputies received no better answer at her hands. "She who embraced your cause," he said, "when other mighty princes forsook you, will still stand fast unto you, yea, and increase her goodness, if her present state may suffer it."[1]

After being addressed in this manner the council of state made what Counsellor Clerk called a "very honest, modest, and wise answer;" but the States-General, not being able "so easily to discharge that which had so long boiled within them," deferred their reply until the following day. They then brought forward a deliberate rejoinder, in which they expressed themselves devoted to her Majesty, and, on the whole, well disposed to the Earl. As to the 4th February letter, it had been written "in amaritudine cordis," upon hearing the treasons of York and Stanley, and in accordance with "their custom and liberty used towards all princes, whereby they had long preserved their estate," and in the conviction that the real culprits for all the sins of his Excellency's government were certain "lewd persons who sought to seduce his Lordship, and to cause him to hate the States."

Buckhurst did not think it well to reply, at that moment, upon the ground that there had been already crimination and recrimination more than enough, and that "a little bitterness more had rather caused them to determine dangerously than resolve for the best."[2]

They then held council together—the envoys and the States-General, as to the amount of troops absolutely necessary—casting up the matter "as pinchingly as possibly might be." And the result was, that 20,000 foot and 2000 horse for garrison work, and an army of 13,000 foot, 5000 horse, and 1000 pioneers, for a campaign of five or six months, were pronounced indispensable. This would require all their 240,000*l.*

[1] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, *ubi sup.* [2] Ibid.

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sterling a-year, regular contribution, her Majesty's contingent of 140,000*l.*, and an extra sum of 150,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum the States requested her Majesty should furnish two-thirds, while they agreed to furnish the other third, which would make in all 240,000*l.* for the Queen, and 290,000*l.* for the States. As it was understood that the English subsidies were only a loan, secured by mortgage of the cautionary towns, this did not seem very unreasonable, when the intimate blending of England's welfare with that of the Provinces was considered.[1]

Thus it will be observed that Lord Buckhurst—while doing his best to conciliate personal feuds and heartburnings—had done full justice to the merits of Leicester, and had placed in strongest light the favours conferred by her Majesty.

He then proceeded to Utrecht, where he was received with many demonstrations of respect, "with solemn speeches" from magistrates and burgher-captains, with military processions, and with great banquets, which were, however, conducted with decorum, and at which even Count Moeurs excited universal astonishment by his sobriety.[2] It was difficult, however, for matters to go very smoothly, except upon the surface. What could be more disastrous than for a little commonwealth—a mere handful of people, like these Netherlanders, engaged in mortal combat with the most powerful monarch in the world, and with the first general of the age, within a league of their borders—thus to be deprived of all organized government at a most critical moment, and to be left to wrangle with their allies and among themselves, as to the form of polity to be adopted, while waiting the pleasure of a capricious and despotic woman?

And the very foundation of the authority by which the Spanish yoke had been abjured, the sovereignty offered to Elizabeth, and the government-general conferred on Leicester, was fiercely assailed by the confidential agents of Elizabeth herself. The dispute went into the very depths of the social

[1] Bartholomew Clerk to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Gilpin to Wilkes, 25 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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contract. Already Wilkes, standing up stoutly for the democratic views of the governor, who was so foully to requite him, had assured the English government that the "people were ready to cut the throats" of the States-General at any convenient moment. The sovereign people, not the deputies, were alone to be heeded, he said, and although he never informed the world by what process he had learned the deliberate opinion of that sovereign, as there had been no assembly excepting those of the States-General and States-Provincial—he was none the less fully satisfied that the people were all with Leicester, and bitterly opposed to the States.

"For the sovereignty, or supreme authority," said he, "through failure of a legitimate prince, belongs to the people, and not to you, gentlemen, who are only servants, ministers, and deputies of the people. You have your commissions or instructions surrounded by limitations—which conditions are so widely different from the power of sovereignty, as the might of the subject is in regard to his prince, or of a servant in respect to his master. For sovereignty is not limited either as to power or as to time. Still less do you *represent* the sovereignty; for the people, in giving the general and absolute government to the Earl of Leicester, have conferred upon him at once the exercise of justice, the administration of polity, of naval affairs, of war, and of all the other points of sovereignty. Of these a governor-general is however only the depositary or guardian, until such time as it may please the prince or people to revoke the trust; there being no other in this state who can do this; seeing that it was the people, who, through the instrumentality of your offices—through you as its servants—conferred on his Excellency, this power, authority, and government. According to the common rule of law, therefore, *quo jure quid statuitur, eodem jure tolli debet.* You having been fully empowered by the provinces and cities, or, to speak more correctly, by your masters and superiors, to confer the government on his Excellency, it follows that you require a like power in order to take it away either in whole or in part. If then you had no commission

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to curtail his authority, or even that of the state-council, and thus to tread upon and usurp his power as governor general and absolute, there follows of two things one: either you did not well understand what you were doing, nor duly consider how far that power reached, or—much more probably—you have fallen into the sin of disobedience, considering how solemnly you swore allegiance to him.[1]

Thus subtly and ably did Wilkes defend the authority of the man who had deserted his post at a most critical moment, and had compelled the States, by his dereliction, to take the government into their own hands.

For, after all, the whole argument of the English counsellor rested upon a quibble. The people were absolutely sovereign, he said, and had lent that sovereignty to Leicester. How

[1] Kluit. 'Holl. Staatsreg.' II. 281. Compare Wagenaar, viii. 208.

It is very important to observe, that Wilkes retracted these democratic views before the end of the summer, and gradually adopted the constitutional theory maintained by Holland. He informed the Queen, on the 12th July, 1587, that in case she refused the sovereignty, it "should remain with such as by the *laws of the country do retain it*, which is *not in the common people*, but in some fifty or sixty persons in every city and town called by the name of Vroedschap. . . . . If the Earl of Leicester," said he, "should attempt to remove any of these persons constituting this Vroedschap, as it is rumoured he intends doing, it will hazard the ruin of the whole country, endanger the Earl greatly, and prove the loss of all her Majesty's charge employed in the defence of the country. It is a mistake to suppose that it will be a facile matter to carry the common people into any such violence at any time against the States; for the magistrates of every city and town, upon premonition already given, are holding a vigilant eye and severe hand over any that shall stir within any of their jurisdiction."

"The remedy," continued Wilkes, "to prevent any mischief that might ensue of any popular commotion, would be to leave that course, and to follow the example of the late Prince of Orange, who had quite as many difficulties to contend with as the Earl of Leicester, and yet forebore to discredit the States with the people—gaining five or six of the States' members that had the most credit with the assemblies, and through them working upon all the rest; there being nothing determined or to be handled in their assemblies but he knew of it always beforehand; and whensoever he had anything to propound or bring to pass among them, he first consulted with these persons, and by them was made acquainted whether the matter would pass or be impugned, and acted accordingly." "The Prince," said Wilkes, "never attempted anything of importance without consulting the States. The people are the same now as they were then, and do not love to be subject to any monarchical government." Wilkes to the Queen, 12 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

It is obvious, from this change of opinion on the part of the counsellor, that he would become liable to the disapprobation of Leicester; but it seems hardly credible that he should have thereby inspired the Earl with such a hatred and longing for revenge against him as he unquestionably did excite.

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had they made that loan? Through the machinery of the States-General. So long then as the Earl retained the absolute sovereignty, the States were not even representatives of the sovereign people. The sovereign people was merged into one English Earl. The English Earl had retired—indefinitely—to England. Was the sovereign people to wait for months, or years, before it regained its existence? And if not, how was it to reassert its vitality? How but through the agency of the States-General, who—according to Wilkes himself—*had been fully empowed by the Provinces and Cities to confer the government on the Earl?* The people then, after all, were the provinces and cities. And the States-General were at that moment as much qualified to represent those provinces and cities as they ever had been, and they claimed no more. Wilkes, nor any other of the Leicester party, ever hinted at a general assembly of the people. Universal suffrage was not dreamed of at that day. By the people, he meant, if he meant anything, only that very small fraction of the inhabitants of a country, who, according to the English system, in the reign of Elizabeth, constituted its Commons. He chose, rather from personal and political motives than philosophical ones, to draw a distinction between the people and the 'States,' but it is quite obvious, from the tone of his private communications, that by the 'States' he meant the individuals who happened, for the time-being, to be the deputies of the States of each Province. But it was almost an affectation to accuse those individuals of calling or considering themselves 'sovereigns;' for it was very well known that they sat as *envoys*, rather than as *members* of a congress, and were perpetually obliged to recur to their constituents, the States of each Province, for instructions. It was idle, because Buys and Barneveld, and Roorda, and other leaders, exercised the influence due to their talents, patriotism, and experience, to stigmatise them as usurpers of sovereignty, and to hound the rabble upon them as tyrants and mischief-makers. Yet to take this course pleased the Earl of Leicester, who saw no hope for the liberty of the people, unless absolute and uncon-

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ditional authority over the people, in war, naval affairs, justice, and policy, were placed in his hands. This was the view sustained by the clergy of the Reformed Church, because they found it convenient, through such a theory, and by Leicester's power, to banish Papists, exercise intolerance in matters of religion, sequestrate for their own private uses the property of the Catholic Church, and obtain for their own a political power which was repugnant to the more liberal ideas of the Barneveld party.

The States of Holland—inspired as it were by the memory of that great martyr to religious and political liberty, William the Silent—maintained freedom of conscience.

The Leicester party advocated a different theory on the religious question. They were also determined to omit no effort to make the States odious.

"Seeing their violent courses," said Wilkes to Leicester, "I have not been negligent, as well by solicitations *to the ministers*, as by my letters to such as have continued constant in affection to your Lordship, to *have the people* informed of the ungrateful and dangerous proceedings of the States. They have therein travailed with so good effect, as *the people* are now wonderfully well disposed, and have delivered everywhere in speeches, that if, by the overthwart dealings of the States, her Majesty shall be drawn to stay her succours and goodness to them, and that thereby your Lordship be also discouraged to return, *they will cut their throats.*"[1]

Who the "*people*" exactly were, that had been so wonderfully well disposed to throat-cutting by the ministers of the Gospel, did not distinctly appear. It was certain, however, that they were the special friends of Leicester, great orators, very pious, and the sovereigns of the country. So much could not be gainsaid.

"Your Lordship would wonder," continued the councillor, "to see the people—who so lately, by the practice of the said States and the accident of Deventer, were notably alienated—

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, 12 March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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so returned to their former devotion towards her Majesty, your Lordship, and our nation."

Wilkes was able moreover to gratify the absent governor-general with the intelligence—of somewhat questionable authenticity however—that the States were very "much terrified with these threats of the people." But Barneveld came down to the council to inquire what member of that body it was who had accused the States of violating the Earl's authority. "Whoever he is," said the Advocate, "let him deliver his mind frankly, and he shall be answered." The man did not seem much terrified by the throat-cutting orations. "It is true," replied Wilkes, perceiving himself to be the person intended, "that you have very injuriously, in many of your proceedings, derogated from and trodden the authority of his Lordship and of this council under your feet."[1]

And then he went into particulars, and discussed, *more suo*, the constitutional question, in which various Leicestrian counsellors seconded him.

But Barneveld grimly maintained that the States were the sovereigns, and that it was therefore unfit that the *governor, who drew his authority from them*, should call them to account for their doings. "It was as if the governors in the time of Charles V.," said the Advocate, "should have taxed that Emperor for any action of his done in the government."[2]

In brief, the rugged Barneveld, with threatening voice, and lion port, seemed to impersonate the States, and to hold reclaimed sovereignty in his grasp. It seemed difficult to tear it from him again.

"I did what I could," said Wilkes, "to *beat them from this humour of their sovereignty*, showing that upon that error they had grounded the rest of *their wilful absurdities*."[3]

Next night, he drew up sixteen articles, showing the disorders of the States, their breach of oaths, and violations of the Earl's authority; and with that commenced a series of

[1] Wilkes to Leicester, MS. last cited.
[2] Ibid. Compare Kluit, II. 281, *seq.* Bor, II. xxii. 918, 921, *seq.* Wagenaar, viii. 208.
[3] Wilkes to Leicester, MS. last cited.

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papers interchanged by the two parties, in which the topics of the origin of government and the principles of religious freedom were handled with much ability on both sides, but at unmerciful length.

On the religious question, the States-General, led by Barneveld and by Francis Franck, expressed themselves manfully, on various occasions, during the mission of Buckhurst.

"The nobles and cities constituting the States," they said, "have been denounced to Lord Leicester as enemies of religion, by the self-seeking mischief-makers who surround him. Why? Because they had refused the demand of certain preachers to call a general synod, in defiance of the States-General, and to introduce a set of ordinances, with a system of discipline, according to *their arbitrary will*. This the late Prince of Orange and the States-General had always thought detrimental both to religion and polity. They respected the difference in religious opinions, and leaving all churches in their freedom, they *chose to compel no man's conscience*—a course which all statesmen, knowing the diversity of human opinions, had considered necessary in order to maintain fraternal harmony."[1]

Such words shine through the prevailing darkness of the religious atmosphere at that epoch, like characters of light.

[1] Meteren, xiv. 250-253.

The States of Holland, under the guidance of Barneveld, took strong ground, on several occasions this year, against attempts made by the Reformed Church to meddle with secular matters. On the presentation of a petition relative to politics, by a committee of four preachers, representing the churches of Holland, answer was made through the mouth of Barneveld, that "the States were very well acquainted with the matters mentioned in the petition, and with many other things besides; that the States were quite as much interested as the churches could be in the welfare of the land, and that they could provide for it, without the assistance of the preachers." The petitioners were accordingly advised to go home, and leave the States to manage the affairs of the country. (Bor, III. xxiii. 76.)

A few days later, a resolution upon the subject of the petition was passed by the States, printed, and sent to all the cities in the Province, with an order to the magistrates to summon the preachers before them, deliver them a copy of the resolution, warn them to keep their congregations in tranquillity and harmony, and, for their own part, to occupy themselves with praying, teaching, and preaching, and to allow the States and the magistrates to administer the government.

The resolution itself—which the preachers characterised as a rude answer to a courteous request—was conceived much in the spirit of Barneveld's original verbal reply. (See the documents in Bor, III. xxiii. 76, 85 *seq.*)

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They are beacons in the upward path of mankind. Never before, had so bold and wise a tribute to the genius of the reformation been paid by an organized community. Individuals walking in advance of their age had enunciated such truths, and their voices had seemed to die away, but, at last, a little, struggling, half-developed commonwealth had proclaimed the rights of conscience for all mankind—for Papists and Calvinists, Jews and Anabaptists—because "having a respect for differences in religious opinions, and leaving all churches in their freedom, they chose to compel no man's conscience."

On the constitutional question, the States commenced by an astounding absurdity. "These mischief-makers, moreover," said they, "have not been ashamed to dispute, and to cause the Earl of Leicester to dispute, the lawful constitution of the Provinces; a matter which has not been *disputed for eight hundred years.*"[1]

This was indeed to claim a respectable age for their republic. Eight hundred years took them back to the days of Charlemagne, in whose time it would have been somewhat difficult to detect a germ of their States-General and States-Provincial. That the constitutional government—consisting of nobles and of the vroedschaps of chartered cities—should have been in existence four hundred and seventeen years before the first charter had ever been granted to a city, was a very loose style of argument. Thomas Wilkes, in reply, might as well have traced the English parliament to Hengist and Horsa. "For eight hundred years," they said, "Holland had been governed by Counts and Countesses, on whom the nobles and cities, as representing the States, had legally conferred sovereignty."[2]

Now the first incorporated city of Holland and Zeeland that ever existed was Middelburg, which received its charter from Count William I. of Holland and Countess Joan of Flanders, in the year 1217. The first Count that had any legal or

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 76-84. Meteren, xiv. 250-253. Kluit, II. 286, *seq.*
[2] Bor, Meteren, Kluit, *ubi sup.*

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recognized authority was Dirk the First to whom Charles the Simple presented the territory of Holland, by letters-patent, in 922. Yet the States-General, in a solemn and eloquent document, gravely dated their own existence from the year 787, and claimed the regular possession and habitual delegation of sovereignty from that epoch down!

After this fabulous preamble, they proceeded to handle the matter of fact with logical precision. It was absurd, they said, that Mr. Wilkes and Lord Leicester should affect to confound the *persons* who appeared in the assembly with the States themselves; as if those individuals claimed or exercised sovereignty. Any man who had observed what had been passing during the last fifteen years, knew very well that the supreme authority did not belong to the thirty or forty individuals who came to the meetings. . . . . The nobles, by reason of their ancient dignity and splendid possessions, took counsel together over state matters, and then, appearing at the assembly, deliberated with the deputies of the cities. The cities had mainly one form of government—a college of counsellors, or wise men, 40, 32, 28, or 24 in number, of the most respectable out of the whole community. They were chosen for life, and vacancies were supplied by the colleges themselves out of the mass of citizens. These colleges[1] alone governed the city, and that which had been ordained by them was to be obeyed by all the inhabitants—a system against which there had never been any rebellion. The colleges again, united with those of the nobles, *represented* the whole state, the whole body of the population; and no form of government could be imagined, they said, that could resolve, with a more thorough knowledge of the necessities of the country, or that could execute its resolves with more unity of

[1] "These colleges," says the document, "are as old as the cities; or so old at least, that there is no memory left of their commencement."

Here, too, was a gross misstatement, for the colleges of Vroedschappen dated only from the time of Philip the Good—not much more than a century before the publication of this document; and the cities themselves, as organized corporations, were but 350 years old, at most. It is difficult to understand how such inaccuracies should find their way into so able a state-paper.

Compare Kluit, 'Holl. Staatsregering, II. 291.

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purpose and decisive authority. To bring the colleges into an assembly could only be done by means of deputies. These deputies, chosen by their colleges, and properly instructed, were sent to the place of meeting. During the war they had always been commissioned to resolve in common on matters regarding the liberty of the land. These deputies, thus assembled, *represented*, by commission, the States; but they are not, in their own persons, the States; and no one of them had any such pretension. "The people of this country," said the States, "have an aversion to all ambition; and in these disastrous times, wherein nothing but trouble and odium is to be gathered by public employment, these commissions are accounted *munera necessaria*. . . . . This form of government has, by God's favour, protected Holland and Zeeland, during this war, against a powerful foe, without loss of territory, without any popular outbreak, without military mutiny, because all *business has been transacted with open doors;* and because the very smallest towns are all represented, and vote in the assembly."[1]

In brief, the constitution of the United Provinces was a matter of fact. It was there in good working order, and had, for a generation of mankind, and throughout a tremendous war, done good service. Judged by the principles of reason and justice, it was in the main a wholesome constitution, securing the independence and welfare of the state, and the liberty and property of the individual, as well certainly as did any polity then existing in the world. It seemed more hopeful to abide by it yet a little longer than to adopt the throat-cutting system by the people, recommended by Wilkes and Leicester as an improvement on the old constitution. This was the view of Lord Buckhurst. He felt that threats of throat-cutting were not the best means of smoothing and conciliating, and he had come over to smooth and conciliate. "To spend the time," said he, "in private brabbles and piques between the States and Lord Leicester, when we ought to prepare an army against the enemy, and to repair the shaken

[1] Bor, Meteren, Kluit, *ubi sup.*

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and torn state, is not a good course for her Majesty's service."[1] Letters were continually circulating from hand to hand among the antagonists of the Holland party, written out of England by Leicester, exciting the ill-will of the populace against the organized government. "By such means to bring the States into hatred," said Buckhurst, "and to stir up the people against them, tends to great damage and miserable end. This his Lordship doth full little consider, being the very way to dissolve all government, and so to bring all into confusion, and open the door for the enemy. But oh, how lamentable a thing it is, and how doth my Lord of Leicester abuse her Majesty, making her authority the means to uphold and justify, and under her name to defend and maintain, all his intolerable errors. I thank God that neither his might nor his malice shall deter me from laying open all those things which my conscience knoweth, and which appertaineth to be done for the good of this cause and of her Majesty's service. Herein, though I were sure to lose my life, yet will I not offend neither the one nor the other, knowing very well that I must die; and to die in her Majesty's faithful service, and with a good conscience, is far more happy than the miserable life that I am in. If Leicester do in this sort stir up the people against the States to follow his revenge against them, and if the Queen do yield no better aid, and the minds of Count Maurice and Hohenlo remain thus in fear and hatred of him, what good end or service can be hoped for here?"[2]

Buckhurst was a man of unimpeached integrity and gentle manners. He had come over with the best intentions towards the governor-general, and it has been seen that he boldly defended him in his first interviews with the States. But as the intrigues and underhand plottings of the Earl's agents were revealed to him, he felt more and more convinced that there was a deep laid scheme to destroy the government, and to constitute a virtual and absolute sovereignty for Leicester. It was not wonderful that the States were standing vigorously on the defensive.

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, 13th June, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 95, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

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The subtle Deventer, Leicester's evil genius, did not cease to poison the mind of the governor, during his protracted absence, against all persons who offered impediments to the cherished schemes of his master and himself. "Your Excellency knows very well," he said, "that the state of this country is democratic, since, by failure of a prince, the sovereign disposition of affairs has returned to the people. That same people is everywhere so incredibly affectionate towards you that the delay in your return drives them to extreme despair. Any one who would know the real truth has but to remember the fine fear the States-General were in when the news of your displeasure about the 4th February letter became known."[1]

Had it not been for the efforts of Lord Buckhurst in calming the popular rage, Deventer assured the Earl that the writers of the letter would "have scarcely saved their skins;" and that they had always continued in great danger.

He vehemently urged upon Leicester the necessity of his immediate return—not so much for reasons drawn from the distracted state of the country, thus left to a provisional government and torn by faction—but because of the facility with which he might at once seize upon arbitrary power. He gratified his master by depicting in lively colours the abject condition into which Barneveld, Maurice, Hohenlo, and similar cowards, would be thrown by his sudden return.

"If," said he, "the States' members and the counts, every one of them, are so desperately afraid of the people, even while your Excellency is afar off, in what trepidation will they be when you are here! God, reason, the affection of the sovereign people, are on your side. There needs, in a little commonwealth like ours, but a wink of the eye, the slightest indication of dissatisfaction on your part, to take away all their valour from men who are only brave where swords are too short. A magnanimous prince like yourself should seek at once the place where such plots are hatching, and you would

[1] G. de Proninck (Deventer) au Comte de Leycestre, 22 May, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 16, MS.)

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see the fury of the rebels change at once to cowardice. There is more than one man here in the Netherlands that brags of what he will do against the greatest and most highly endowed prince in England, because he thinks he shall never see him again, who, at the very first news of your return, my Lord, would think only of packing his portmanteau, greasing his boots, or, at the very least, of sneaking back into his hole." [1]

But the sturdy democrat was quite sure that his Excellency, that most magnanimous prince of England would not desert his faithful followers—thereby giving those "filthy rascals," his opponents, a triumph, and "doing so great an injury to the sovereign people, who were ready to get rid of them all at a single blow, if his Excellency would but say the word." [2]

He then implored the magnanimous prince to imitate the example of Moses, Joshua, David, and that of all great emperors and captains, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, to come at once to the scene of action, and to smite his enemies hip and thigh. He also informed his Excellency, that if the delay should last much longer, he would lose all chance of regaining power, because the sovereign people had quite made up their mind to return to the dominion of Spain within three months, if they could not induce his Excellency to rule over them. In that way at least, if in no other, they could circumvent those filthy rascals whom they so much abhorred, and frustrate the designs of Maurice, Hohenlo, and Sir John Norris, who were represented as occupying the position of the triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

To place its neck under the yoke of Philip II. and the Inquisition, after having so handsomely got rid of both, did not

[1] "Tel bravera es Pays Bas contre le plus grand et qualifié prince d'Angleterre, lequel il d'asseure ne revoir jamais pardeça, qui aux dernieres nouvelles de votre retour, Monseigneur, ne pensoit qu'à trousser bagage et faire graisser ses bottes, ou du moins se desrober en sa taniere," &c. (G. de Proninck. MS. last cited.)

[2] "Mais un prince si tres magnanime, ne fera jamais ce tort ny a soy mesme, ni au bon peuple belgique. Point a soy mesme, comme s'il avait cedé a la bravade *des pouceux*, dont toute sa posterité et histoires et memoires du temps a venir portera l'ignominie. Point au peuple, lequel, comme souverain, ne doit recevoir le tort de cette injure, puisque ne luy que l'information de vostre mescontentement pour se desfaire en un coup de cest obstacle," &c. (Ibid.)

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seem a sublime manifestation of sovereignty on the part of the people, and even Deventer had some misgivings as to the propriety of such a result. "What then will become of our beautiful churches?" he cried, "What will princes say, what will the world in general say, what will historians say, about the honour of the English nation?"[1]

As to the first question, it is probable that the prospect of the reformed churches would not have been cheerful, had the inquisition been re-established in Holland and Utrecht, three months after that date. As to the second, the world and history were likely to reply, that the honour of the English nation was fortunately not entirely entrusted at that epoch to the "magnanimous prince" of Leicester, and his democratic counsellor-in-chief, burgomaster Deventer.

These are but samples of the ravings which sounded incessantly in the ears of the governor-general. Was it strange that a man, so thirsty for power, so gluttonous of flattery, should be influenced by such passionate appeals? Addressed in strains of fulsome adulation, convinced that arbitrary power was within his reach, and assured that he had but to wink his eye to see his enemies scattered before him, he became impatient of all restraint, and determined, on his return, to crush the States into insignificance.

Thus, while Buckhurst had been doing his best as a mediator to prepare the path for his return, Leicester himself and his partisans had been secretly exerting themselves to make his arrival the signal for discord, perhaps of civil war. The calm, then, immediately succeeding the mission of Buckhurst, was a deceitful one; but it seemed very promising. The best feelings were avowed and perhaps entertained. The

[1] "Il plaira a V. Exce de nous veoir incontinent Espagnol, ou de nous en conserver par l'empeschement de ce desseing. . . . Car il ne peut tomber en aucune imagination raisonnable, en cas que ce desseing ne se renverse tout subit, que faute d'autorité jointe, un desespoir extreme ne nous rende à l'Espagnol devant l'issue de trois mois. Que sera ce alors de nos pauvres delaissez? Que deviendront ces belles eglises, que dira le monde, que diront les princes, que diront les historiens, de l'honneur de la nation Anglaise? Le desespoir enragé du peuple choisira plutot quel parti que ce soit avec l'Espagnol, que d'endurer ceux qui leur auront renversé le retour de Votre Excellence," &c. (G. de Prominck, MS. just cited.)

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States professed great devotion to her Majesty and friendly regard for the governor. They distinctly declared that the arrangements by which Maurice and Hohenlo had been placed in their new positions were purely provisional ones, subject to modifications on the arrival of the Earl.[1] "All things are reduced to a quiet calm," said Buckhurst, "ready to receive my Lord of Leicester and his authority, whenever he cometh."[2]

The quarrel of Hohenlo with Sir Edward Norris had been, by the exertions of Buckhurst, amicably arranged:[3] the Count became an intimate friend of Sir John, "to the gladding of all such as wished well to the country;"[4] but he nourished a deadly hatred to the Earl. He ran up and down like a madman whenever his return was mentioned.[5] "If the Queen be willing to take the sovereignty," he cried out at his own dinner-table to a large company, "and is ready to proceed roundly in this action, I will serve her to the last drop of my blood; but if she embrace it in no other sort than hitherto she hath done, and if Leicester is to return, then am I as good a man as Leicester, and will never be commanded by him. I mean to continue on my frontier, where all who love me can come and find me."[6]

He declared to several persons that he had detected a plot on the part of Leicester to have him assassinated; and the assertion seemed so important, that Villiers came to Councillor Clerk to confer with him on the subject. The worthy Bartholomew, who had again, most reluctantly, left his quiet chambers in the Temple to come again among the guns and drums, which his soul abhorred, was appalled by such a charge.

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 8 April, 1587. Same to same, 13 and 19 April, 1587. Clerk to Burghley, 12 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Buckhurst to Burghley, 19 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Wilkes to Walsingham, 8 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Memorandum of a speech between the Lord Buckhurst and Count Hohenlo, 17 April, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, xi. 345, MS.)

[5] Otheman to Walsingham, 23rd March, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[6] Wilkes to Walsingham, 29 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

"Hohenlo is their Hercules," said Wilkes, "and a man fit for any desperate attempt, altogether directed by Barneveld and Paul Buys, who seeks (viz. P. B.) by all manner of devices to be revenged of Lord Leicester for his imprisonment." Wilkes to the Queen, 12 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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It was best to keep it a secret, he said, at least till the matter could be thoroughly investigated. Villiers was of the same opinion, and accordingly the councillor, in the excess of his caution, confided the secret only—to whom? To Mr. Atye, Leicester's private secretary. Atye, of course, instantly told his master—his master, in a frenzy of rage, told the Queen, and her Majesty, in a paroxysm of royal indignation at this new insult to her favourite, sent furious letters to her envoys, to the States-General, to everybody in the Netherlands—so that the assertion of Hohenlo became the subject of endless recrimination. Leicester became very violent, and denounced the statement as an impudent falsehood, devised wilfully in order to cast odium upon him and to prevent his return.[1] Unquestionably there was nothing in the story but table-talk; but the Count would have been still more ferocious towards Leicester than he was, had he known what was actually happening at that very moment.

While Buckhurst was at Utrecht, listening to the "solemn speeches" of the militia-captains and exchanging friendly expressions at stately banquets with Moeurs, he suddenly received a letter in cipher from her Majesty. Not having the key, he sent to Wilkes at the Hague. Wilkes was very ill; but the despatch was marked pressing and immediate, so he got out of bed and made the journey to Utrecht. The letter, on being deciphered, proved to be an order from the Queen to decoy Hohenlo into some safe town, on pretence of consultation, and then to throw him into prison, on the ground that he had been tampering with the enemy, and was about to betray the republic to Philip.[2]

[1] 'Effect of what passed between Dr. Villiers and me, Bartholomew Clerk, touching the discontentment of Count Hohenlo.' 22 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Wilkes to Lord Chancellor, 3 June, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare letters of Leicester to Sonoy, and of Buckhurst to Treslong, in Bor, II. xxii. 992. Groen v. Prinst. Archives I. 63, 68, 69.

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, 15 April, 1587. Wilkes to Walsingham, 29th April, 1587. Buckhurst to same, 29 April, 1587. Same to same, 30th April, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

The Queen's Letter is as follows:—"Finding by a later letter written to our secretary by our ambassador Wilkes, that he hath been given to understand how Hollock should have some secret intelligence with the Prince of Parma, which being true,

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The commotion which would have been excited by any attempt to enforce this order, could be easily imagined by those familiar with Hohenlo and with the powerful party in the Netherlands of which he was one of the chiefs. Wilkes stood aghast as he deciphered the letter. Buckhurst felt the impossibility of obeying the royal will. Both knew the cause, and both foresaw the consequences of the proposed step. Wilkes had heard some rumours of intrigues between Parma's agents at Deventer and Hohenlo, and had confided them to Walsingham, hoping that the Secretary would keep the matter in his own breast, at least till further advice. He was appalled at the sudden action proposed on a mere rumour, which both Buckhurst and himself had begun to consider an idle one. He protested, therefore, to Walsingham that to comply with her Majesty's command would not only be nearly impossible, but would, if successful, hazard the ruin of the republic. Wilkes was also very anxious lest the Earl of Leicester should hear of the matter. He was already the object of hatred to that powerful personage, and thought him capable of accomplishing his destruction in any mode. But if Leicester could wreak his vengeance upon his enemy Wilkes by the hand of his other deadly enemy Hohenlo, the councillor felt that this kind of revenge would have a double sweetness for him. The Queen knows what I have been saying, thought Wilkes, and therefore Leicester knows it; and if Leicester knows it, he will take care that Hohenlo shall hear of it too, and then wo

considering how the said Hollock is possessed of divers principal towns, in the which the captains and soldiers are altogether at his devotion, it is greatly to be doubted that he may be drawn by corruption to deliver up into the Prince of Parma's hands the said towns, whereby the enemy may have the more easy entry into those countries. We have therefore thought good, for prevention thereof, that you should confer with our servants Colonel Norris and Wilkes what course were meet to be taken therein, which, as we perceive, may be best performed by staying of the person of Hollock; wherein, before the execution thereof, especial care would be had that he might be drawn, under colour of conference with you about matters of great importance contained in certain letters sent from us unto you in great diligence, into some of the towns which you shall understand to be devoted to us, and not affected to him; wherein you may take order for his restraint, being first well furnished with sufficient matter to charge him withal, which we wish to be done in the presence of such principal persons of the country as are held for good patriots and have credit with the people."

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be unto me. "Your honour knoweth," he said to Walsingham, "that her Majesty *can hold no secrets, and if she do impart it to Leicester, then am I sped.*" [1]

Nothing came of it however, and the relations of Wilkes and Buckhurst with Hohenlo continued to be friendly. It was a lesson to Wilkes to be more cautious even with the cautious Walsingham. "We had but bare suspicions," said Buckhurst, "nothing fit, God knoweth, to come to such a reckoning. Wilkes saith he meant it but for a premonition to you there; but I think it will henceforth be a premonition to himself—there being but bare presumptions, and yet shrewd presumptions." [2]

Here then were Deventer and Leicester plotting to overthrow the government of the States; the States and Hohenlo arming against Leicester; the extreme democratic party threatening to go over to the Spaniards within three months; the Earl accused of attempting the life of Hohenlo; Hohenlo offering to shed the last drop of his blood for Queen Elizabeth; Queen Elizabeth giving orders to throw Hohenlo into prison as a traitor; Councillor Wilkes trembling for his life at the hands both of Leicester and Hohenlo; and Buckhurst doing his best to conciliate all parties, and imploring her Majesty in vain to send over money to help on the war, and to save her soldiers from starving.

For the Queen continued to refuse the loan of fifty thousand pounds which the provinces solicited, and in hope of which the States had just agreed to an extra contribution of a million florins (100,000*l.*), a larger sum than had been levied by a single vote since the commencement of the war. It must be remembered, too, that the whole expense of the war fell upon Holland and Zeeland. The Province of Utrecht, where there was so strong a disposition to confer absolute authority upon Leicester, and to destroy the power of the States-General, contributed absolutely nothing. Since the loss of Deventer, nothing could be raised in the Provinces of

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 29 April, 1587.

[2] Buckhurst to Wilkes, 29 April, MS. already cited.

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Utrecht, Gelderland, or Overyssel; the Spaniards levying black mail upon the whole territory, and impoverishing the inhabitants till they became almost a nullity.[1] Was it strange then that the States of Holland and Zeeland, thus bearing nearly the whole burden of the war, should be dissatisfied with the hatred felt toward them by their sister Provinces so generously protected by them? Was it unnatural that Barneveld, and Maurice, and Hohenlo, should be disposed to bridle the despotic inclinations of Leicester, thus fostered by those who existed, as it were, at their expense?

But the Queen refused the 50,000*l.*, although Holland and Zeeland had voted the 100,000*l.* "No reason that breedeth charges," sighed Walsingham, "can in any sort be digested."[2]

It was not for want of vehement entreaty on the part of the Secretary of State and of Buckhurst that the loan was denied. At least she was entreated to send over money for her troops, who for six months past were unpaid. "Keeping the money in your coffers," said Buckhurst, "doth yield no interest to you, and—which is above all earthly respects—it shall be the means of preserving the lives of many of your faithful subjects which otherwise must needs daily perish. Their miseries, through want of meat and money, I do protest to God so much moves my soul with commiseration of that which is past, and makes my heart tremble to think of the like to come again, that I humbly beseech your Majesty, for Jesus Christ sake, to have compassion on their lamentable estate past, and send some money to prevent the like hereafter."[3]

These were moving words, but the money did not come—charges could not be digested.

"The eternal God," cried Buckhurst, "incline your heart to grant the petition of the States for the loan of the 50,000*l.*, and that speedily, for the dangerous terms of the State here and the mighty and forward preparation of the enemy admit no minute of delay, so that even to grant it slowly is to deny it utterly."[4]

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 15 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Walsingham to Wilkes, 2 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[3] Buckhurst to the Queen, 19 April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] Ibid.

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He then drew a vivid picture of the capacity of the Netherlands to assist the endangered realm of England, if delay were not suffered to destroy both commonwealths, by placing the Provinces in an enemy's hand.

"Their many and notable good havens," he said, "the great number of ships and mariners, their impregnable towns, if they were in the hands of a potent prince that would defend them, and, lastly, the state of this shore, so near and opposite unto the land and coast of England—lo, the sight of all this daily in mine eye, conjoined with the deep, enrooted malice of that your so mighty enemy who seeketh to regain them; these things entering continually into the meditations of my heart—so much do they import the safety of yourself and your estate—do enforce me, in the abundance of my love and duty to your Majesty, most earnestly to *speak, write, and weep unto you*, lest when the occasion yet offered shall be gone by, this blessed means of your defence, by God's provident goodness thus put into your hand, will then be utterly lost, lo, never, never more to be recovered again."[1]

It was a noble, wise, and eloquent appeal, but it was uttered in vain. Was not Leicester—his soul filled with petty schemes for reigning in Utrecht, and destroying the constitutional government of the Provinces—in full possession of the royal ear? And was not the same ear lent, at that most critical moment, to the insidious Alexander Farnese, with his whispers of peace, which were potent enough to drown all the preparations for the invincible Armada?

Six months had rolled away since Leicester had left the Netherlands; six months long, the Provinces, left in a condition which might have become anarchy, had been saved by the wise government of the States-General; six months long the English soldiers had remained unpaid by their sovereign; and now for six weeks the honest, eloquent, intrepid, but gentle Buckhurst had done his best to conciliate all parties, and to mould the Netherlanders into an impregnable bulwark for the realm of England. But his efforts were treated with

[1] Buckhurst to the Queen, MS. just cited.

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scorn by the Queen. She was still maddened by a sense of the injuries done by the States to Leicester. She was indignant that her envoy should have accepted such lame apologies for the 4th of February letter; that he should have received no better atonement for their insolent infringements of the Earl's orders during his absence; that he should have excused their contemptuous proceedings and that, in short, he should have been willing to conciliate and forgive when he should have stormed and railed. "You conceived, it seemeth," said her Majesty, "that a more sharper manner of proceeding would have exasperated matters to the prejudice of the service, and therefore you did think it more fit to wash the wounds rather with water than vinegar, wherein we would rather have wished, on the other side, that you had better considered that festering wounds had more need of corrosives than lenitives. Your own judgment ought to have taught that such a slight and mild kind of dealing with a people so ingrate and void of consideration as the said Estates have showed themselves toward us, is the ready way to increase their contempt."[1]

The envoy might be forgiven for believing that at any rate there would be no lack of corrosives or vinegar, so long as the royal tongue or pen could do their office, as the unfortunate deputies had found to their cost in their late interviews at Greenwich, and as her own envoys in the Netherlands were perpetually finding now.[2] The Queen was especially indignant that the Estates should defend the tone of their letters to the Earl on the ground that he had written a piquant epistle to them. "But you can manifestly see their untruths in naming it a piquant letter," said Elizabeth, "for it has no sour or sharp word therein, nor any clause or reprehension, but is full of gravity and gentle admonition. It deserved a thankful answer, and so you may maintain it to them to their reproof."[3]

The States doubtless thought that the loss of Deventer

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, 3 May, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. 4, MS.)
[2] Leicester to Walsingham.
[3] Queen to Buckhurst. (MS. last cited.)

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and, with it, the almost ruinous condition of three out of the seven Provinces, might excuse on their part a little piquancy of phraseology, nor was it easy for them to express gratitude to the governor for his grave and gentle admonitions, after he had, by his secret document of 24th November, rendered himself fully responsible for the disaster they deplored.

She expressed unbounded indignation with Hohenlo, who, as she was well aware, continued to cherish a deadly hatred for Leicester. Especially she was exasperated, and with reason, by the assertion the Count had made concerning the governor's murderous designs upon him. "'Tis a matter," said the Queen, "so foul and dishonourable that doth not only touch greatly the credit of the Earl, but also our own honour, to have one who hath been nourished and brought up by us, and of whom we have made show to the world to have extraordinarily favoured above any other of our own subjects, and used his service in those countries in a place of that reputation he held there, stand charged with so horrible and unworthy a crime. And therefore our pleasure is, even as you tender the continuance of our favour towards you, that you seek, by all the means you may, examining the Count Hollock, or any other party in this matter, to discover and to sift out how this malicious imputation hath been wrought; for we have reason to think that it hath grown out of some cunning device to stay the Earl's coming, and to discourage him from the continuance of his service in those countries."[1]

And there the Queen was undoubtedly in the right. Hohenlo was resolved, if possible, to make the Earl's government of the Netherlands impossible. There was nothing in the story however; and all that by the most diligent "sifting" could ever be discovered, and all that the Count could be prevailed upon to confess, was an opinion expressed by him that if he had gone with Leicester to England, it might perhaps have fared ill with him.[2] But men were given to loose talk in those countries. There was great freedom of tongue

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. just cited.

[2] Buckhurst to Walsingham, 13th June, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba. D. I. 96, MS.)

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and pen; and as the Earl, whether with justice or not, had always been suspected of strong tendencies to assassination, it was not very wonderful that so reckless an individual as Hohenlo should promulgate opinions on such subjects, without much reserve. "The number of crimes that have been imputed to me," said Leicester, "would be incomplete, had this calumny not been added to all preceding ones."[1] It is possible that assassination, especially poisoning, may have been a more common-place affair in those days than our own. At any rate, it is certain that accusations of such crimes were of ordinary occurrence. Men were apt to die suddenly if they had mortal enemies, and people would gossip. At the very same moment, Leicester was deliberately accused not only of murderous intentions towards Hohenlo, but towards Thomas Wilkes and Count Lewis William of Nassau likewise. A trumpeter, arrested in Friesland, had just confessed that he had been employed by the Spanish governor of that Province, Colonel Verdugo, to murder Count Lewis, and that four other persons had been entrusted with the same commission. The Count wrote to Verdugo, and received in reply an indignant denial of the charge. "Had I heard of such a project," said the Spaniard, "I would, on the contrary, have given you warning. And I give you one now." He then stated, as a fact known to him on unquestionable authority, that the Earl of Leicester had assassins at that moment in his employ to take the life of Count Lewis, adding that as for the trumpeter, who had just been hanged for the crime suborned by the writer, he was a most notorious lunatic. In reply, Lewis, while he ridiculed this plea of insanity set up for a culprit who had confessed his crime succinctly and voluntarily, expressed great contempt for the counter-charge against Leicester. "His Excellency," said the sturdy little Count, "is a virtuous gentleman, the most pious and God-fearing I have ever known. I am very sure that he could never treat his enemies in the manner stated, much less his friends. As for yourself, may God give me grace, in requital of your knavish trick, to

[1] Groen v. Prinst. Archives, I. 63. Compare Bor, II. xxii. 992.

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make such a war upon you as becomes an upright soldier and a man of honour."[1]

Thus there was at least one man—and a most important one—in the opposition-party who thoroughly believed in the honour of the governor-general.

The Queen then proceeded to lecture Lord Buckhurst very severely for having tolerated an instant the States' proposition to her for a loan of 50,000*l*. "The enemy," she observed, "is quite unable to attempt the siege of any town."[2]

Buckhurst was, however, instructed, in case the States' million should prove insufficient to enable the army to make head against the enemy, and in the event of "any alteration of the good-will of the people towards her, caused by her not yielding, in this their necessity, some convenient support," to let them then understand, "as of himself, that if they would be satisfied with a loan of *ten or fifteen thousand pounds*, he would do his best endeavour to draw her Majesty to yield unto the furnishing of such a sum, with assured hope to obtain the same at her hands."[3]

Truly Walsingham was right in saying that charges of any kind were difficult of digestion. Yet, even at that moment, Elizabeth had no more attached subjects in England than were the burghers of the Netherlands, who were as anxious as ever to annex their territory to her realms.

Thus, having expressed an affection for Leicester which no one doubted, having once more thoroughly brow-beaten the States, and having soundly lectured Buckhurst—as a requital for his successful efforts to bring about a more wholesome condition of affairs—she gave the envoy a parting stab, with this postscript;—"There is small disproportion," she said "betwixt a fool who useth not wit because he hath it not, and him that useth it not when it should avail him."[4] Leicester, too, was very violent in his attacks upon Buckhurst. The envoy had succeeded in reconciling Hohenlo with the bro-

[1] Letters of Verdugo and of Count Lewis William, in Bor, III. xxiii. p. 11.

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, 3 May (MS. last cited.)

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

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thers Norris, and had persuaded Sir John to offer the hand of friendship to Leicester, provided it were sure of being accepted. Yet in this desire to conciliate, the Earl found renewed cause for violence. "I would have had more regard of my Lord of Buckhurst," he said, "if the case had been between him and Norris, but I must regard my own reputation the more that I see others would impair it. You have deserved little thanks of me, if I must deal plainly, who do equal me after this sort with him, whose best place is colonel under me, and once my servant, and preferred by me to all honourable place he had."[1] And thus were enterprises of great moment, intimately affecting the safety of Holland, of England, of all Protestantism, to be suspended between triumph and ruin, in order that the spleen of one individual—one Queen's favourite—might be indulged. The contempt of an insolent grandee for a distinguished commander—himself the son of a Baron, with a mother the dear friend of her sovereign—was to endanger the existence of great commonwealths. Can the influence of the individual, for good or bad, upon the destinies of the race be doubted, when the characters and conduct of Elizabeth and Leicester, Burghley and Walsingham, Philip and Parma, are closely scrutinized and broadly traced throughout the wide range of their effects?

"And I must now, in your Lordship's sight," continued Leicester, "be made a counsellor with this companion, who never yet to this day hath done so much as take knowledge of my mislike of him; no, not to say this much, which I think would well become his better, that he was sorry to hear I had mislike to him, that he desired my suspension till he might either speak with me, or be charged from me, and if then he were not able to satisfy me, he would acknowledge his fault, and make me any honest satisfaction. This manner of dealing would have been no disparagement to his better. And even so I must think that your Lordship doth me wrong, knowing what you do, to make so little difference between John Norris, my man not long since, and now but my colonel

[1] Leicester to Buckhurst, 30 April, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

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under me, as though we were equals. And I cannot but more than marvel at this your proceeding, when I remember your promises of friendship, and your opinions resolutely set down. . . . You were so determined before you went hence, but must have become wonderfully enamoured of those men's unknown virtues in a few days of acquaintance, from the alteration that is grown by their own commendations of themselves. You know very well that all the world should not make me serve with John Norris. Your sudden change from mislike to liking has, by consequence, presently cast disgrace upon me. But all is not gold that glitters, nor every shadow a perfect representation. . . . You knew he should not serve with me, but either you thought me a very inconstant man, or else a very simple soul, resolving with you as I did, for you to take the course you have done."[1] He felt, however, quite strong in her Majesty's favour. He knew himself her favourite, beyond all chance or change, and was sure, so long as either lived, to thrust his enemies, by her aid, into outer darkness. Woe to Buckhurst, and Norris, and Wilkes, and all others who consorted with his enemies. Let them flee from the wrath to come! And truly they were only too anxious to do so, for they knew that Leicester's hatred was poisonous. "He is not so facile to forget as ready to revenge,"[2] said poor Wilkes, with neat alliteration. "My very heavy and mighty adversary will disgrace and undo me."[3]

"It sufficeth," continued Leicester, "that her Majesty doth find my dealings well enough, and so, I trust will graciously use me. As for the reconciliations and love-days you have made there, truly I have liked well of it; for you did show me your disposition therein before, and I allowed of it, and I had received letters both from Count Maurice and Hohenlo of their humility and kindness, but now in your last letters you say they have uttered the cause of their mislike

[1] Leicester to Buckhurst. The letter is from Croydon, and pathetically signed, "Your poor friend, R. Leycester."

[2] Wilkes to Walsingham, 13 April, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

[3] Same to the Lord Chancellor, 3rd June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

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towards me, which you forbear to write of, looking so speedily for my return."[1]

But the Earl knew well enough what the secret was, for had it not been specially confided by the judicious Bartholomew to Atye, who had incontinently told his master? "This pretense that I should kill Hohenlo," cried Leicester, "is a matter properly foisted in to bring me to choler. I will not suffer it to rest thus. Its authors shall be duly and severely punished. And albeit I see well enough the plot of this wicked device, yet shall it not work the effect the devisers have done it for. No, my Lord, he is a villain and a false lying knave whosoever he be, and of what nation soever that hath forged this device. Count Hohenlo doth know I never gave him cause to fear me so much. There were ways and means offered me to have quitted him of the country if I had so liked. This new monstrous villany which is now found out I do hate and detest, as I would look for the right judgment of God to fall upon myself, if I had but once imagined it. All this makes good proof of Wilkes's good dealing with me, that hath heard of so vile and villainous a reproach of me, and never gave me knowledge. But I trust your Lordship shall receive her Majesty's order for this, as for a matter that toucheth herself in honour, and me her poor servant and minister, as dearly as any matter can do; and I will so take it and use it to the uttermost."[2]

We have seen how anxiously Buckhurst had striven to do his duty upon a most difficult mission. Was it unnatural that so fine a nature as his should be disheartened, at reaping nothing but sneers and contumely from the haughty sovereign he served, and from the insolent favourite who controlled her councils? "I beseech your Lordship," he said to Burghley, "keep one ear for me, and do not hastily condemn me before you hear mine answer. For if I ever did or shall do any acceptable service to her Majesty, it was in the stay and appeasing of these countries, ever ready at my coming to have cast off all good respect towards us, and to have entered even

[1] Leicester to Buckhurst, 30 April. (MS. already cited.) [2] Ibid.

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into some desperate cause. In the meantime I am hardly thought of by her Majesty, and in her opinion condemned before mine answer be understood. Therefore I beseech you to help me to return, and not thus to lose her Majesty's favour for my good desert, wasting here my mind, body, my wits, wealth, and all, with continual toils, cares, and troubles, more than I am able to endure."[1]

But besides his instructions to smooth and expostulate, in which he had succeeded so well, and had been requited so ill, Buckhurst had received a still more difficult commission. He had been ordered to broach the subject of peace, as delicately as possible, but without delay; first sounding the leading politicians, inducing them to listen to the Queen's suggestions on the subject, persuading them that they ought to be satisfied with the principles of the pacification of Ghent, and that it was hopeless for the Provinces to continue the war with their mighty adversary any longer.[2]

Most reluctantly had Buckhurst fulfilled his sovereign's

[1] Buckhurst to Burghley, 27 May, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

[2] "Whereas we have late used your service in an intended treaty of peace betwixt the King of Spain and us, dealt in by the Duke of Parma . . . . we send you copies of such letters as have lately been written to ourself by the Duke, and by Champagny to the Controller. . . . We have taken order that the Duke shall be put in mind of the treaty of Ghent, anno '76, . . . which being afterwards approved by the King, was published in 1577, . . . having just cause to hope that, if the King be willing to embrace peace, and the Duke to further the same, as he pretendeth, he may be induced to assent to such a tolerance as in the said pacification is contained. Now it resteth that you should seek to frame the minds of the people of those countries to such good means as by you shall be thought expedient to content themselves with the said tolerance; for which purpose you shall, as of yourself, as one that wisheth well to those countries, deal with some well-chosen persons there, such as you shall learn to be good patriots, ... laying before them how impossible it is for them by means of their contributions, with the burden whereof the people do already find themselves so much grieved to continue the war, and to make head any longer against so mighty and puissant a prince as the King of Spain, and how unable ourselves shall be to supply them still with such relief as the necessity of their state shall require. . . . . You may advise them to dispose both their own minds and those of the people to a sound peace, which, in your opinion, they cannot at any time treat of with greater advantage than at this present, the King of Spain being *at so low an ebb* both at home and in these countries, for want as well of victuals as of other necessary things to continue the wars. . . . And if you shall find that the using of these reasons and persuasions *in our name* may further the cause by moving them rather to hearken unto peace, we leave it to yourself to use, in such case, your own discretion therein," &c. Queen to Buckhurst, May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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commands in this disastrous course. To talk to the Hollanders of the Ghent pacification seemed puerile. That memorable treaty, ten years before, had been one of the great landmarks of progress, one of the great achievements of William the Silent. By its provisions, public exercise of the reformed religion had been secured for the two Provinces of Holland and Zeeland, and it had been agreed that the secret practice of those rites should be elsewhere winked at, until such time as the States-General, under the auspices of Philip II., should otherwise ordain. But was it conceivable that now,—after Philip's authority had been solemnly abjured, and the reformed worship had become the public, dominant religion, throughout all the Provinces,—the whole republic should return to the Spanish dominion, and to such toleration as might be sanctioned by an assembly professing loyalty to the most Catholic King?

Buckhurst had repeatedly warned the Queen, in fervid and eloquent language, as to the intentions of Spain. "There was never peace well made," he observed, "without a mighty war preceding, and always, the sword in hand is the best pen to write the conditions of peace."

"If ever prince had cause," he continued, "to think himself beset with doubt and danger, you, sacred Queen, have most just cause not only to think it, but even certainly to believe it. The Pope doth daily plot nothing else but how he may bring to pass your utter overthrow; the French King hath already sent you threatenings of revenge, and though for that pretended cause I think little will ensue, yet he is blind that seeth not the mortal dislike that boileth deep in his heart for other respects against you. The Scottish King, not only in regard of his future hope, but also by reason of some over conceit in his heart, may be thought a dangerous neighbour to you. The King of Spain armeth and extendeth all his power to ruin both you and your estate. And if the Indian gold have corrupted also the King of Denmark, and made him likewise Spanish, as I marvellously fear; why will not your Majesty, beholding the flames of your enemies on every side kindling around, *unlock all your coffers and convert your*

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treasure for the advancing of worthy men, and for the arming of ships and men-of-war that may defend you, since princes' treasures serve only to that end, and, lie they never so fast or so full in their chests, can no ways so defend them?

"The eternal God, in whose hands the hearts of kings do rest, dispose and guide your sacred Majesty to do that which may be most according to His blessed will, and best for you, as I trust He will, even for His mercy's sake, both toward your Majesty and the whole realm of England, whose desolation is thus sought and compassed."[1]

Was this the language of a mischievous intriguer, who was sacrificing the true interest of his country, and whose proceedings were justly earning for him rebuke and disgrace at the hands of his sovereign? Or was it rather the noble advice of an upright statesman, a lover of his country, a faithful servant of his Queen, who had looked through the atmosphere of falsehood in which he was doing his work, and who had detected, with rare sagacity, the secret purposes of those who were then misruling the world?

Buckhurst had no choice, however, but to obey. His private efforts were of course fruitless, but he announced to her Majesty that it was his intention very shortly to bring the matter—according to her wish—before the assembly.

But Elizabeth, seeing that her counsel had been unwise and her action premature, turned upon her envoy, as she was apt to do, and rebuked him for his obedience, so soon as obedience had proved inconvenient to herself.

"Having perused your letters," she said, "by which you so at large debate unto us what you have done in the matter of peace. . . . . we find it strange that you should proceed further. And although we had given you full and ample direction to proceed to a public dealing in that cause, yet your own discretion, seeing the difficulties and dangers that you yourself saw in the propounding of the matter, ought to have led you to delay till further command from us."[2]

[1] Buckhurst to the Queen, 30 April, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 438, MS.)

[2] Queen to Buckhurst, 4 June, 1587. (S.P. Office MS.)

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Her Majesty then instructed her envoy, in case he had not yet "propounded the matter in the state-house to the general assembly," to pause entirely until he heard her further pleasure. She concluded, as usual, with a characteristic postcript in her own hand.

"Oh weigh deeplier this matter," she said, "than, with so shallow a judgment, to spill the cause, impair my honour, and shame yourself, with all your wit, that once was supposed better than to lose a bargain for the handling." [1]

Certainly the sphinx could have propounded no more puzzling riddles than those which Elizabeth thus suggested to Buckhurst. To make war without an army, to support an army without pay, to frame the hearts of a whole people to peace who were unanimous for war, and this without saying a word either in private or public; to dispose the Netherlanders favourably to herself and to Leicester, by refusing them men and money, brow-beating them for asking for it, and subjecting them to a course of perpetual insults, which she called "corrosives," to do all this and more seemed difficult. If not to do it, were to spill the cause and to lose the bargain, it was more than probable that they would be spilt and lost.

But the ambassador was no Œdipus—although a man of delicate perceptions and brilliant intellect—and he turned imploringly to a wise counsellor for aid against the tormentor who chose to be so stony-faced and enigmatical.

"Touching the matter of peace," said he to Walsingham, "I have written somewhat to her Majesty in cipher, so as I am sure you will be called for to decipher it. *If you did know how infinitely her Majesty did at my departure and before—for in this matter of peace she hath specially used me this good while—command me, pray me, and persuade me to further and hasten the same with all the speed possible that might be, and how, on the other side, I have continually been the man and the mean that have most plainly dehorted her from such post-haste,* and that she should never make good peace without a puissant army in the field, you would then say that

[1] Queen to Buckhurst, MS. just cited.

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I had now cause to fear her *displeasure for being too slow, and not too forward.* And as for all the reasons which in my last letters are set down, her Majesty hath debated them with me many times."[1]

And thus midsummer was fast approaching, the commonwealth was without a regular government, Leicester remained in England nursing his wrath and preparing his schemes, the Queen was at Greenwich, corresponding with Alexander Farnese, and sending riddles to Buckhurst, when the enemy —who, according to her Majesty, was "quite unable to attempt the siege of any town"—suddenly appeared in force in Flanders, and invested Sluys. This most important seaport, both for the destiny of the republic and of England at that critical moment, was insufficiently defended. It was quite time to put an army in the field, with a governor-general to command it.

On the 5th June there was a meeting of the state-council at the Hague. Count Maurice, Hohenlo, and Moeurs were present, besides several members of the States-General. Two propositions were before the council. The first was that it was absolutely necessary to the safety of the republic, now that the enemy had taken the field, and the important city of Sluys was besieged, for Prince Maurice to be appointed captain-general, until such time as the Earl of Leicester or some other should be sent by her Majesty. The second was to confer upon the state-council the supreme government in civil affairs, for the same period, and to repeal all limitations and restrictions upon the powers of the council made secretly by the Earl.

Chancellor Leoninus, "that grave, wise old man," moved the propositions. The deputies of the States were requested to withdraw. The vote of each councillor was demanded. Buckhurst, who, as the Queen's representative—together with Wilkes and John Norris—had a seat in the council, refused to vote. "It was a matter," he discreetly observed, "with which he had not been instructed by her Majesty to

[1] Buckhurst to Walsingham, 13 June, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. 96. MS.)

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intermeddle." Norris and Wilkes also begged to be excused from voting, and, although earnestly urged to do so by the whole council, persisted in their refusal. Both measures were then carried.[1]

No sooner was the vote taken, than an English courier entered the council-chamber, with pressing despatches from Lord Leicester. The letters were at once read. The Earl announced his speedy arrival, and summoned both the States-General and the council to meet him at Dort, where his lodgings were already taken. All were surprised, but none more than Buckhurst, Wilkes, and Norris; for no intimation of this sudden resolution had been received by them, nor any answer given to various propositions, considered by her Majesty as indispensable preliminaries to the governor's visit.[2]

The council adjourned till after dinner, and Buckhurst held conference meantime with various counsellors and deputies. On the reassembling of the board, it was urged by Barneveld, in the name of the States, that the election of Prince Maurice should still hold good. "Although by these letters," said he, "it would seem that her Majesty had resolved upon the speedy return of his Excellency, yet, inasmuch as the counsels and resolutions of princes are often subject to change upon new occasion, it does not seem fit that our late purpose concerning Prince Maurice should receive any interruption."

Accordingly, after brief debate, both resolutions, voted in the morning, were confirmed in the afternoon.

"So now," said Wilkes, "Maurice is general of all the forces, *et quid sequetur nescimus.*"[3]

But whatever else was to follow, it was very certain that Wilkes would not stay. His great enemy had sworn his destruction, and would now take his choice, whether to do him to death himself, or to throw him into the clutch of the ferocious Hohenlo. "As for my own particular," said the counsellor, "the word is go, whosoever cometh or cometh not,"[4] and he announced to Walsingham his intention of departing

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 8 June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Wilkes to Walsingham, 29 April, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

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without permission, should he not immediately receive it from England. "I shall stay to be dandled with no love-days nor leave-takings," he observed.[1]

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 8 June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

From the very moment of Leicester's arrival in England, he seems to have conceived a violent hatred to Councillor Wilkes. Yet a careful inspection of the correspondence shows that never was hatred more unjust. Wilkes had told the truth concerning the expenses incurred by England and the States during the Earl's first term of administration. He could not have done less without dereliction of duty, and he forwarded certified vouchers for all his statements. He always did his best to sustain the governor's character, and to carry out his legitimate views. As time wore on, he was obliged to state the disadvantages resulting from his protracted absence, and he was forced, at last, to admit the truth as to his great unpopularity. He even admitted privately, on one occasion, that, in consequence of that unpopularity, some other governor might be sent from England more acceptable to the Provinces. This was the sum of his offences in regard to Leicester. Towards the Queen he manifested himself an intelligent, honest, and most assiduous servant, but he had incurred the hostility of the favourite, and for that there was no redress. Even so early as January he felt that he had lost Leicester's favour, although he protested he "would repurchase it with the loss of his two best fingers" (Wilkes to Leicester, 27 Jan. 1587. S. P. Office, MS.); and he wrote at the same time to the Queen, complaining that he was in danger of his life, as recompense for his faithful service—a life which he hoped to venture in better sort for her Majesty's service. He was threatened at home, he said, and endangered abroad. Wilkes to the Queen, 30 Jan. 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.) A few months later, matters had grown much worse. Leicester was intending to wreak his revenge upon him by means of third persons, who, by his malignant insinuations, had been made hostile to the councillor. "Whereunto is now added the danger of my poor life," he says, "and fortune, for that I am secretly given to understand, by a dear friend of mine, and inward with my great and heavy enemy, that he hath sworn and protested, even now of late, to take his revenge on me—how or in what sort I know not, but have good cause to doubt, considering the mind of my enemy, that he will not be satisfied with any mere offence to be done unto me, which I suppose he will never do of himself, nor by any of his own, but a third means, whereunto he hath a gap opened unto him by my own letters written unto him from hence, wherein I had touched some persons of quality here for their indirect proceeding against her Majesty and our nation . . . . Therefore, I humbly beseech you to move her Majesty for my speedy return." W. to Hatton, 19 April, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.) In a letter to Walsingham of same date, he alluded to the "deadly revenge threatened against him by the Earl with very bitter words," and indicates the same scheme by which third persons are to inflict it. "I would be loth to commit myself to his mercy," he says; "your honour knoweth him better than I do. . . . . God is my witness I have, since his departure from these countries, deserved as well of him as ever did any. . . . . I will stand to my justification, and prove that I have done him with her Majesty as many good offices as any man that came from hence," and he then most urgently solicited permission to depart. This permission the government were most reluctant to grant, and Wilkes protested loudly against his continuance in office at such "hazard to his poor life, without means of defence, in the quality of his ruin or death." "'Tis a hard reward for my faithful services," he said, "to be left to the mercy of such as have will and means by revenge to bereave her Majesty of a true and obedient servant, and me of my life, in an obscure sort, to my perpetual infamy, to the pleasing

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But Leicester had delayed his coming too long. The country felt that it had been trifled with by his absence—at so critical a period—of seven months. It was known too that the Queen was secretly treating with the enemy, and that Buckhurst had been privately sounding leading personages upon that subject, by her orders. This had caused a deep, suppressed indignation. Over and over again had the English government been warned as to the danger of delay. "Your length in resolving," Wilkes had said, "whatsoever your secret purposes may be—will put us to new plunges before long."[1] The mission of Buckhurst was believed to be "but a stale, having some other intent than was expressed." And at last, the new plunge had been fairly taken. It seemed now impossible for Leicester to regain the absolute authority, which he coveted, and which he had for a brief season possessed. The States-General, under able leaders, had become used to a government which had been forced upon them, and which they had wielded with success. Holland and Zeeland, paying the whole expense of the war, were not likely to endure again the absolute sovereignty of a foreigner, guided by a backstairs council of reckless politicians—most of whom were unprincipled, and some of whom had been proved to be felons—and established at Utrecht, which contributed nothing to the

of mine enemies, and the discomforting of all honest men, by an example, from serving of her Majesty with sincerity," &c. W. to Walsing. 29th April, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) And he soon afterwards declared to Walsingham (15 May, 1587. S. P. Office, MS.) that, in case he should be left there to the mercy of his great enemy, if he returned, he would venture "to hazard her Majesty's favour in returning home without license." His alarm was no greater for his life than for his reputation, both which, Leicester, in his belief, was sworn to destroy. "I do find that my very heavy and mighty adversary," he writes to the Lord Chancellor (3 June, 1587. S. P. Office, MS.), "doth perpetually travail with her Majesty to disgrace and undo me, and I have cause to doubt that he doth or shall prevail against me, considering the goodness of her Majesty's nature to be induced to believe whom she favoureth, and his subtlety to persuade. I have therefore no mean in respect of the great inequality between him and me, but either to be held up by my honourable friends, assisted with the wings of mine own integrity, or to fall to the ground with disgrace and infamy, to the discouragement of all that shall serve her Majesty in like places."

Such passages paint the condition of the civil service in England, during the reign of Leicester and Elizabeth, more vividly than could be done by a long dissertation.

[1] Wilkes to Walsingham, 17 May, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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general purse. If Leicester were really coming, it seemed certain that he would be held to acknowledge the ancient constitution, and to respect the sovereignty of the States-General. It was resolved that he should be well bridled. The sensations of Barneveld and his party may therefore be imagined, when a private letter of Leicester to his secretary—"the fellow named Junius," as Hohenlo called him—having been intercepted at this moment, gave them an opportunity of studying the Earl's secret thoughts.

The Earl informed his correspondent that he was on the point of starting for the Netherlands. He ordered him therefore to proceed at once to reassure those whom he knew well disposed as to the good intentions of her Majesty and of the governor-general. And if, on the part of Lord Buckhurst or others, it should be intimated that the Queen was resolved to treat for peace with the King of Spain, and wished to have the opinion of the Netherlanders on that subject, *he was to say boldly that Lord Buckhurst never had any such charge*, and that her Majesty had not been treating at all. She had only been attempting to sound the King's intentions towards the Netherlands, in case of any accord. Having received no satisfactory assurance on the subject, her Majesty was determined to proceed with the defence of these countries. This appeared by the expedition of Drake against Spain, and by the return of the Earl, with a good number of soldiers paid by her Majesty, over and above her ordinary subsidy.[1]

"You are also," said the Earl, "to tell those who have the care of the people" (the ministers of the reformed church and others), "that I am returning, in the confidence that they will, in future, cause all past difficulties to cease, and that they will yield to me a legitimate authority, such as befits for administering the sovereignty of the Provinces, without my being obliged to endure all the oppositions and counterminings of the States, as in times past. The States must content themselves with retaining the power which they claim

[1] Leicester to Junius, Greenwich, 13 June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.) | Compare Meteren, xiv. 255. Hoofd, Vervolgh, 249, *et mult. al.*

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to have exercised under the governors of the Emperor and the King—without attempting anything farther during my government—since I desire to do nothing of importance without the advice of the council, which will be composed legitimately of persons of the country. You will also tell them that her Majesty commands me to return unless I can obtain from the States the authority which is necessary, in order not to be governor in appearance only and on paper. And I wish that those who are good may be apprized of all this, in order that nothing may happen to their prejudice and ruin, and contrary to their wishes."[1]

There were two very obvious comments to be made upon this document. Firstly, the States—*de jure*, as they claimed, and *de facto* most unquestionably—were in the position of the Emperor and King. They were the sovereigns. The Earl wished them to content themselves with the power which they exercised under the Emperor's governors. This was like requesting the Emperor, when in the Netherlands, to consider himself subject to his own governor. The second obvious reflection was that the Earl, in limiting his authority by a state-council, expected, no doubt, to appoint that body himself—as he had done before—and to allow the members only the right of talking, and of voting, without the power of enforcing their decisions. In short, it was very plain that Leicester meant to be more absolute than ever.

As to the flat contradiction given to Buckhurst's proceedings in the matter of peace, that statement could scarcely deceive any one who had seen her Majesty's letters and instructions to her envoy.

It was also a singularly deceitful course to be adopted by Leicester towards Buckhurst and towards the Netherlands, because his own private instructions, drawn up at the same moment, expressly enjoined him to do exactly what Buckhurst had been doing. He was most strictly and earnestly commanded to deal privately with all such persons as had influence with the "common sort of people," in order that

[1] Leicester to Junius, *ubi sup.*

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they should use their influence with those common people in favour of peace, bringing vividly before them the excessive burthens of the war, their inability to cope with so potent a prince as Philip, and the necessity the Queen was under of discontinuing her contributions to their support. He was to make the same representations to the States, and he was further most explicitly to inform all concerned, that, in case they were unmoved by these suggestions, her Majesty had quite made up her mind to accept the handsome offers of peace held out by the King of Spain, and to leave them to their fate.

It seemed scarcely possible that the letter to Junius and the instructions for the Earl should have been dated the same week, and should have emanated from the same mind; but such was the fact.

He was likewise privately to assure Maurice and Hohenlo—in order to remove their anticipated opposition to the peace—that such care should be taken in providing for them, as that "they should have no just cause to dislike thereof, but to rest satisfied withal."

With regard to the nature of his authority, he was instructed to claim a kind of dictatorship in everything regarding the command of the forces, and the distribution of the public treasure. All offices were to be at his disposal. Every florin contributed by the States was to be placed in his hands, and spent according to his single will. He was also to have plenary power to prevent the trade in victuals with the enemy by death and confiscation.

If opposition to any of these proposals were made by the States-General, he was to appeal to the States of each Province, to the towns and communities, and in case it should prove impossible for him "to be furnished with the desired authority," he was then instructed to say that it was "her Majesty's meaning to leave them to their own counsel and defence, and to withdraw the support that she had yielded to them: seeing plainly that the continuance of the confused

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government now reigning among them could not but work their ruin."[1]

Both these papers came into Barneveld's hands, through the agency of Ortel, the States' envoy in England, before the arrival of the Earl in the Netherlands.[2]

Of course they soon became the topics of excited conversation and of alarm in every part of the country. Buckhurst, touched to the quick by the reflection upon those proceedings of his which had been so explicitly enjoined upon him, and so reluctantly undertaken—appealed earnestly to her Majesty. He reminded her, as delicately as possible, that her honour, as well as his own, was at stake by Leicester's insolent disavowals of her authorized ambassador. He besought her to remember "what even her own royal hand had written to the Duke of Parma;" and how much his honour was interested "by the disavowing of his dealings about the peace begun by her Majesty's commandment." He adjured her with much eloquence to think upon the consequences of stirring up the common and unstable multitude against their rulers; upon the pernicious effects of allowing the clergy to inflame the passions of the people against the government. "Under the name of such as have charge over the people," said Buckhurst, "are understood the ministers and chaplains of the churches in every town, by the means of whom it seems that his Lordship tendeth his whole purpose to attain to his desire of the administration of the sovereignty." He assured the Queen that this scheme of Leicester to seize virtually upon that sovereignty, would be a disastrous one. "The States are resolved," said he, "since your Majesty doth refuse the sovereignty, to lay it upon no creature else, as a thing contrary to their oath and allegiance to their country." He reminded her also that the States had been dissatisfied with the Earl's former administration, believing that he had ex-

[1] Instructions for the Earl of Leicester, 20 June, 1587. Corrected by Lord Burghley and Secretary Walsingham. (S. P. Office MS. Compare Bor, II. xxi. 906, 907.)

[2] Bor, II. xxii. 906, 907. "By the way," writes Leicester to Burghley, "send away Ortel; he is a bad fellow." Leicester to Burghley, 17 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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ceeded his commission, and that they were determined therefore to limit his authority at his return. "Your sacred Majesty may consider," he said, "what effect all this may work among the common and ignorant people, by intimating that, unless they shall procure him the administration of such a sovereignty as he requireth, their ruin may ensue."[1] Buckhurst also informed her that he had despatched Councillor Wilkes to England, in order that he might give more ample information on all these affairs by word of mouth than could well be written.

It need hardly be stated that Barneveld came down to the states'-house with these papers in his hand, and thundered against the delinquent and intriguing governor till the general indignation rose to an alarming height. False statements of course were made to Leicester as to the substance of the Advocate's discourse. He was said to have charged upon the English government an intention to seize forcibly upon their cities, and to transfer them to Spain on payment of the sums due to the Queen from the States, and to have declared that he had found all this treason in the secret instructions of the Earl.[2] But Barneveld had read the instructions, to which the attention of the reader has just been called, and had strictly stated the truth, which was damaging enough, without need of exaggeration.

[1] Buckhurst to the Queen, 28 June, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba. C. xi. p. 61, MS.)

[2] Memorial in Burghley's hand, Sept. 1587. Killigrew and Beale to the Lords, 11 Sept. 1587. Leicester to Burghley, 17 Aug. 1587. Same to same, 11 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

"These persuasions of this fellow Barnevelt," says the Earl in the last-cited letter, "wrought great impressions in many men that her Majesty had a former resolution in herself to make peace without these countries, and that my now sending was only to get authority here with the commandment of places and people, that, if these men would not agree to such peace as her Majesty would appoint, they should be compelled thereto by such forces as I should have at my disposition; alleging also that these few supplies which I brought was to augment my power the stronger for this only end. These informations, assisted with the report of the copy of my instructions and letters, for the verifying of which the party took new oath that they were the true copies which he had, and moved him to speak so plainly, which matters were very probable and greatly persuadable to the common sort; yet is the matter so used as notwithstanding all his allegations both of instructions and letters, all men are satisfied; and I have not denied but such words are in my instructions and such a letter written, and yet we made all to agree with an honourable and gracious intention in her Majesty towards them all," &c. (Compare Meteren, xiv. 255 *seq.* Bor, II. xxii. 906, 907. Hoofd, Verv. 239. Wagenaar. viii. 223, 224.)

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CHAPTER XVI.

Situation of Sluys — Its Dutch and English Garrison — Williams writes from Sluys to the Queen — Jealousy between the Earl and States — Schemes to relieve Sluys — Which are feeble and unsuccessful — The Town Capitulates — Parma enters — Leicester enraged — The Queen angry with the Anti-Leicestrians — Norris, Wilkes, and Buckhurst punished — Drake sails for Spain — His Exploits at Cadiz and Lisbon — He is rebuked by Elizabeth.

WHEN Dante had passed through the third circle of the Inferno—a desert of red-hot sand, in which lay a multitude of victims of divine wrath, additionally tortured by an ever-descending storm of fiery flakes—he was led by Virgil out of this burning wilderness along a narrow causeway. This path was protected, he said, against the showers of flame, by the lines of vapour which rose eternally from a boiling brook. Even by such shadowy bulwarks, added the poet, do the Flemings between Cadzand and Bruges protect their land against the ever-threatening sea.[1]

It was precisely among these slender dykes between Kadzand and Bruges that Alexander Farnese had now planted all the troops that he could muster in the field. It was his determination to conquer the city of Sluys; for the possession of that important sea-port was necessary for him as a basis for the invasion of England, which now occupied all the thoughts of his sovereign and himself.

Exactly opposite the city was the island of Kadzand, once a fair and fertile territory, with a city and many flourishing villages upon its surface, but at that epoch diminished

1 "Hora con porta l' un de' duri margini
E il fumo del ruscel' di sopra aduggia
Si che dal fuoco salva l' acqua e gl' argini
Qual i Fiamminghi fra *Guzzante* e Bruggia
Temendo il flotto che ver lor s' avventa
Fanno li schermi acciochè 'l mar si fuggia."
Inferno, Canto xv.

Compare Guicciardini, 'Descript. des Pays Bas,' ed. 1582, p. 379. Strada, II. 487. Bentivoglio, P. II. L. V. 313.

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to a small dreary sand-bank by the encroachments of the ocean.

A stream of inland water, rising a few leagues to the south of Sluys, divided itself into many branches just before reaching the city, converted the surrounding territory into a miniature archipelago—the islands of which were shifting treacherous sand-banks at low water, and submerged ones at flood—and then widening and deepening into a considerable estuary, opened for the city a capacious harbour, and an excellent although intricate passage to the sea. The city, which was well built and thriving, was so hidden in its labyrinth of canals and streamlets, that it seemed almost as difficult a matter to find Sluys as to conquer it. It afforded safe harbour for five hundred large vessels; and its possession, therefore, was extremely important for Parma. Besides these natural defences, the place was also protected by fortifications, which were as well constructed as the best of that period. There was a strong rampire and many towers. There was also a detached citadel of great strength, looking towards the sea, and there was a ravelin, called St. Anne's, looking in the direction of Bruges. A mere riband of dry land in that quarter was all of solid earth to be found in the environs of Sluys.

The city itself stood upon firm soil, but that soil had been hollowed into a vast system of subterranean magazines, not for warlike purposes, but for cellars, as Sluys had been from a remote period the great entrepot of foreign wines in the Netherlands.[1]

While the eternal disputes between Leicester and the States were going on both in Holland and in England, while the secret negotiations between Alexander Farnese and Queen Elizabeth were slowly proceeding at Brussels and Greenwich, the Duke, notwithstanding the destitute condition of his troops, and the famine which prevailed throughout the obedient Provinces, had succeeded in bringing a little army of five thousand foot, and something less than one thousand

[1] Authorities last cited. Meteren, xiv. 254vo 255. Hoofd, Verv. 254.

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horse, into the field.[1] A portion of this force he placed under the command of the veteran La Motte. That distinguished campaigner had assured the commander-in-chief that the reduction of the city would be an easy achievement.[2] Alexander soon declared that the enterprise was the most difficult one that he had ever undertaken.[3] Yet, two years before, he had carried to its triumphant conclusion the famous siege of Antwerp. He stationed his own division upon the isle of Kadzand, and strengthened his camp by additionally fortifying those shadowy bulwarks, by which the island, since the age of Dante, had entrenched itself against the assaults of ocean.

On the other hand, La Motte, by the orders of his chief, had succeeded, after a sharp struggle, in carrying the fort of St. Anne. A still more important step was the surprising of Blankenburg, a small fortified place on the coast, about midway between Ostend and Sluys, by which the sea-communications with the former city for the relief of the beleaguered town were interrupted.[4]

Parma's demonstrations against Sluys had commenced in the early days of June. The commandant of the place was Arnold de Groenevelt, a Dutch noble of ancient lineage and approved valour. His force was, however, very meagre, hardly numbering more than eight hundred, all Netherlanders, but counting among its officers several most distinguished personages—Nicholas de Maulde, Adolphus de Meet-

[1] Parma to Philip II., 6 Aug. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

This force was subsequently very much increased. It is impossible, however, to arrive at the exact numbers. They are not stated by Farnese in his letters to the King, preserved in the Archives of Simancas. Strada (II. 489) gives the numbers as stated in the text. Roger Williams, however, in a letter to Queen Elizabeth, sent from Sluys at an early period of the siege, says that the Duke of Parma had come before the town, a week before, in person, with four regiments of Walloons, four of Germans, fifty-two companies of Spaniards, twenty-four cornets of horse, and forty-eight pieces of battery, and that the next day there arrived one regiment of Italians and one of Burgundians. This would give a total of at least 17,600 men, more than thrice as many as the historiographer of the Duke allows. R. Williams to the Queen, $\frac{9}{19}$ June, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 40, MS.)

[2] Parma to Philip II., 6 Aug. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Ibid. "En mio poco juicio la mas dificultosa y laboriosa cosa que ho visto e acometido en Flandes."

[4] Strada, II. 488. Meteren, *ubi sup.* Bor, II. xxii. 984. Bentivoglio, Hoofd, *ubi sup.*

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kerke and his younger brother, Captain Heraugiere, and other well-known partisans.

On the threatening of danger the commandant had made application to Sir William Russell, the worthy successor of Sir Philip Sidney in the government of Flushing. He had received from him, in consequence, a reinforcement of eight hundred English soldiers, under several eminent chieftains, foremost among whom were the famous Welshman Roger Williams, Captain Huntley, Baskerville, Sir Francis Vere, Ferdinando Gorges, and Captain Hart. This combined force, however, was but a slender one, there being but sixteen hundred men to protect two miles and a half of rampart, besides the forts and ravelins.[1]

But, such as it was, no time was lost in vain regrets. The sorties against the besiegers were incessant and brilliant. On one occasion Sir Francis Vere—conspicuous in the throng, in his red mantilla, and supported only by one hundred Englishmen and Dutchmen, under Captain Baskerville—held at bay eight companies of the famous Spanish legion called the Terzo Veijo, at push of pike, took many prisoners, and forced the Spaniards from the position in which they were entrenching themselves.[2] On the other hand, Farnese declared that he had never in his life witnessed anything so unflinching as the courage of his troops; employed as they were in digging trenches where the soil was neither land nor water, exposed to inundation by the suddenly-opened sluices, to a plunging fire from the forts, and to perpetual hand-to-hand combats with an active and fearless foe, and yet pumping away in the coffer-dams—which they had invented by way of obtaining a standing-ground for their operations—as steadily and sedately as if engaged in purely pacific employments.[3] The besieged were inspired by a courage equally remarkable. The regular garrison was small enough, but the burghers were courageous,

[1] Strada, Meteren, Bor, Bentivoglio, Hoofd, *ubi sup.* Roger Williams, 'Discourse of War,' apud Grimstone, 'Hist. Netherlands, L. xiii. 962.

[2] R. Williams, *ubi sup.*

[3] Parma to Philip II. $\frac{20 \text{ July}}{6 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Strada, II. 491.

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and even the women organized themselves into a band of pioneers. This corps of Amazons, led by two female captains, rejoicing in the names of 'May in the Heart' and 'Catherine the Rose,' actually constructed an important redoubt between the citadel and the rampart, which received, in compliment to its builders, the appellation of 'Fort Venus.'[1]

The demands of the beleaguered garrison, however, upon the States and upon Leicester were most pressing. Captain Hart swam thrice out of the city with letters to the States, to the governor-general, and to Queen Elizabeth; and the same perilous feat was performed several times by a Netherland officer.[2] The besieged meant to sell their lives dearly, but it was obviously impossible for them, with so slender a force, to resist a very long time.

"Our ground is great and our men not so many," wrote Roger Williams to his sovereign, "but we trust in God and our valour to defend it. . . . . We mean, with God's help, to make their downs red and black, and to let out every acre of our ground for a thousand of their lives, besides our own."[3]

The Welshman was no braggart, and had proved often enough that he was more given to performances than promises. "We doubt not your Majesty will succour us," he said, "for our honest mind and plain dealing toward your royal person and dear country;" adding, as a bit of timely advice, "Royal Majesty, believe not over much your peacemakers. Had they their mind, they will not only undo your friends abroad, but, in the end, your royal estate."[4]

Certainly it was from no want of wholesome warning from wise statesmen and blunt soldiers that the Queen was venturing into that labyrinth of negotiation which might prove so treacherous. Never had been so inopportune a moment for that princess to listen to the voice of him who was charming her so wisely, while he was at the same moment battering

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 6, *seq.*

[2] Meteren, Bor, R. Williams, *ubi sup.*

[3] R. Williams to the Queen, $\frac{9}{19}$ June, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 40, MS.)

[4] Ibid.

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the place, which was to be the basis of his operations against her realm. Her delay in sending forth Leicester, with at least a moderate contingent, to the rescue, was most pernicious. The States—ignorant of the Queen's exact relations with Spain, and exaggerating her disingenuousness into absolute perfidy—became on their own part exceedingly to blame. There is no doubt whatever that both Hollanders and Englishmen were playing into the hands of Parma as adroitly as if he had actually directed their movements. Deep were the denunciations of Leicester and his partisans by the States' party, and incessant the complaints of the English and Dutch troops shut up in Sluys against the inactivity or treachery of Maurice and Hohenlo.

"If Count Maurice and his base brother, the Admiral (Justinus de Nassau), be too young to govern, must Holland and Zeeland lose their countries and towns to make them expert men of war?" asked Roger Williams.[1] A pregnant question certainly, but the answer was, that by suspicion and jealousy, rather than by youth and inexperience, the arms were paralyzed which should have saved the garrison. "If these base fellows (the States) will make Count Hollock their instrument," continued the Welshman, "to cover and maintain their folly and lewd dealing, is it necessary for her royal Majesty to suffer it? These are too great matters to be rehearsed by me; but because I am in the town, and do resolve to sign with my blood my duty in serving my sovereign and country, I trust her Majesty will pardon me."[2] Certainly the gallant adventurer on whom devolved at least half the work of directing the defence of the city, had a right to express his opinions. Had he known the whole truth, however, those opinions would have been modified. And he wrote amid the smoke and turmoil of daily and nightly battle.

"Yesterday was the fifth sally we made," he observed. "Since I followed the wars I never saw valianter captains,

[1] Williams to Walsingham, $\frac{29 \text{ June}}{9 \text{ July}}$, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. 102, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

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nor willinger soldiers. At eleven o'clock the enemy entered the ditch of our fort, with trenches upon wheels, artillery-proof. We sallied out, recovered their trenches, slew the governor of Dam, two Spanish captains, with a number of others, repulsed them into their artillery, kept the ditch until yesternight, and will recover it, with God's help, this night, or else pay dearly for it. . . . . I care not what may become of me in this world, so that her Majesty's honour, with the rest of honourable good friends, *will think me an honest man.*"[1]

No one ever doubted the simple-hearted Welshman's honesty, any more than his valour; but he confided in the candour of others who were somewhat more sophisticated than himself. When he warned her royal Majesty against the peace-makers, it was impossible for him to know that the great peace-maker was Elizabeth herself.

After the expiration of a month the work had become most fatiguing. The enemy's trenches had been advanced close to the ramparts, and desperate conflicts were of daily occurrence. The Spanish mines, too, had been pushed forward towards the extensive wine-caverns below the city, and the danger of a vast explosion or of a general assault from beneath their very feet, seemed to the inhabitants imminent. Eight days long, with scarcely an intermission, amid those sepulchral vaults, dimly-lighted with torches, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, Italians, fought hand to hand, with pike, pistol, and dagger, within the bowels of the earth.[2]

Meantime the operations of the States were not commendable. The ineradicable jealousy between the Leicestrians and the Barneveldians had done its work. There was no hearty effort for the relief of Sluys. There were suspicions that, if saved, the town would only be taken possession of by the Earl of Leicester, as an additional vantage-point for coercing the country into subjection to his arbitrary authority. Perhaps

[1] Williams to Walsingham, last cited.

[2] Strada, II. 486-512. Meteren, *ubi sup.* Bor, III. xxiii. 5-9, 14-21. Hæreus, III. 402-404.

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it would be transferred to Philip by Elizabeth as part of the price for peace. There was a growing feeling in Holland and Zeeland, that, as those Provinces bore all the expense of the war, it was an imperative necessity that they should limit their operations to the defence of their own soil. The suspicions as to the policy of the English government were sapping the very foundations of the alliance, and there was small disposition on the part of the Hollanders, therefore, to protect what remained of Flanders, and thus to strengthen the hands of her whom they were beginning to look upon as an enemy.[1]

Maurice and Hohenlo made, however, a foray into Brabant, by way of diversion to the siege of Sluys, and thus compelled Farnese to detach a considerable force under Haultepenne into that country, and thereby to weaken himself. The expedition of Maurice was not unsuccessful. There was some sharp skirmishing between Hohenlo and Haultepenne, in which the latter, one of the most valuable and distinguished generals on the royal side, was defeated and slain ; the fort of Engel, near Bois-le-Duc, was taken, and that important city itself endangered ; but, on the other hand, the contingent on which Leicester relied from the States to assist in relieving Sluys was not forthcoming.[2]

For, meantime, the governor-general had at last been sent back by his sovereign to the post which he had so long abandoned. Leaving Leicester House on the 4th July (N. S.), he had come on board the fleet two days afterwards at Margate. He was bringing with him to the Netherlands three thousand fresh infantry, and thirty thousand pounds, of which sum fifteen thousand pounds had been at last wrung from Elizabeth as an extra loan, in place of the sixty thousand pounds which the States had requested. As he sailed past Ostend and towards Flushing, the Earl was witness to the constant cannonading between the besieged

24 June, 4 July 1587.

[1] A brief Report of the Proceedings of his Excellency for the Relief of Sluys, 26 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, Strada, *ubi sup.*

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city and the camp of Farnese, and saw that the work could hardly be more serious; for in one short day more shots were fired than had ever been known before in a single day in all Parma's experience.[1]

Arriving at Flushing, the governor-general was well received by the inhabitants; but the mischief, which had been set a-foot six months before, had done its work. The political intrigues, disputes, and the conflicting party-organizations, have already been set in great detail before the reader, in order that their effect might now be thoroughly understood without explanation. The governor-general came to Flushing at a most critical moment. The fate of all the Spanish Netherlands, of Sluys, and with it the whole of Philip and Parma's great project, were, in Farnese's own language, hanging by a thread.[2]

It would have been possible—had the transactions of the past six months, so far as regarded Holland and England, been the reverse of what they had been—to save the city, and, by a cordial and united effort, for the two countries to deal the Spanish power such a blow, that summer, as would have paralyzed it for a long time to come, and have placed both commonwealths in comparative security.

Instead of all this, general distrust and mutual jealousy prevailed. Leicester had, previously to his departure from England, summoned the States to meet him at Dort upon his arrival. Not a soul appeared. Such of the state-councillors as were his creatures came to him, and Count Maurice made a visit of ceremony. Discussions about a plan for relieving the siege became mere scenes of bickering and confusion. The officers within Sluys were desirous that a fleet should force its way into the harbour, while, at the same time, the English army, strengthened by the contingent which Leicester had demanded from the States, should advance against the Duke of Parma by land. It was, in truth, the only way

[1] Authorities last cited. Lloyd to Walsingham, 25 June, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Baudart, Polemog. II. 96, "17,800 shots."

[2] Parma to Philip, II. 6 Aug. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas MS.) "Colgados da un hilo todos los estados y todo lo dependiente," &c.

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to succour the place. The scheme was quite practicable. Leicester recommended it, the Hollanders seemed to favour it, Commandant Groenevelt and Roger Williams urged it.

"I do assure you," wrote the honest Welshman to Leicester "if you will come afore this town, with as many galliots and as many flat-bottomed boats as can cause two men-of-war to enter, they cannot stop their passage, if your mariners will do a quarter of their duty, as I saw them do divers times. Before they make their entrance, we will come with our boats, and fight with the greatest part, and show them there is no such great danger. Were it not for my wounded arm, I would be in your first boat to enter. Notwithstanding, I and other Englishmen will approach their boats in such sort, that we will force them to give their saker of artillery upon us. If your Excellency will give ear unto those false lewd fellows (the Captain meant the States-General), you shall lose great opportunity. Within ten or twelve days the enemy will make his bridge from Kadzand unto St. Anne, and force you to hazard battle before you succour this town. Let my Lord Willoughby and Sir William Russell land at Terhoven, right against Kadzand, with 4000, and entrench hard by the water-side, where their boats can carry them victual and munition. They may approach by trenches without engaging any dangerous fight. . . . . We dare not show the estate of this town more than we have done by Captain Herte. We must fight this night within our rampart in the fort. You may assure the world here are no Hamerts, but valiant captains and valiant soldiers, such as, with God's help, had rather be buried in the place than be disgraced in any point that belongs to such a number of men-of-war."[1]

But in vain did the governor of the place, stout Arnold Groenevelt, assisted by the rough and direct eloquence of Roger Williams, urge upon the Earl of Leicester and the States-General the necessity and the practicability of the plan

[1] Williams to Leicester, $\frac{29 \text{ June}}{9 \text{ July}}$, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 152, MS.)

It will be remembered that Baron Hemart was the unfortunate officer who so disgracefully surrendered Grave in the first year of Leicester's administration.

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proposed. The fleet never entered the harbour. There was no William of Orange to save Antwerp and Sluys, as Leyden had once been saved, and his son was not old enough to unravel the web of intrigue by which he was surrounded, or to direct the whole energies of the commonwealth towards an all-important end. Leicester had lost all influence, all authority, nor were his military abilities equal to the occasion, even if he had been cordially obeyed.

Ten days longer the perpetual battles on the ramparts and within the mines continued, the plans conveyed by the bold swimmer, Captain Hart, for saving the place were still unattempted, and the city was tottering to its fall. "Had Captain Hart's words taken place," wrote Williams, bitterly, "we had been succoured, or, if my letters had prevailed, our pain had been no peril. All wars are best executed in sight of the enemy. . . . The last night of June (10th July, N.S.) the enemy entered the ditches of our fort in three several places, continuing in fight in mine and on rampart for the space of eight nights. The ninth he battered us furiously, made a breach of five score paces saltable for horse and man. That day he attempted us in all places with a general assault for the space of almost five hours."[1]

The citadel was now lost. It had been gallantly defended, and it was thenceforth necessary to hold the town itself, in the very teeth of an overwhelming force. "We were forced to quit the fort," said Sir Roger, "leaving nothing behind us but bare earth. But here we do remain resolutely to be buried, rather than to be dishonoured in the least point."[2]

$\frac{6}{16}$ July, 1586.

It was still possible for the fleet to succour the city. "I do assure you," said Williams, "that your captains and mariners do not their duty unless they enter with no great loss; but you must consider that *no wars may be made without danger*. What you mean to do, we beseech you to do with expedition,

[1] Williams to Leicester, $\frac{9}{19}$ July, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. 179, MS.) Compare Bor, Meteren, Hooft, Bentivoglio, Strada, Haraeus, *ubi sup. et mult. al.*

[2] Williams to Leicester. (MS. last cited.)

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and persuade yourself that we will die valiant, honest men. Your Excellency will do well to thank the old President de Meetkerk for the honesty and valour of his son." [1]

Count Maurice and his natural brother, the Admiral, now undertook the succour by sea; but, according to the Leicestrians, they continued dilatory and incompetent. At any rate, it is certain that they did nothing. At last, Parma had completed the bridge, whose construction was so much dreaded. The haven was now enclosed by a strong wooden structure, resting on boats, on a plan similar to that of the famous bridge with which he had two years before bridled the Scheldt, and Sluys was thus completely shut in from the sea. Fire-ships were now constructed, by order of Leicester—feeble imitations of the floating volcanoes of Gianibelli—and it was agreed that they should be sent against the bridge with the first flood-tide. The propitious moment never seemed to arrive, however, and, meantime, the citizens of Flushing, of their own accord, declared that they would themselves equip and conduct a fleet into the harbour of Sluys.[2] But the Nassaus are said to have expressed great disgust that low-born burghers should presume to meddle with so important an enterprise, which of right belonged to their family.[3] Thus, in the midst of these altercations and contradictory schemes, the month of July wore away, and the city was reduced to its last gasp.

[1] R. Williams to Walsingham $\frac{6}{16}$ July, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 179. MS.)

Compare 'Discourse of War' apud Grimstone, xiii. 963. "Truly all the Dutch and Walloons," says Sir Roger, "showed themselves constant, resolute, and valiant, especially those brave and valiant captains Meetkerke and Heraugiere." He also especially commends the valour of Huntley, Udall, Scott, Ferdinando Gorges, St. Leger, and Nicholas Baskerville.

[2] A brief Report of the Proceedings of his Excellency for the relief of Sluys, 26 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Willoughby, Russell, Pelham and others, to the Lords, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] "Burghers of Flushing proffered their services, which were accepted with thanks; but that upon Count Maurice and Admiral Nassau being applied to for necessaries, they seemed to be touched very much in reputation that a piece of service so respectable should have been left to persons of base quality instead of to themselves, who readily would adventure their best means. His Excellency, fearing to offend them, gave his consent. . . . . Maurice declared the enterprise to be impossible without better means, from which it appeared plainly that all had been devised on purpose of delay, until it should be too late to help the town." Willoughby, Russell, *et al.* to the Lords. (MS. last cited.)

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For the cannonading had thoroughly done its work. Eighteen days long the burghers and what remained of the garrison had lived upon the ramparts, never leaving their posts, but eating, sleeping, and fighting day and night. Of the sixteen hundred Dutch and English but seven hundred remained. At last a swimming messenger was sent out by the besieged with despatches for the States, to the purport that the city could hold out no longer. A breach in the wall had been effected wide enough to admit a hundred men abreast. Sluys had, in truth, already fallen, and it was hopeless any longer to conceal the fact. If not relieved within a day or two, the garrison would be obliged to surrender; but they distinctly stated, that they had all pledged themselves, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and all, unless the most honourable terms were granted, to set fire to the city in a hundred places, and then sally, in mass, from the gates, determined to fight their way through, or be slain in the attempt. The messenger who carried these despatches was drowned, but the letters were saved, and fell into Parma's hands.[1]

At the same moment, Leicester was making, at last, an effort to raise the siege. He brought three or four thousand men from Flushing, and landed them at Ostend; thence he marched to Blanckenburg. He supposed that if he could secure that little port, and thus cut the Duke completely off from the sea, he should force the Spanish commander to raise (or at least suspend) the siege in order to give him battle. Meantime, an opportunity would be afforded for Maurice and Hohenlo to force an entrance into the harbour of Sluys. In this conjecture he was quite correct; but unfortunately he did not thoroughly carry out his own scheme. If the Earl had established himself at Blanckenburg, it would have been necessary for Parma—as he himself subsequently declared—to raise the siege.[2] Leicester carried the outposts of the place successfully; but, so soon as Farnese was aware of this demonstration, he detached a few companies with orders to

[1] Strada, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, R. Williams, in Grimstone, *ubi sup. et al.*
[2] Strada, II. 508, 509, *seq.*

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skirmish with the enemy until the commander-in-chief, with as large a force as he could spare, should come in person to his support. To the unexpected gratification of Farnese, however, no sooner did the advancing Spaniards come in sight, than the Earl, supposing himself invaded by the whole of the Duke's army, under their famous general, and not feeling himself strong enough for such an encounter, retired, with great precipitation, to his boats, re-embarked his troops with the utmost celerity, and set sail for Ostend.[1]

The next night had been fixed for sending forth the fire-ships against the bridge, and for the entrance of the fleet into the harbour. One fire-ship floated a little way towards the bridge and exploded ingloriously. Leicester rowed in his barge about the fleet, superintending the soundings and markings of the channel, and hastening the preparations; but, as the decisive moment approached, the pilots who had promised to conduct the expedition came aboard his pinnace and positively refused to have aught to do with the enterprise, which they now declared an impossibility.[2] The Earl was furious with the pilots, with Maurice, with Hohenlo, with Admiral de Nassau, with the States, with all the world. He stormed and raged and beat his breast, but all in vain. His ferocity would have been more useful the day before, in face of the Spaniards, than now, against the Zeeland mariners. But the invasion by the fleet alone, unsupported by a successful land-operation, was pronounced impracticable, and very soon the relieving fleet was seen by the distressed garrison sailing away from the neighbourhood, and it soon disappeared beneath the horizon. Their fate was sealed. They entered into treaty with Parma, who, secretly instructed, as has been seen, of their desperate intentions, in case any but the most honourable conditions were offered, granted those conditions. The garrison were allowed to go out with colours displayed, lighted matches, bullet in mouth, and with bag and baggage. Such of the burghers as chose to conform to the government of

[1] Strada, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Haraeus, Bentivoglio, *ubi sup.*

[2] Lloyd to Walsingham, $\frac{27 \text{ July}}{6 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Spain and the church of Rome, were permitted to remain. Those who preferred to depart were allowed reasonable time to make their necessary arrangements.[1]

"We have hurt and slain very near eight hundred," said Sir Roger Williams. "We had not powder to fight two hours. There was a breach of almost four hundred paces, another of three score, another of fifty, saltable for horse and men. We had lain continually eighteen nights all on the breaches. He gave us honourable composition. Had the state of England lain on it, our lives could not defend the place three hours, for half the rampires were his, neither had we any pioneers but ourselves. We were sold by their negligence who are now angry with us."[2]

On the 5th August Parma entered the city. Roger Williams —with his gilt morion rather battered, and his great plume of feathers much bedraggled—was a witness to the victor's entrance. Alexander saluted respectfully an officer so well known to him by reputation, and with some complimentary remarks urged him to enter the Spanish service, and to take the field against the Turks.[3]

"My sword," replied the doughty Welshman, "belongs to her royal Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, above and before all the world. When her Highness has no farther use for it, it is at the service of the King of Navarre."[4]

Considering himself sufficiently answered, the Duke then requested Sir Roger to point out Captain Baskerville—very conspicuous by a greater plume of feathers than even that of the Welshman himself—and embraced that officer, when presented to him, before all his staff. "There serves no prince

[1] Brief Report, &c. MS. already cited. Lloyd to Walsingham. MS. already cited. Leicester to same, 12 Aug. 1587. Willoughby and others to the Lords, 12 Aug. 1587. Leicester to same, 12 Aug. 1587. Same to Burghley, 27 July, 1587. Same to same, 13 July, 1587. Same to the Lords, 27 July, 1587. Same to same, 17 Aug. 1587. F. Needham to Walsingham, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.) Compare Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Haraeus, Bentivoglio, Strada, R. Williams, *ubi sup.* Wagenaar, viii. 225–227. Baudart, Polemog., II. 96, *et mult. al.*

[2] Williams to Leicester, 5 Aug. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 214, MS.)

[3] Needham to Walsingham, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Ibid.

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in Europe a braver man than this Englishman," cried Alexander, who well knew how to appreciate high military qualities, whether in his own army or in that of his foes.[1]

The garrison then retired, Sluys became Spanish, and a capacious harbour, just opposite the English coast, was in Parma's hands. Sir Roger Williams was despatched by Leicester to bear the melancholy tidings to his government, and the Queen was requested to cherish the honest Welshman, and at least to set him on horseback, for he was of himself not rich enough to buy even a saddle. It is painful to say that the captain did not succeed in getting the horse.[2]

The Earl was furious in his invectives against Hohenlo, against Maurice, against the States, uniformly ascribing the loss of Sluys to negligence and faction. As for Sir John Norris, he protested that his misdeeds in regard to this business would, in King Henry VIII.'s time, have "cost him his pate."[3]

[1] R. Williams, in Grimstone, lxiii. 962.

[2] "I pray you be good to this bearer, Sir Roger Williams, for he is to be cherished. Her Majesty I trust will help him; and if these wars continue, return him with speed, but set him well on horseback, for he is not worth the saddle of a horse." Leicester to Walsingham, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Yet according to the report of Captain Needham, even Williams had at last become an object of the Earl's jealousy and suspicion, on account of the flattering offers made to him by Farnese. "The Duke of Parma had essayed," says Needham, "by all possible means to gain Sir Roger Williams, but could not prevail, although he thought the hard usage he had received from the Earl of Leicester would be an occasion to make him leave his party. Themistocles (Leicester) had hereupon conceived great jealousy, and hath not spared to give warning to Sir W. Russell to beware of Williams as of one who would be his undoing, and as it seems reported as much to the Lord North and Sir W. Pelham. . . . The gentleman (Williams) was wonderfully perplexed that for his faithful service he should reap his utter undoing, and to be accounted a traitor to his prince. He wished he were at home, upon condition he should never bear arms here, for he knew the nature of Themistocles, as he would leave no means unsought to overthrow his credit," &c. The conversation of the Duke with the Welshman has been reported in the text.

"The Earl of Essex promises me," wrote Williams subsequently, "that her Majesty will do something for me. For my part I do hardly believe it, for I can get no countenance from her Highness. I humbly desire your Excellency to write this for me, either to give me something or discharge me away with nothing. . . . I fear things will not fall out here as well as you would wish. Were your Excellency here, her Majesty would do more. The more the merrier. Without your presence your friends dare not speak what they would, for the simplest that speaks of the peace is better here than the wisest that contraries it. I fear me it is passed so far that the King of Navarre is like to smart for it," &c. R. Williams to Leicester, 1 Sept. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 5, MS.)

[3] Leicester to Walsingham, 12 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

"As for this matter of Sluys," said

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The loss of Sluys was the beginning and foreshadowed the inevitable end of Leicester's second administration. The inaction of the States was one of the causes of its loss. Distrust of Leicester was the cause of the inaction. Sir William Russell, Lord Willoughby, Sir William Pelham, and other English officers, united in statements exonerating the Earl from all blame for the great failure to relieve the place. At the same time, it could hardly be maintained that his expedition to Blanckenburg and his precipitate retreat on the first appearance of the enemy were proofs of consummate generalship. He took no blame to himself for the disaster; but he and his partisans were very liberal in their denunciations of the Hollanders,[1] and Leicester was even ungrateful enough to censure Roger Williams, whose life had been passed, as it were, at push of pike with the Spaniards, and who was one of his own most devoted adherents.

The Queen was much exasperated when informed of the fall of the city. She severely denounced the Netherlanders, and

the Earl, "I may stand before the tribunal seat of God for any fault in me. The greatest is that I did trust Count Maurice too much, but either I must have trusted him or not have had any means at all for shipping. As it is well known beside, he offered his service most frankly and willingly, and did take upon him and his bastard brother to attempt the bridge by such men as they had chosen, to whom I gave 30*l.* beforehand." And in the same vein he says to Burleigh, "I am grieved to think, much more to speak of the loss of Sluys. God knoweth we have done for our parts as much as if a kingdom had stood upon it. But these men have strange designs in their heads, which will in the end breed their own ruin. . . . The dregs of their dealing will, I fear, remain a good while, for the practice and fashion continue. . . . I must beg you to bear with me, for I scarce know what I write, what with grief for the loss of this town, and with anger for the vile lewd dealing of these men that have so naughtily carried themselves in this matter for Sluys. First, by letting me have no men of theirs, when I had but a few men furnished; then, their long deferring our men to be furnished; after, their lack of provisions of all sorts; lastly, vessels and barks to land our men. And these with such like hath brought this poor town to be lost." . . . He then makes an insinuation against the brave and true-hearted Welshman, who had been fighting night and day, from the beginning of the siege to the end. "And yet I cannot, for many respects, how well soever I think of Sir William Rogers' valour and the other captains, give them countenance *or access to me*, before they do give some *good reason* for the delivery of the town without sending to me first." Leicester to Burghley, $\frac{27 \text{ July}}{6 \text{ Aug.}}$ (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] "Your honour may see," said Lloyd, "how Count Hohenlo's proceedings, and States' practices, and this late action, do concur as matters that have been hammered on one anvil and issued from one forge." R. Lloyd to Walsingham, $\frac{20 \text{ July}}{6 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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even went so far as to express dissatisfaction with the great Leicester himself.[1] Meantime, Farnese was well satisfied with his triumph, for he had been informed that "all England was about to charge upon him," in order to relieve the place.[2] All England, however, had been but feebly represented by three thousand raw recruits with a paltry sum of 15,000*l.* to help pay a long bill of arrears.

Wilkes and Norris had taken their departure from the Netherlands before the termination of the siege, and immediately after the return of Leicester. They did not think it expedient to wait upon the governor before leaving the country,[3] for they had very good reason to believe that such an opportunity of personal vengeance would be turned to account by the Earl. Wilkes had already avowed his intention of making his escape without being dandled with leave-takings, and no doubt he was right. The Earl was indignant when he found that they had given him the slip, and denounced them with fresh acrimony to the Queen, imploring her to wreak full measure of wrath upon their heads;[4] and he well knew that his entreaties would meet with the royal attention.

Buckhurst had a parting interview with the governor-general, at which Killigrew and Beale, the new English counsellors who had replaced Wilkes and Clerk, were present. The conversation was marked by insolence on the part of Leicester, and by much bitterness on that of Buckhurst. The parting envoy refused to lay before the Earl a full statement of the grievances between the States-General and the governor, on the ground that Leicester had no right to be judge in his

[1] Essex to Leicester, $\frac{31 \text{ July}}{10 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Walsingham to same, 2 Aug. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 234, MS.) "The ill success of Sluys causeth her to pick some quarrel towards your Lordship in that action, as by her letters you may perceive."

[2] "Corria la voz que cargava toda Inglaterra." Parma to Philip, 6 Aug. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas. MS.)

[3] Wilkes to the Lords, 20 July, 1587, (S. P. Office MS.) explaining—what had been sufficiently explained before—why he left the Netherlands without greeting Leicester, "for that he was too terrified to come into his presence, knowing his animosity." He expresses the hope that "her Majesty, being the image of God on earth, will be like to Him in mercy, and not suffer more to be laid upon him than flesh and blood can bear."

[4] Leicester to Walsingham, 4 July, 1587. Same to Queen, 7 July, 1587. Same to Burghley, 13 July, 1587. (S P. Office MSS.)

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own cause. The matter, he said, should be laid before the Queen in council, and by her august decision he was willing to abide. On every other subject he was ready to give any information in his power. The interview lasted a whole forenoon and afternoon. Buckhurst, according to his own statement, answered freely all questions put to him by Leicester and his counsellors; while, if the report of those personages is to be trusted, he passionately refused to make any satisfactory communication. Under the circumstances, however, it may well be believed that no satisfactory communication was possible.[1]

On arriving in England, Sir John Norris was forbidden to come into her Majesty's presence, Wilkes was thrown into the Fleet Prison, and Buckhurst was confined in his own country house.[2]

Norris had done absolutely nothing, which, even by implication, could be construed into a dereliction of duty; but it was sufficient that he was hated by Leicester, who had not scrupled, over and over again, to denounce this first general of England as a fool, a coward, a knave, and a liar.

As for Wilkes, his only crime was a most conscientious discharge of his duty, in the course of which he had found cause to modify his abstract opinions in regard to the origin of sovereignty, and had come reluctantly to the conviction that Leicester's unpopularity had made perhaps another governor-general desirable. But this admission had only been made privately and with extreme caution; while, on the other hand, he had constantly defended the absent Earl, with all the eloquence at his command. But the hatred of Leicester was sufficient to consign this able and painstaking public servant to a prison; and thus was a man of worth, honour, and talent, who had been placed in a position of grave responsibility and immense fatigue, and who had done his duty

[1] Killigrew and Beale to Walsingham, 13 July, 1587. Buckhurst to Burghley, 22 July, 1587. A true declaration of the proceedings of Lord Buckhurst and Dr. Clerke, 24 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Buckhurst to Walsingham, 24th July, 1587. Same to Burghley, 24 July, 1587. Same to same, 28 July, 1587. Walsingham to Leicester, 29 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

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like an upright, straight-forward Englishman, sacrificed to the wrath of a favourite. "Surely, Mr. Secretary," said the Earl, "there was never a falser creature, a more seditious wretch, than Wilkes. He is a villain, a devil, without faith or religion."[1]

As for Buckhurst himself, it is unnecessary to say a word in

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, 4 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Buckhurst was of a different opinion.

"Mr. Wilkes, having had so long experience in these parts," he wrote, "and being so careful and diligent for the good preservation and furtherance of the cause, whereof in the late dangerous times and troubles here he made right good testimony, is able therein to do your Majesty most especial and notable service, being also otherwise so sufficiently practised in the estate of other countries and so well trained in your affairs at home, with such excellent gifts of *utterance, memory, wit, courage, and knowledge,* and *with so faithful and careful a heart* to serve your Majesey, as *it were a woeful case* if such a worthy servant should for any respect be discomforted and disgraced by your Majesty's displeasure." Buckhurst to the Queen, 28 June, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 61, MS.)

Yet such a eulogy from so illustrious a man, and fully borne out by the deeds and words of Wilkes himself, could not save the councillor from the gaol. He had loved Sir John Norris, which was enough to secure him the hatred of Leicester, and consequently the unmitigated wrath of the Queen.

But these pages have already illustrated the copiousness of the great Earl's vocabulary in vituperation. Mr. P. B., Sir John Norris, Hollock, Wilkes, Buckhurst himself, the States-General, the States-Provincial, and, in brief, any one who crossed his schemes, were sure to draw down the full tempest of wrath. He was now very angry with those who surrounded young Maurice, especially with the minister Villiers, whom he pronounced to be "a condemned man, not only among all honest and godly men, but also with all the churches through all the Provinces." Sainte Aldegonde, too, whom before and after this point of time, he seemed to appreciate and applaud, was now held up as an object of suspicion. "I have found cause of late," he says, "to fear Sainte Aldegonde to be an unsound and hollow man. There are great presumptions that he is dealing in secret with Parma. He is lately married. All men condemn him for it, and his best friends did greatly dissuade him from it, but it would not be. And now is he to return again for two or three months, being known to be greatly favoured on the other side, and can enjoy no penny but by that favour. I see he takes no course to please the church. The young Count is directed by both him and Villiers, albeit the one, Sainte Aldegonde, doth make less show than the other. Oh, God, what a world it is! Both these hot men heretofore are become less than lukewarm now, and wholly given to policy." Leicester to Walsingham, MS above cited.

Yet before the end of the year Sainte Aldegonde was violently abused by others for opposite tendencies. "The Count of Hollock being drunk the other day," says Sir Robert Sidney, "took a quarrel to Monsieur de Sainte Aldegonde, saying he was wont to be a lover of the house of Nassau, but now he was grown altogether a Leicestrian, the which he repeated sundry times upon him before the Count Maurice and many other gentlemen. In truth, I think Sainte Aldegonde very well affected unto your Excellency. Surely he mislikes the proceedings here, and meddles nothing with them." Sidney to Leicester, 31 Dec. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 288.)

Nothing could be more unscrupulous than the denunciations of Leicester whenever he was offended. They would seem almost risible, were it not that the capricious wrath of the all-powerful favourite was often sufficient to blast the character, the career, the hopes, and even take away the lives, of honest men.

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his defence. The story of his mission has been completely detailed from the most authentic and secret documents, and there is not a single line written to the Queen, to her ministers, to the States, to any public body or to any private friend, in England or elsewhere, that does not reflect honour on his name. With sagacity, without passion, with unaffected sincerity, he had unravelled the complicated web of Netherland politics, and, with clear vision, had penetrated the designs of the mighty enemy whom England and Holland had to encounter in mortal combat. He had pointed out the errors of the Earl's administration—he had fearlessly, earnestly, but respectfully deplored the misplaced parsimony of the Queen—he had warned her against the delusions which had taken possession of her keen intellect—he had done his best to place the governor-general upon good terms with the States and with his sovereign; but it had been impossible for him to further his schemes for the acquisition of a virtual sovereignty over the Netherlands, or to extinguish the suspicions of the States that the Queen was secretly negotiating with the Spaniard, when he knew those suspicions to be just.

For deeds, such as these, the able and high-minded ambassador, the accomplished statesman and poet, was forbidden to approach his sovereign's presence, and was ignominiously imprisoned in his own house until the death of Leicester. After that event, Buckhurst emerged from confinement, received the order of the garter and the Earldom of Dorset, and on the death of Burghley succeeded that statesman in the office of Lord-Treasurer. Such was the substantial recognition of the merits of a man who was now disgraced for the conscientious discharge of the most important functions that had yet been confided to him.

It would be a thankless and superfluous task to give the details of the renewed attempt, during a few months, made by Leicester to govern the Provinces. His second administration consisted mainly of the same altercations with the States, on the subject of sovereignty, the same mutual recriminations and wranglings, that had characterized the period

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of his former rule. He rarely met the States in person, and almost never resided at the Hague, holding his court at Middleburg, Dort, or Utrecht, as his humour led him.

The one great feature of the autumn of 1587 was the private negotiation between Elizabeth and the Duke of Parma.

Before taking a glance at the nature of those secrets, however, it is necessary to make a passing allusion to an event which might have seemed likely to render all pacific communications with Spain, whether secret or open, superfluous.

For while so much time had been lost in England and Holland, by misunderstandings and jealousies, there was one Englishman who had not been losing time. In the winter and early spring of 1587, the Devonshire skipper had organized that expedition which he had come to the Netherlands, the preceding autumn, to discuss. He meant to aim a blow at the very heart of that project which Philip was shrouding with so much mystery, and which Elizabeth was attempting to counteract by so much diplomacy.

On the 2nd April, Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth with four ships belonging to the Queen, and with twenty-four furnished by the merchants of London, and other private individuals. It was a bold buccaneering expedition—combining chivalrous enterprise with the chance of enormous profit—which was most suited to the character of English adventurers at that expanding epoch. For it was by England, not by Elizabeth, that the quarrel with Spain was felt to be a mortal one. It was England, not its sovereign, that was instinctively arming, at all points, to grapple with the great enemy of European liberty. It was the spirit of self-help, of self-reliance, which was prompting the English nation to take the great work of the age into its own hands. The mercantile instinct of the nation was flattered with the prospect of gain, the martial quality of its patrician and of its plebeian blood was eager to confront danger, the great Protestant mutiny against a decrepid superstition in combination with an aggressive tyranny, all impelled the best energies of the English

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people against Spain, as the embodiment of all which was odious and menacing to them, and with which they felt that the life and death struggle could not long be deferred.

And of these various tendencies, there were no more fitting representatives than Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Essex, Cavendish and Grenfell, and the other privateersmen of the sixteenth century. The same greed for danger, for gold, and for power, which, seven centuries before, had sent the Norman race forth to conquer all Christendom, was now sending its Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman kindred to take possession of the old world and the new.

"The wind commands me away," said Drake on the 2nd April, 1587; "our ship is under sail. God grant that we may so live in His fear, that the enemy may have cause to say that God doth fight for her Majesty abroad as well as at home."[1]

But he felt that he was not without enemies behind him, for the strong influence brought to bear against the bold policy which Walsingham favoured, was no secret to Drake. "If we deserve ill," said he, "let us be punished. If we discharge our duty, in doing our best, it is a hard measure to be reported ill by those who will either keep their fingers out of the fire, or who too well affect that alteration in our government which I hope in God they shall never live to see."[2] In latitude 40° he spoke two Zeeland ships, homeward bound, and obtained information of great warlike stores accumulating in Cadiz and Lisbon. His mind was instantly made up. Fortunately, the pinnace which the Queen despatched with orders to stay his hand[3] in the very act of smiting her great adversary, did not sail fast enough to overtake the swift corsair and his fleet. Sir Francis had too promptly obeyed the wind, when it "commanded him away," to receive the royal countermand. On the 19th April, the English ships entered the harbour of Cadiz, and destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, with their contents, in the very face of a dozen great

[1] Drake to Walsingham in Barrow's 'Life of Drake' (Murray, 1843), p. 223.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Leicester, 17 April, 1587. Same to same, 11 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 327-344. MSS.)

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galleys, which the nimble English vessels soon drove under their forts for shelter. Two nights and a day, Sir Francis, that "hater of idleness," was steadily doing his work; unloading, rifling, scuttling, sinking, and burning those transport-ships which contained a portion of the preparations painfully made by Philip for his great enterprise. Pipe-staves and spikes, horse-shoes and saddles, timber and cutlasses, wine, oil, figs, raisins, biscuits, and flour, a miscellaneous mass of ingredients long brewing for the trouble of England, were emptied into the harbour, and before the second night, the blaze of a hundred and fifty burning vessels played merrily upon the grim walls of Philip's fortresses. Some of these ships were of the largest size then known. There was one belonging to Marquis Santa Cruz of 1500 tons, there was a Biscayan of 1200, there were several others of 1000, 800, and of nearly equal dimensions.

Thence sailing for Lisbon, Sir Francis captured and destroyed a hundred vessels more, appropriating what was portable of the cargoes, and annihilating the rest. At Lisbon, Marquis Santa Cruz, lord high admiral of Spain and generalissimo of the invasion, looked on, mortified and amazed, but offering no combat, while the Plymouth privateersman swept the harbour of the great monarch of the world. After thoroughly accomplishing his work, Drake sent a message to Santa Cruz, proposing to exchange his prisoners for such Englishmen as might then be confined in Spain. But the Marquis denied all prisoners. Thereupon Sir Francis decided to sell his captives to the Moors, and to appropriate the proceeds of the sale towards the purchase of English slaves out of the same bondage.[1] Such was the fortune of war in the sixteenth century.

Having dealt these great blows, Drake set sail again from Lisbon, and, twenty leagues from St. Michaels, fell in with one of those famous Spanish East Indiamen, called carracks, then the great wonder of the seas. This vessel, San Felipe by name, with a cargo of extraordinary value, was easily cap-

[1] Barrow, 232, 233.

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tured, and Sir Francis now determined to return. He had done a good piece of work in a few weeks, but he was by no means of opinion that he had materially crippled the enemy. On the contrary, he gave the government warning as to the enormous power and vast preparations of Spain. "There would be forty thousand men under way ere long," he said, "well equipped and provisioned;" and he stated, as the result of personal observation, that England could not be too energetic in its measures of resistance. He had done something with his little fleet, but he was no braggart, and had no disposition to underrate the enemy's power. "God make us all thankful again and again," he observed, "that we have, *although it be little, made a beginning upon the coast of Spain.*"[1] And modestly as he spoke of what he had accomplished, so with quiet self-reliance did he allude to the probable consequences. It was certain, he intimated, that the enemy would soon seek revenge with all his strength, and "with all the devices and traps he could devise." This was a matter which could not be doubted. "But," said Sir Francis, "I thank them much that they have staid so long, and when they come they *shall be but the sons of mortal men.*"[2]

Perhaps the most precious result of the expedition, was the lesson which the Englishmen had thus learned in handling the great galleys of Spain. It might soon stand them in stead. The little war-vessels which had come from Plymouth, had sailed round and round these vast unwieldy hulks, and had fairly driven them off the field, with very slight damage to themselves. Sir Francis had already taught the mariners of England, even if he had done nothing else by this famous Cadiz expedition, that an armada of Spain might not be so invincible as men imagined.

Yet when the conqueror returned from his great foray, he received no laurels. His sovereign met him, not with smiles, but with frowns and cold rebukes. He had done his duty, and helped to save her endangered throne, but Elizabeth was

[1] Barrow, 233.
[2] Ibid. Compare Camden, III. 396. | Meteren, xiv. 253, 254. Bor, II. xxi. 753-768, xxii. 981, xxiii. 77.

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now the dear friend of Alexander Farnese, and in amicable correspondence with his royal master. This "little" beginning on the coast of Spain might not seem to his Catholic Majesty a matter to be thankful for, nor be likely to further a pacification, and so Elizabeth hastened to disavow her Plymouth captain.[1]

[1] "True it is, and I avow it on my faith, her Majesty did send a ship expressly before he went to Cadiz with a message by letters charging Sir Francis Drake *not to show any act of hostility*, which messenger by contrary winds could never come to the place where he was, but was constrained to come home, *and hearing of Sir F. Drake's actions*, her Majesty commanded the party that returned to have been punished, but that he acquitted himself by the oaths of himself and all his company. *And so unwitting yea unwilling to her Majesty* those actions were committed by Sir F. Drake, for the which her Majesty *is as yet greatly offended with him.*" Burghley to Andreas de Loo, 18 July, 1587. 'Flanders Correspondence.' (S. P. Office MS.)

"There are letters written to Sir Francis Drake," said Walsingham, "sent unto him by a pinnance sent forth especially for that purpose, to command him not to attempt anything by land, nor to enter into the ports to distress the ships. This resolution proceedeth altogether upon a hope of peace which I fear will draw a dangerous war upon her Majesty, by the alienation of the hearts of the well-affected people in the Low Countries." Walsingham to Leicester, 11 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 344. MS.)

And again, a week later—"As for Spain," says the Secretary, "they are so far off from any intention to assail England, as they stand now upon their own guard for fear of Sir Francis Drake. There are letters written from certain of my lords, by her Majesty's effectual commandment, to inhibit him to attempt anything by land, or within the ports of the kingdom of Spain. He is at liberty to take any of the King's fleets, either going out of Spain or returning into Spain. There is a bruit given out upon the despatch of these letters that there is order given for his revocation." Same to same, 17 April, 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, C. xi. p. 327. MS.)

It is somewhat amusing, on the other hand, to find Leicester claiming credit for her Majesty, for this demonstration against Spain, and using it in his communications with the States as a proof of her hostile intentions towards that power. "There is no such meaning in her Majesty to abuse you," he observed, "as you might perceive both by the sending of Sir Francis Drake into Spain and by the return of myself hither, to have prosecuted the war if I had found any means here." Leicester to the States, 6 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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CHAPTER XVII.

Secret Treaty between Queen and Parma—Excitement and Alarm in the States — Religious Persecution in England — Queen's Sincerity toward Spain — Language and Letters of Parma — Negotiations of De Loo — English Commissioners appointed — Parma's affectionate Letter to the Queen — Philip at his Writing-Table — His Plots with Parma against England — Parma's secret Letters to the King — Philip's Letters to Parma — Wonderful Duplicity of Philip — His sanguine Views as to England — He is reluctant to hear of the Obstacles — and imagines Parma in England —But Alexander's Difficulties are great — He denounces Philip's wild Schemes — Walsingham aware of the Spanish Plot — which the States well understand — Leicester's great Unpopularity — The Queen warned against Treating — Leicester's Schemes against Barneveld — Leicestrian Conspiracy at Leyden—The Plot to seize the City discovered—Three Ringleaders sentenced to Death—Civil War in France—Victory gained by Navarre, and one by Guise — Queen recalls Leicester — Who retires on ill Terms with the States — Queen warned as to Spanish Designs — Results of Leicester's Administration.

THE course of Elizabeth towards the Provinces, in the matter of the peace, was certainly not ingenuous, but it was not absolutely deceitful. She concealed and denied the negotiations, when the Netherland statesmen were perfectly aware of their existence, if not of their tenour; but she was not prepared, as they suspected, to sacrifice their liberties and their religion, as the price of her own reconciliation with Spain. Her attitude towards the States was imperious, over-bearing, and abusive. She had allowed the Earl of Leicester to return, she said, because of her love for the poor and oppressed people, but in many of her official and in all her private communications, she denounced the men who governed that people as ungrateful wretches and impudent liars.[1]

[1] *E. g.* "Nous avons renvoyé notre cousin de Leycestre—nonobstant que nous fussions à peu pres degoutés .... vus les desordres et confusions depuis son partement de là ... les traverses ingrates de quelques uns mal affectés par de là, dont nous memes avons eu occasion de bien fort nous repentir. Toutefois la consideration que nous avons eu de l'innocence d'un si bon peuple, et le desir qu'avons eu de leur bien, jointe la prompte volunté de notre cousin, ont eu plus de force a nous retenir en notre premiere affection .... et attendons que ce qu'est passé sera reparé à l'avenir ...." Queen to State-Council, 20 June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.) A letter to the States, of nearly

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These were the corrosives and vinegar which she thought suitable for the case; and the Earl was never weary in depicting the same statesmen as seditious, pestilent, self-seeking, mischief-making traitors. These secret, informal negotiations, had been carried on during most of the year 1587. It was the "comptroller's peace," as Walsingham contemptuously designated the attempted treaty; for it will be recollected that Sir James Croft, a personage of very mediocre abilities, had always been more busy than any other English politician in these transactions. He acted, however, on the inspiration of Burghley, who drew his own from the fountain-head.

But it was in vain for the Queen to affect concealment. The States knew everything which was passing, before Leicester knew. His own secret instructions reached the Netherlands before he did. His secretary, Junius, was thrown into prison, and his master's letter taken from him, before there had been any time to act upon its treacherous suggestions.[1] When the Earl wrote letters with his own hand to his sovereign, of so secret a nature that he did not even retain a

the same date, is likewise filled with expressions of her disgust at the "étrange et ingrate maniere de vos deportements envers notre cousin, votre ingratitude et traverses," and of praise of the cousin, who, "nonobstant toutes ces discourtesies et ingratitudes, ne voudra espargner pour le bien de vous tous de hasarder ni sa vie ni sa fortune," &c. Queen to States, 22 June, 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

And three months later—"How the town of Sluys was lost, we will spare to write, that which thousands of your native people did affirm, how traitorously this town was lost, or rather betrayed, the world knoweth, and we do not think that yourselves can deny it, from want of supply from you and your chieftains, . . . and yet not without the honour and reputation of ours that defended it. . . . Our lieutenant (Leicester) could not have convenient time to deal with you (about the peace), for that he was so entangled with your overthwart dealing against him, with sundry false reports of us and himself, that we had agreed to a peace with the King of Spain, without regard to you. . . . That the Earl of Leicester was by us directed to surprise divers towns, to yield to the King, if you would not assent to peace, with many more such false and slanderous bruits spread—yea believed and maintained for some time by some of your own number, all which we affirm on the word of a prince, most false and maliciously devised with devilish minds, abhorring, as it seemeth, all liking of godly peace and quietness," &c. Queen to the States, 20 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Meteren, xiv. 255. "This letter they have taken perforce from him, and committed first my man to prison, which I think was never durst to be attempted before, and puts me past my patience, I assure you." Leicester to Walsingham, 4 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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single copy for himself, for fear of discovery, he found, to his infinite disgust, that the States were at once provided with an authentic transcript of every line that he had written.[1] It was therefore useless, almost puerile, to deny facts which were quite as much within the knowledge of the Netherlanders as of himself. The worst consequence of the concealment was, that a deeper treachery was thought possible than actually existed. "The fellow they call Barneveld,"[2] as Leicester was in the habit of designating one of the first statesmen in Europe, was perhaps justified, knowing what he did, in suspecting more. Being furnished with a list of commissioners, already secretly agreed upon between the English and Spanish governments, to treat for peace, while at the same time the Earl was beating his breast, and flatly denying that there was any intention of treating with Parma at all, it was not unnatural that he should imagine a still wider and deeper scheme than really existed, against the best interests of his country. He may have expressed, in private conversation, some suspicions of this nature, but there is direct evidence that he never stated in public anything which was not afterwards proved to be matter of fact, or of legitimate inference from the secret document which had come into his hands. The Queen exhausted herself in opprobious language against those who dared to impute to her a design to obtain possession of the cities and strong places of the Netherlands, in order to secure a position in which to compel the Provinces into obedience to her policy. She urged, with much logic, that

[1] "I am credibly informed by an honest man," says Leicester, "who says he saw it, that the States have a copy of my last instrument, as also of the letter of her Majesty written lately privately to me, touching the dealing in the peace. Yea, further, that they are thoroughly and particularly made acquainted with a late letter of mine to her Majesty, written with my own hand, whereof I would have no copy taken, because I would have no man acquaint with it. In which letter I informed her Majesty at length of all things here, and gave her also, in some sort, my private advice. They have, by some means, got knowledge of the contents thereof, and have intimated the same secretly to the Provinces, intending thereby to draw me into hatred and suspicion of the people, as though this dealing for peace were procured for me. But for this matter, I shall hope to deal well enough, for this treacherous usage of her Majesty's secrets," &c. Leicester to Walsingham, 28 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Leicester to Burghley, 10-11 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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as she had refused the sovereignty of the whole country when offered to her, she was not likely to form surreptitious schemes to make herself mistress of a portion of it. On the other hand, it was very obvious, that to accept the sovereignty of Philip's rebellious Provinces, was to declare war upon Philip; whereas, had she been pacifically inclined towards that sovereign, and treacherously disposed towards the Netherlands, it would be a decided advantage to her to have those strong places in her power. But the suspicions as to her good faith were exaggerated. As to the intentions of Leicester, the States were justified in their almost unlimited distrust. It is very certain that both in 1586, and again, at this very moment, when Elizabeth was most vehement in denouncing such aspersions on her government, he had unequivocally declared to her his intention of getting possession, if possible, of several cities, and of the whole Island of Walcheren, which, together with the cautionary towns already in his power, would enable the Queen to make good terms for herself with Spain, "if *the worst came to the worst.*"[1] It will also soon be shown that he did his best to carry these schemes into execution. There is no evidence, however, and no probability, that he had received the royal commands to perpetrate such a crime.

The States believed also, that in those secret negotiations with Parma the Queen was disposed to sacrifice the religious

[1] "I will go to Medenblik (the next town to Enkhuyzen), which is at your Majesty's devotion, as the governor thereof (Sonoy) is, and will do my best to recover Enkhuyzen ere I depart thence. Then, indeed, your Majesty, *having Flushing, Brill, and Utrecht*, as you have, and these, ye shall be able to bring the peace to better conditions, *and bridle these States of Holland at your pleasure.* . . . . They are full of shifts, and yet *such as for this matter* may ask toleration, for *how hateful a matter peace hath been to the generality* almost of all these countries, is *well known to all persons*, and how *loathsome* a thing *it is to all* but to such as for love, and trust in your Majesty will conform themselves, I can sufficiently testify; and it is the only cause of the world for them to be careful in their dealing, for it doth confirm them and their posterity both in their lives and liberties, and therefore to be borne withal, if they take deliberation." Leicester to the Queen, 9 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Yet the Earl, notwithstanding this admission, avows his determination of *bridling* the States by gaining possession of their cities.

And again, a month later: "I will not be idle to do all that in me shall lie to make this island of *Walcheren assured*, whatsoever shall fall out: which, if it may be, *your Majesty shall the less fear to make a good bargain for yourself*, when the worst shall come." Leicester to the Queen, 5th Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

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interests of the Netherlands. In this they were mistaken. But they had reason for their mistake, because the negotiator De Loo, had expressly said, that, in her overtures to Farnese, she had abandoned that point altogether.[1] If this had been so, it would have simply been a consent on the part of Elizabeth, that the Catholic religion and the Inquisition should be re-established in the Provinces, to the exclusion of every other form of worship or polity. In truth, however, the position taken by her Majesty on the subject was as fair as could be reasonably expected. Certainly she was no advocate for religious *liberty*. She chose that her own subjects should be Protestants, because she had chosen to be a Protestant herself, and because it was an incident of her supremacy, to dictate uniformity of creed to all beneath her sceptre. No more than her father, who sent to the stake or gallows heretics to transubstantiation as well as believers in the Pope, had Elizabeth the faintest idea of religious freedom. Heretics to the English Church were persecuted, fined, imprisoned, mutilated, and murdered, by sword, rope, and fire. In some respects, the practice towards those who dissented from Elizabeth was more immoral and illogical, even if less cruel, than that to which those were subjected who rebelled against Sixtus. The Act of Uniformity required Papists to assist at the Protestant worship, but wealthy Papists could obtain immunity by an enormous fine. The Roman excuse to destroy bodies in order to save souls, could scarcely be alledged by a Church which might be bribed into connivance at heresy, and which derived a revenue from the very nonconformity for which humbler victims were sent to the gallows. It would, however, be unjust in the extreme to overlook the enormous difference in the amount of persecution, exercised respectively by the Protestant and the Roman Church. It is probable that not many more than two hundred Catholics[2] were executed

[1] "I have sent her Majesty another letter from De Loo, whereby it seemeth that now very lately her Majesty hath given him to understand that she will not insist upon the matter of religion further than shall be with the King's honour and conscience. Whereupon De Loo taketh no small hold, and if she keep that course, all will go to ruin, as I have written to her Majesty." Buckhurst to Walsingham, 18 June, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "Dod reckons them at 191; Milner has raised the list to 204. Fiftee

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as such, in Elizabeth's reign, and this was ten score too many. But what was this against eight hundred heretics burned, hanged, and drowned, in one Easter week by Alva, against the eighteen thousand two hundred sent to stake and scaffold, as he boasted during his administration, against the vast numbers of Protestants, whether they be counted by tens or by hundreds of thousands, who perished by the edicts of Charles V., in the Netherlands, or in the single Saint Bartholomew Massacre in France? Moreover, it should never be forgotten—from undue anxiety for impartiality—that most of the Catholics who were executed in England, suffered as conspirators rather than as heretics. No foreign potentate, claiming to be vicegerent of Christ, had denounced Philip as a bastard and usurper, or had, by means of a blasphemous fiction, which then was a terrible reality, severed the bonds of allegiance by which his subjects were held, cut him off from all communion with his fellow-creatures, and promised temporal rewards and a crown of glory in heaven to those who should succeed in depriving him of throne and life. Yet this was the position of Elizabeth. It was war to the knife between her and Rome, declared by Rome itself; nor was there any doubt whatever that the Seminary Priests—seedlings transplanted from foreign nurseries, which were as watered gardens for the growth of treason—were a perpetually organized band of conspirators and assassins, with whom it was hardly an act of excessive barbarity to deal in somewhat summary fashion. Doubtless it would have been a more lofty

of these, according to him, suffered for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish church. Many others died of hardships in prison, and many were deprived of their property. There seems, nevertheless, to be good reason for doubting whether any one who was executed might not have saved his life by explicitly denying the Pope's power to depose the Queen. This certainly furnishes a distinction between the persecution under Elizabeth (which, unjust as it was in its operation, yet, so far as it extended to capital inflictions, had in view the security of the government) and that which the Protestants had sustained in her sister's reign, springing from mere bigotry and vindictive rancour." (Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' fifth edition. Murray, 1846. I. 163. Compare Lingard, viii. 356, 513, Strype, iii. iv., and see in particular, chapters iii. and iv. of Hallam, in which the dealings of Elizabeth in religious matters are profoundly investigated.)

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policy, and a far more intelligent one, to extend towards the Catholics of England, who as a body were loyal to their country, an ample toleration. But it could scarcely be expected that Elizabeth Tudor, as imperious and absolute by temperament as her father had ever been, would be capable of embodying that great principle.

When, in the preliminaries to the negotiations of 1587, therefore, it was urged on the part of Spain, that the Queen was demanding a concession of religious liberty from Philip to the Netherlanders which she refused to English heretics, and that he only claimed the same right of dictating a creed to his subjects which she exercised in regard to her own, Lord Burghley replied that the statement was correct. The Queen permitted—it was true—no man to profess any religion but the one which she professed. At the same time it was declared to be unjust, that those persons in the Netherlands who had been for years in the habit of practising Protestant rites, should be *suddenly* compelled, *without instruction*, to abandon that form of worship. It was well known that many would rather die than submit to such oppression, and it was affirmed that the exercise of this cruelty would be resisted by her to the uttermost. There was no hint of the propriety—on any logical basis—of leaving the question of creed as a matter between man and his Maker, with which any dictation on the part of crown or state was an act of odious tyranny. There was not even a suggestion that the Protestant doctrines were true, and the Catholic doctrines false. The matter was merely taken up on the *uti possidetis* principle, that they who had acquired the fact of Protestant worship had a right to retain it, and could not justly be deprived of it, except by instruction and persuasion. It was also affirmed that it was not the English practice to inquire into men's consciences. It would have been difficult, however, to make that very clear to Philip's comprehension, because, if men, women, and children, were scourged with rods, imprisoned, and hanged, if they refused to conform publicly to a ceremony at which their consciences revolted—unless they had money enough to pur-

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chase non-conformity—it seemed to be the practice to inquire very effectively into their consciences.[1]

But if there was a certain degree of disingenuousness on the part of Elizabeth towards the States, her attitude towards Parma was one of perfect sincerity. A perusal of the secret correspondence leaves no doubt whatever on that point. She was seriously and fervently desirous of peace with Spain. On the part of Farnese and his master, there was the most unscrupulous mendacity, while the confiding simplicity and truthfulness of the Queen in these negotiations was almost pathetic. Especially she declared her trust in the loyal and upright character of Parma, in which she was sure of never being disappointed. It is only doing justice to Alexander to say that he was as much deceived by her frankness as she by his falsehood. It never entered his head that a royal personage and the trusted counsellors of a great kingdom could be telling the truth in a secret international transaction, and

[1] "And when De Loo reporteth an objection made to him, that there is no more reason for the King to yield to any of his subjects liberty of religion contrary to the one he professeth no more than her Majesty doth to any of hers; indeed, at the first appearance, this objection seemeth of good moment to be allowed, and, until it be answered, ought to be taken by the Duke of Parma; but if the diversities of the comparison shall be marked, the case also will therein be changed. The Queen's Majesty *indeed never did permit*, either publicly or privately, that any persons for these seven years should use any exercise of religion contrary to that form received and established by public authority; so as none can challenge that they were by any liberty suffered to use any other, which is contrary to the Low Countries, for the space of about six years. But if her Majesty had so permitted, surely reason would move her not to constrain, otherwise than by instruction, any that by reason of her permission had governed their consciences to the contrary. And because it may be also further objected, as most falsely is divulged, to more offence against her Majesty from Catholic places, that she doth so severely punish them that are in conscience contrarily affected, it is to be avowed for a certain truth that her Majesty never did allow that any person was by inquisition urged to show his conscience in any matter of faith, nor ever was punished for professing only of his opinion in his conscience, but what any have beside their profession of their conscience, moved by others, by open acts to break the law, or have, under colour of encouraging others to change their form of religion, persuaded them also to alter their obedience in all wordly duties, to practise rebellion in the realm, to solicit invasions, and flatly to deny the Queen's Majesty to be their lawful Queen. In those cases, her Majesty and all her ministers of justice had cause to withstand such violent courses under colours of religion; and otherwise than to withstand these most dangerous attempts, her Majesty did never allow any should lose their lives and shed their blood." (Rough draft of Burghley, 9 March, 1587 Br. Mus. Galba, C. ix. p. 122, MS.)

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he justified the industry with which his master and himself piled fiction upon fiction, by their utter disbelief in every word which came to them from England.

The private negotiations had been commenced, or rather had been renewed, very early in February of this year. During the whole critical period which preceded and followed the execution of Mary, in the course of which the language of Elizabeth towards the States had been so shrewish, there had been the gentlest diplomatic cooing between Farnese and herself. It was—Dear Cousin, you know how truly I confide in your sincerity, how anxious I am that this most desirable peace should be arranged; and it was—Sacred Majesty, you know how much joy I feel in your desire for the repose of the world, and for a solid peace between your Highness and the King my master; how much I delight in concord—*how incapable I am by ambiguous words of spinning out these transactions, or of deceiving your Majesty*, and what a hatred I feel for steel, fire, and blood.[1]

Four or five months rolled on, during which Leicester had been wasting time in England, Farnese wasting none before Sluys, and the States doing their best to counteract the schemes both of their enemy and of their ally. De Loo made a visit, in July, to the camp of the Duke of Parma, and received the warmest assurances of his pacific dispositions. "I am much pained," said Alexander, "with this procrastination. I am so full of sincerity myself, that it seems to me a very strange matter, this hostile descent by Drake upon the coasts of Spain. The result of such courses will be, that the

[1] Parma to Queen Elizabeth, 18th Feb. 1587. Same to same, 5 April, 1587. Queen to Parma, 13 April, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MSS.) And even later still:—

"Such is the good opinion conceived of the Duke of Parma," wrote Burghley, "for his own nature and worthiness in all places, that he is a prince of honour in keeping his promise, without respect of any gain or benefit. And, to tell you true, it is the only foundation which her Majesty maketh to proceed in this treaty, against the opinion of very many, in that she esteemeth the Duke to have great regard to his word and promise, and also an opinion that she hath, though he be a great man of war, that he is Christianly disposed rather to maintain peace than to raise war, whereof her Majesty looketh to make proof by this treaty," &c. &c. Burghley to Andr. de Loo, 10 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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King will end by being exasperated, and I shall be touched in my honour—so great is the hopes I have held out of being able to secure a peace. I have ever been and I still am most anxious for concord, from the affection I bear to her sacred Majesty. I have been obliged, much against my will, to take the field again. I could wish now that our negotiations might terminate before the arrival of my fresh troops, namely, 9000 Spaniards and 9000 Italians, which, with Walloons, Germans, and Lorrainers, will give me an effective total of 30,000 soldiers. Of this I give you my word as a gentleman. Go, then, Andrew de Loo," continued the Duke, "write to her sacred Majesty, that I desire to make peace, and to serve her faithfully; and that I shall not change my mind, even in case of any great success, for I like to proceed rather by the ways of love than of rigour and effusion of blood."[1]

"I can assure you, oh, most serene Duke," replied Andrew, "that the most serene Queen is in the very same dispositions with yourself."

"Excellent well then," said the Duke, "we shall come to an agreement at once, and the sooner the deputies on both sides are appointed the better."

A feeble proposition was then made, on the part of the peace-loving Andrew, that the hostile operations against Sluys should be at once terminated. But this did not seem so clear to the most serene Duke. He had gone to great expense in that business; and he had not built bridges, erected forts, and dug mines, only to abandon them for a few fine words, Fine words were plenty, but they raised no sieges. Meantime these pacific and gentle murmurings from Farnese's camp had lulled the Queen into forgetfulness of Roger Williams and Arnold Groenevelt and their men, fighting day and night in trench and mine during that critical midsummer. The wily tongue of the Duke had been more effective than his batteries in obtaining the much-coveted city. The Queen obstinately held back her men and money, confident of effecting

[1] De Loo to Burghley, 11 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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a treaty, whether Sluys fell or not. Was it strange that the States should be distrustful of her intentions, and, in their turn, become neglectful of their duty?[1]

And thus summer wore into autumn, Sluys fell, the States and their governor-general were at daggers-drawn, the Netherlanders were full of distrust with regard to England, Alexander hinted doubts as to the Queen's sincerity; the secret negotiations, though fertile in suspicions, jealousies, delays, and such foul weeds, had produced no wholesome fruit, and the excellent De Loo became very much depressed. At last a letter from Burghley relieved his drooping spirits. From the most disturbed and melancholy man in the world, he protested, he had now become merry and quiet.[2] He straightway went off to the Duke of Parma, with the letter in his pocket, and translated it to him by candle-light, as he was careful to state, as an important point in his narrative. And Farnese was fuller of fine phrases than ever.

26th Sept., 1587.

"There is no cause whatever," said he, in a most loving manner, "to doubt my sincerity. Yet the Lord-Treasurer intimates that the most serene Queen is disposed so to do. But if I had not the very best intentions, and desires for peace, I should never have made the first overtures. If I did not wish a pacific solution, what in the world forced me to do what I have done? On the contrary, it is I that have reason to suspect the other parties with their long delays, by which they have made me lose the best part of the summer."[3]

He then commented on the strong expressions in the English letters, as to the continuance of her Majesty in her pious resolutions; observed that he was thoroughly advised of the

[1] Burghley to De Loo, 18 July, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "Da turbato e melancolico m' ha del tutto quietato e fatto star allegro," &c. De Loo to Burghley, 26 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] "Con dire amorevolmente lo che sigue—non e (disse), causa alcuna di dubitare della mia sincera mente—si come sullo fine della l^ra si fa menzione che la ser^ma regina lo potrebbe fare—perche se non avessi havuto boniss^ma disposizione e desiderio della pace non sarei gia ito a farne la prima apertura mi medesimo, e condescendere alle cose che sapete (disse a me) se non si fosse stata intenzione di volerne venir a una conclusione (agiongendo) che cosa mi forzava di farlo? Anzi piuttosto avrei occasione io di suspettar loro con tante sorte di dilazioni e haver mi fatto perdere la meglior parte de l' estate," &c. (Ibid.)

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disputes between the Earl of Leicester and the States; and added that it was very important for the deputies to arrive at the time indicated by the Queen.

"Whatever is to be done," said he, in conclusion, "let it be done quickly;" and with that he said he would go and eat a bit of supper.

"And may I communicate Lord Burghley's letter to any one else?" asked De Loo.

"Yes, yes, to the Seigneur de Champagny, and to my secretary Cosimo," answered his Highness.

So the merchant negotiator proceeded at once to the mansion of Champagny, in company with the secretary Cosimo. There was a long conference, in which De Loo was informed of many things which he thoroughly believed, and faithfully transmitted to the court of Elizabeth. Alexander had done his best, they said, to delay the arrival of his fresh troops. He had withdrawn from the field, on various pretexts, hoping, day after day, that the English commissioners would arrive, and that a firm and perpetual peace would succeed to the miseries of war. But as time wore away, and there came no commissioners, the Duke had come to the painful conclusion that he had been trifled with.[1] His forces would now be sent into Holland to find something to eat; and this would ensure the total destruction of all that territory. He had also written to command all the officers of the coming troops to hasten their march, in order that he might avoid incurring still deeper censure. He was much ashamed, in truth, to have been wheedled into passing the whole fine season in idleness.[2] He had been sacrificing himself for her sacred Majesty, and to serve her best interests; and now he found himself the object of her mirth.[3] Those who ought to be well informed had assured him that the Queen was only waiting to see how the King of Navarre was getting on with the auxiliary force just going to him from Germany, that she had no intention

[1] "Ma a l' ultimo il Duca vedendo la continua dilazione, con giudicare che si burlasse," &c. (De Loo to Burghley, MS. last cited.)

[2] "Trovandosi vergogniato davere, lasciato scorrere si bella stagione in ozio," &c. (Ibid.)

[3] Ibid.

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whatever to make peace, and that, before long, he might expect all these German mercenaries upon his shoulders in the Netherlands. Nevertheless he was prepared to receive them with 40,000 good infantry, a splendid cavalry force, and plenty of money.[1]

All this and more did the credulous Andrew greedily devour, and he lost no time in communicating the important intelligence to her Majesty and the Lord-Treasurer. He implored her, he said, upon his bare knees, prostrate on the ground, and from the most profound and veritable centre of his heart and with all his soul and all his strength,[2] to believe in the truth of the matters thus confided to him. He would pledge his immortal soul, which was of more value to him—as he correctly observed—than even the crown of Spain, that the King, the Duke, and his counsellors, were most sincerely desirous of peace, and actuated by the most loving and benevolent motives. Alexander Farnese was "the antidote to the Duke of Alva," kindly sent by heaven, *ut contraria contrariis curenter*, and if the entire security of the sacred Queen were not now obtained, together with a perfect re-integration of love between her Majesty and the King of Spain, and with the assured tranquillity and perpetual prosperity of the Netherlands, it would be the fault of England, not of Spain.[3]

And no doubt the merchant believed all that was told him, and—what was worse—that he fully impressed his own convictions upon her Majesty and Lord Burghley, to say nothing of the comptroller, who, poor man, had great facility in believing anything that came from the court of the most Catholic King. Yet it is painful to reflect, that in all these communications of Alexander and his agents, there was not one single word of truth. It was all false from beginning to end, as to the countermanding of the troops, as to the pacific intentions of the King and Duke, and as to the proposed campaign in Friesland, in case of rupture, and all the rest. But this will be conclusively proved a little later.

[1] De Loo to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] "Flexis nudisque genibus humi prostratus, dal piu profondo e vero centro del mio cuore et ex corde et ex tota anima," &c. (Ibid.)

[3] Ibid.

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Meantime the conference had been most amicable and satisfactory. And when business was over, Champagny—not a whit the worse for the severe jilting which he had so recently sustained from the widow De Bours, now Mrs. Aristotle Patton—invited De Loo and Secretary Cosimo to supper. And the three made a night of it, sitting up late, and draining such huge bumpers to the health of the Queen of England, that—as the excellent Andrew subsequently informed Lord Burghley—his head ached most bravely next morning.[1]

And so, amid the din of hostile preparation not only in Cadiz and Lisbon, but in Ghent and Sluys and Antwerp, the import of which it seemed difficult to mistake, the comedy of negotiation was still rehearsing, and the principal actors were already familiar with their respective parts. There were the Earl of Derby, knight of the garter, and my Lord Cobham, and puzzling James Croft, and other Englishmen, actually believing that the farce was a solemn reality. There was Alexander of Parma thoroughly aware of the contrary. There was Andrew de Loo, more talkative, more credulous, more busy than ever, and more fully impressed with the importance of his mission, and there was the white-bearded Lord-Treasurer turning complicated paragraphs, shaking his head, and waving his wand across the water, as if, by such expedients, the storm about to burst over England could be dispersed.

The commissioners should come, if only the Duke of Parma would declare on his word of honour, that these hostile preparations with which all Christendom was ringing, were not intended against England; or—if that really were the case—if he would request his master to abandon all such schemes, and if Philip in consequence would promise on the honour of a prince, to make no hostile attempts against that country.[2]

[1] "Con sommo contentamento del uno e l' altro, a tal segno, che tenendoci il Sr de Champagny a cena, con far li ragione di buon cuore d' un gran brindisi che fece alla sanitá di sua sacra Maesta, mi dolse (con licenza per dirlo come va) la mattina seguente bravamente la testa." A. de Loo to Burghley, 26 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office, MS.)

[2] "If you can possibly, I require you to obtain of the Duke, in writing under his hand, an assurance either of his knowledge that these preparations are

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There would really seem an almost Arcadian simplicity in such demands, coming from so practised a statesman as the Lord-Treasurer, and from a woman of such brilliant intellect as Elizabeth unquestionably possessed. But we read the history of 1587, not only by the light of subsequent events, but by the almost microscopic revelations of sentiments and motives, which a full perusal of the secret documents in those ancient cabinets, afford. At that moment it was not ignorance nor dulness which was leading England towards the pitfall so artfully dug by Spain. There was trust in the plighted word of a chivalrous soldier like Alexander Farnese,[1] of a most religious and anointed monarch like Philip II. English frankness, playing cards upon the table, was no match for Italian and Spanish legerdemain,—a system according to which, to defraud the antagonist by every kind of falsehood and trickery was the legitimate end of diplomacy and statesmanship. It was well known that there were great preparations in Spain, Portugal, and the obedient Netherlands, by land and sea. But Sir Robert Sidney[2] was persuaded that the expedition was intended for Africa; even the Pope was

not nor shall be meant against any of her Majesty's dominions; or otherwise, if he be not able to assure the same, then, at the least, that he will, by his writing, assure her Majesty that he will, upon his honour, with all expedition, send to the King his advice to stay all hostile actions, or to have the King's answer, like a prince of honour, whether he intendeth or no to employ these forces against her Majesty, which, though in some construction may seem hard to require of a king intending hostility, yet, as the case is, when her Majesty yieldeth to a cessation of arms, and to a treaty of peace with the king, is a request most reasonable to make, and honourable for the king to grant. . . . Such are the frequent reports out of Spain of these preparations, and *yet her Majesty will stand to the Duke's answer*, if the army shall not be known to be actually prepared against England—which, if it shall be, no man will think it meet that her commissioners should come." Burghley to A. De Loo, 10 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] As early as August, the Duke had proposed a cessation of arms, to grant which, as has been abundantly shown by his private correspondence, was never in his thoughts. "The Duke of Parma, to the end the treaty may proceed with better success, hath made offer unto us to yield to a cessation of arms, having put us also in hope that such forces as are now preparing in Italy, amounting to 15,000 footmen, at the least, shall be stayed." Queen to Leicester, 9 Aug. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. 293, MS.)

[2] "There came some out of Spain very lately, that say the preparations there are for a certain place in Africk, which greatly imports the passage of both the Indies. The admiral of the Turks was to leave it last year with sixty galleys." Sir R. Sidney to Leicester, 31 Dec. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 288, MS.)

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completely mystified—to the intense delight of Philip—and Burghley, enlightened by the sagacious De Loo, was convinced, that even in case of a rupture, the whole strength of the Spanish arms was to be exerted in reducing Friesland and Overyssel. But Walsingham was never deceived ; for he had learned from Demosthenes a lesson with which William the Silent, in his famous Apology, had made the world familiar, that *the only citadel against a tyrant and a conqueror was distrust.*

Alexander, much grieved that doubts should still be felt as to his sincerity, renewed the most exuberant expressions of that sentiment, together with gentle complaints against the dilatoriness which had proceeded from the doubt. Her Majesty had long been aware, he said, of his anxiety to bring about a perfect reconciliation ; but he had waited, month after month, for her commissioners, and had waited in vain. His hopes had been dashed to the ground. The affair had been indefinitely spun out, and he could not resist the conviction that her Majesty had changed her mind. Nevertheless, as Andrew de Loo was again proceeding to England, the Duke seized the opportunity once more to kiss her hand, and—although he had well nigh resolved to think no more on the subject—to renew his declarations, that, if the much-coveted peace were not concluded, the blame could not be imputed to him, and that he should stand guiltless before God and the world. He had done, and was still ready to do, all which became a Christian and a man desirous of the public welfare and tranquillity.[1]

[1] "E cosi da canto mio haveva preparato gli affari di manera, e messo il tutto in termine, che V^ra Ma^ta haveva potuto conoscere qual zelo ch' io abbraciara questa occasione, e quanto io desiderava di veder rivertire la buona e mutua intelligenza fra il Re mio signore et la V^ra M^ta. Ma vedendo che non obstante le tante speranze che m' eravano state date della venuta dei commissarii di V^ra M^ta, la cosa si va tuttavia tirando al lungo, io non posso se non dubitaire ch' ella habbia mutato d' opinione, e se ben io ero quasi resoluto di non ci pensar piu, tuttavia ritornandosene per di la il detto Andrea mi parse di scriver ancor questi pochi versi, tanto per non perder l' occasione di baciar humil^te le mani a V^ra M^ta quanto per assigurarla che non restara per me, che la risoluzione presa, non passi avanti, e che succedendo altrimente ne saro scusato inanzi a Dio et al mondo, e havero almeno satisfatto a me medesimo, d' haver fatto quello che l' obligo Christiano,

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When Burghley read these fine phrases, he was much impressed; and they were pronounced at the English court to be "very princely and Christianly." An elaborate comment too was drawn up by the comptroller on every line of the letter. "These be very good words," said the comptroller.[1]

But the Queen was even more pleased with the last proof of the Duke's sincerity, than even Burghley and Croft had been. Disregarding all the warnings of Walsingham, she renewed her expressions of boundless confidence in the wily Italian. "We do assure you," wrote the Lords, "and so you shall do well to avow it to the Duke upon our honours, that her Majesty saith she thinketh both their minds to accord upon one good and Christian meaning, though their ministers may perchance sound upon a discord."[2] And she repeated her resolution to send over her commissioners, so soon as the Duke had satisfied her as to the hostile preparations.

We have now seen the good faith of the English Queen towards the Spanish government. We have seen her boundless trust in the sincerity of Farnese and his master. We have heard the exuberant professions of an honest intention to bring about a firm and lasting peace, which fell from the lips of Farnese and of his confidential agents. It is now necessary to glide for a moment into the secret cabinet of Philip, in order to satisfy ourselves as to the value of all those professions. The attention of the reader is solicited to these investigations, because the year 1587 was a most critical period in the history of English, Dutch, and European liberty. The coming year 1588 had been long spoken of in prophecy, as the year of doom, perhaps of the destruction of the world, but it was in 1587, the year of expectation and preparation, that the materials were slowly combining out of which that year's history was to be formed.

et di persona desiderosa del bene e riposo publico m' obligara." Parma to Queen Elizabeth, $\frac{\text{Oct. 30}}{\text{Nov. 9}}$, 1587. (S.P. Office MS.)

[1] The Lords to A. de Loo, 11 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

And if blunt Sir Roger Williams had been standing by when the remark was made, he might have exclaimed with his countryman, honest Hugh Evans, "Good worts, good worts—good cabbage!"

[2] Ibid.

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And there sat the patient letter-writer in his cabinet, busy with his schemes. His grey head was whitening fast. He was sixty years of age. His frame was slight, his figure stooping, his digestion very weak, his manner more glacial and sepulchral than ever; but if there were a hard-working man in Europe, that man was Philip II. And there he sat at his table, scrawling his apostilles. The fine innumerable threads which stretched across the surface of Christendom, and covered it as with a net, all converged in that silent cheerless cell. France was kept in a state of perpetual civil war; the Netherlands had been converted into a shambles; Ireland was maintained in a state of chronic rebellion; Scotland was torn with internal feuds, regularly organized and paid for by Philip; and its young monarch—"that lying King of Scots," as Leicester called him—was kept in a leash ready to be slipped upon England, when his master should give the word; and England herself was palpitating with the daily expectation of seeing a disciplined horde of brigands let loose upon her shores; and all this misery, past, present, and future, was almost wholly due to the exertions of that grey-haired letter-writer at his peaceful library-table.

At the very beginning of the year the King of Denmark had made an offer to Philip of mediation. The letter, entrusted to a young Count de Rantzan, had been intercepted by the States—the envoy not having availed himself, in time, of his diplomatic capacity, and having in consequence been treated, for a moment, like a prisoner of war. The States had immediately addressed earnest letters of protest to Queen Elizabeth, declaring that nothing which the enemy could do in war was half so horrible to them as the mere mention of peace. Life, honour, religion, liberty, their all, were at stake, they said, and would go down in one universal shipwreck, if peace should be concluded; and they implored her Majesty to avert the proposed intercession of the Danish King.[1] Wilkes wrote to Walsingham,[2] denouncing that monarch and his ministers as

[1] Bor, II. xxii. 945–948. Meteren, xii. 247.

[2] Wilkes to Walsingham, 3 Dec. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

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stipendiaries of Spain, while, on the other hand, the Duke of Parma, after courteously thanking the King for his offer of mediation, described him to Philip as such a dogged heretic,[1] that no good was to be derived from him, except by meeting his fraudulent offers with an equally fraudulent response. There will be nothing lost, said Alexander, by affecting to listen to his proposals, and meantime your Majesty must proceed with the preparations against England.[2] This was in the first week of the year 1587.

In February, and almost on the very day when Parma was writing those affectionate letters to Elizabeth, breathing nothing but peace, he was carefully conning Philip's directions in regard to the all-important business of the invasion. He was informed by his master, that one hundred vessels, forty of them of largest size, were quite ready, together with 12,000 Spanish infantry, including 3000 of the old legion, and that there were volunteers more than enough. Philip had also taken note, he said, of Alexander's advice as to choosing the season when the crops in England had just been got in, as the harvest of so fertile a country would easily support an invading force; but he advised nevertheless that the army should be thoroughly victualled at starting.[3] Finding that Alexander did not quite approve of the Irish part of the plan, he would reconsider the point, and think more of the Isle of Wight; but perhaps still some other place might be discovered, a descent upon which might inspire that enemy with still greater terror and confusion. It would be difficult for him, he said, to grant the 6000 men asked for by the Scotch malcontents, without seriously weakening his armada; but there must be no positive refusal, for a concerted action with the Scotch lords and their adherents was indispensable. The secret, said the King, had been profoundly kept, and neither in Spain nor in Rome had anything been allowed to transpire. Alexander was warned therefore to do his best to maintain

[1] "Emperrado erege," &c. Parma to Philip, 10 Jan. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Philip II. to Parma, 28 Feb. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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the mystery, for the enemy was trying very hard to penetrate their actions and their thoughts.[1]

And certainly Alexander did his best. He replied to his master, by transmitting copies of the letters he had been writing with his own hand to the Queen, and of the pacific messages he had sent her through Champagny and De Loo.[2] She is just now somewhat confused, said he, and those of her counsellors who desire peace are more eager than ever for negociation. She is very much afflicted with the loss of Deventer, and is quarrelling with the French ambassador about the new conspiracy for her assassination. The opportunity is a good one, and if she writes an answer to my letter, said Alexander, we can keep the negociation alive, while, if she does not, 'twill be a proof that she has contracted leagues with other parties. But, in any event, the Duke fervently implored Philip not to pause in his preparations for the great enterprise which he had conceived in his royal breast.[3] So urgent for the invasion was the peace-loving general.

He alluded also to the supposition that the quarrel between her Majesty and the French envoy was a mere fetch, and only one of the results of Bellievre's mission. Whether that diplomatist had been sent to censure, or in reality to approve, in the name of his master, of the Scottish Queen's execution, Alexander would leave to be discussed by Don Bernardino de Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in Paris; but he was of opinion that the anger of the Queen with France was a fiction, and her supposed league with France and Germany against Spain a fact.[4] Upon this point, as it appears from Secretary Walsingham's lamentations, the astute Farnese was mistaken. In truth he was frequently led into error by attributing to the English policy the same serpentine movement and venomous purpose which characterized his own; and we have already seen, that Elizabeth was ready, on the contrary, to quarrel with the States, with France, with all the world, if she could only secure the good-will of Philip.

[1] Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.
[2] Parma to Philip II. 22 March, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.

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The French matter, indissolubly connected in that monarch's schemes, with his designs upon England and Holland, was causing Alexander much anxiety. He foresaw great difficulty in maintaining that indispensable civil war in France, and thought that a peace might, some fine day, be declared between Henry III. and the Huguenots, when least expected. In consequence, the Duke of Guise was becoming very importunate for Philip's subsidies. "Mucio comes begging to me," said Parma, "with the very greatest earnestness, and utters nothing but lamentations and cries of misery.[1] He asked for 25,000 of the 150,000 ducats promised him. I gave them. Soon afterwards he writes, with just as much anxiety, for 25,000 more. These I did not give; firstly, because I had them not," (which would seem a sufficient reason) "and secondly, because I wished to protract matters as much as possible. He is constantly reminding me of your Majesty's promise of 300,000 ducats, in case he comes to a rupture with the King of France, and I always assure him that your Majesty will keep all promises."[2]

Philip, on his part, through the months of spring, continued to assure his generalissimo of his steady preparations by sea and land. He had ordered Mendoza to pay the Scotch lords the sum demanded by them, but not till after they had done the deed agreed upon; and as to the 6000 men, he felt obliged, he said, to defer that matter for the moment, and to leave the decision upon it to the Duke.[3] Farnese kept his sovereign minutely informed of the negociations carried on through Champagny and De Loo, and expressed his constant opinion that the Queen was influenced by motives as hypocritical as his own. She was only seeking, he said, to deceive, to defraud, to put him to sleep, by those feigned negotiations, while she was making her combinations with France and Germany, for the ruin of Spain. There was no virtue to be expected from her, except she was compelled thereto by pure

[1] "Con grandissima instancia y declarandome lastimas y miserias." MS. Letter of Parma to Philip, last cited.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Philip to Parma, 15 April 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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necessity.[1] The English, he said, were hated and abhorred by the natives of Holland and Zeeland,[2] and it behoved Philip to seize so favourable an opportunity for urging on his great plan with all the speed in the world. It might be that the Queen, seeing these mighty preparations, even although not suspecting that she herself was to be invaded, would tremble for her safety, if the Netherlands should be crushed. But if she succeeded in deceiving Spain, and putting Philip and Parma to sleep, she might well boast of having made fools of them all.[3] The negotiations for peace and the preparations for the invasion should go simultaneously forward therefore, and the money would, in consequence, come more sparingly to the Provinces from the English coffers, and the disputes between England and the States would be multiplied. The Duke also begged to be informed whether any terms could be laid down, upon which the King really would conclude peace, in order that he might make no mistake for want of instructions or requisite powers. The condition of France was becoming more alarming every day, he said. In other words, there was an ever-growing chance of peace for that distracted country. The Queen of England was cementing a strong league between herself, the French King, and the Huguenots, and matters were looking very serious. The impending peace in France would never do, and Philip should prevent it in time, by giving Mucio his money. Unless the French are entangled and at war among themselves, it is quite clear, said Alexander, that we can never think of carrying out our great scheme of invading England.[4]

The King thoroughly concurred in all that was said and done by his faithful governor and general. He had no intention of concluding a peace on any terms whatever, and therefore could name no conditions; but he quite approved of a

[1] "No es aguardar de ella ninguna virtud, sino fuesse forzada de la pura necesidad." Parma to Philip, 12th April, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] "Odiados y aborrecidos de los naturales de Olanda y Zelanda." (Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.)

[3] "Se podria jactar de haber nos burlado." (Ibid.)

[4] "Sin quedar embarazados los franceses entre si es claro que no se podria pensar a la efectuacion del negocio." Parma to Philip, 12 April, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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continuance of the negotiations. The English, he was convinced, were utterly false on their part, and the King of Denmark's proposition to mediate was part and parcel of the same general fiction. He was quite sensible of the necessity of giving Mucio the money to prevent a pacification in France, and would send letters of exchange on Agostino Spinola for the 300,000 ducats. Meantime Farnese was to go on steadily with his preparations for the invasion.[1]

The secretary-of-state, Don Juan de Idiaquez, also wrote most earnestly on the great subject to the Duke. "It is not to be exaggerated," he said, "how set his Majesty is in the all-important business. If you wish to manifest towards him the most flattering obedience on earth, and to oblige him as much as you could wish, give him this great satisfaction *this year*. Since you have money, prepare everything out there, conquer all difficulties, and do the deed so soon as the forces of Spain and Italy arrive, according to the plan laid down by your Excellency last year. *Make use of the negotiations for peace for this one purpose, and no more*, and do the business like the man you are. Attribute the liberty of this advice to my desire to serve you more than any other, to my knowledge of how much you will thereby gratify his Majesty, and to my fear of his resentment towards you, in the contrary case."[2]

And, on the same day, in order that there might be no doubt of the royal sentiments, Philip expressed himself at length on the whole subject. The dealings of Farnese with the English, and his feeding them with hopes of peace, would have given him more satisfaction, he observed, if it had caused their preparations to slacken; but, on the contrary, their

[1] Philip to Parma, 15 April, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] "No se puede encarecer quan puesto está su Mag^d en el negocio principal (the invasion of England). Si V^ra Ex^ca le quiere hazer la mayor lisonja de la tierra, y obligarla a quanto quisiere, dé le este contentam^to este año, y pues tiene dinero prepare todo lo de allá, y venca las dificultades y haga el efeto que a tiempo llegará lo de España y Italia, para el q V^ra Ex^ca dezia el año pasado, y sirva se de los tratos de paz para este mismo fin, no mas, y haga esto hecho tan de quien es, y atribuya V^ra Ex^ca la libertad desto aviso a lo q deseo servirle mas que nadie, y a lo que veo que obligara a su Mag^d con ello, y lo que temo que sentiria lo contrario." Don Juan de Idiaquez to Parma, 13 May, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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boldness had increased. They had perpetrated the inhuman murder of the Queen of Scots, and moreover, not content with their piracies at sea and in the Indies, they had dared to invade the ports of Spain, as would appear in the narrative transmitted to Farnese of the late events at Cadiz. *And although that damage was small*, said Philip, there resulted a very great obligation to take them seriously in hand.[1] He *declined sending full powers* for treating; but in order to make use of the same arts employed by the English, he preferred that Alexander should not undeceive them, but desired him to express, as out of his own head, to the negotiators, his astonishment that while they were holding such language they should commit such actions. Even their want of prudence in thus provoking the King, when their strength was compared to his, should be spoken of by Farnese as wonderful, and he was to express the opinion that his Majesty would think him much wanting in circumspection, should he go on negotiating while they were playing such tricks. "You must show yourself very sensitive about this event," continued Philip, "and you must give them to understand that I am quite as angry as you. You must try to draw from them some offer of satisfaction—however false it will be in reality—such as a proposal to recall the fleet, or an assertion that the deeds of Drake in Cadiz were without the knowledge and contrary to the will of the Queen, and that she very much regrets them, or something of that sort."[2]

It has already been shown that Farnese was very successful in eliciting from the Queen, through the mouth of Lord Burghley, as ample a disavowal and repudiation of Sir Francis Drake as the King could possibly desire. Whether it would have the desired effect of allaying the wrath of Philip, might have been better foretold, could the letter, with which we are

[1] "Y aunque el daño fue poco es ya mucha la obligacion de yr les muy de veras a la mano." Philip to Parma, 13 May, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Philip to Parma, 13 May, 1587 (MS. last cited.)

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now occupied, have been laid upon the Greenwich council-board.

"When you have got such a disavowal," continued his Majesty, "you are to act as if entirely taken in and imposed upon by them, and, pretending to believe everything they tell you, you must renew the negotiations, proceed to name commissioners, and propose a meeting upon neutral territory.[1] As for powers, say that you, as my governor-general, will entrust them to your deputies, in regard to the Netherlands. For all other matters, say that you have had full powers for many months, but that you cannot exhibit them until conditions worthy of my acceptance have been offered. Say this only for the sake of appearance.[2] This is the true way to take them in, and so the peace-commissioners may meet. But to you only do I declare that my *intention is that this shall never lead to any result, whatever conditions may be offered by them.* On the contrary, all this is done—just as they do—to deceive them, and to cool them in their preparations for defence, by inducing them to believe that such preparations will be unnecessary.[3] *You are well aware that the reverse of all this is the truth,* and that on our part there is to be no slackness, but the greatest diligence in our efforts for the invasion of England, for which we have already made the most abundant provision in men, ships, and money, of which you are well aware."[4]

Is it strange that the Queen of England was deceived? Is it matter of surprise, censure, or shame, that no English statesman was astute enough or base enough to contend with such diplomacy, which seemed inspired only by the very father of lies?

"Although we thus enter into negotiations," continued the King—unveiling himself, with a solemn indecency, not agree-

[1] "Y entonces hazer vos del engañado y que creyendo lo que os diren de nuevo volvays a la platica," &c. MS. last cited.

[2] "Que es camino disimulado." (Ibid.)

[3] "Pero con vos solo me aclaro que mia intencion no es de que aquello llegué a effeto con ningunas condiciones, sino que todo esto se tome por medio, como lo hazen ellos, de entretenerlos y enfriarlos," &c. (Ibid.)

[4] Ibid.

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able to contemplate—"without any intention of concluding them, you can always get out of them with great honour, by taking umbrage about the point of religion and about some other of the outrageous propositions which they are like to propose, and of which there are plenty in the letters of Andrew de Loo.[1] Your commissioners must be instructed to refer all important matters to your personal decision. The English will be asking for damages for money spent in assisting my rebels; your commissioners will contend that damages are rather due to me. Thus, and in other ways, time will be spent. Your own envoys are not to know the secret any more than the English themselves. I tell it to you only. Thus you will proceed with the negotiations, now yielding on one point, and now insisting on another, but directing all to the same object—to gain time while proceeding with the preparation for the invasion, according to the plan already agreed upon."[2]

Certainly the most Catholic King seemed, in this remarkable letter to have outdone himself; and Farnese—that sincere Farnese, in whose loyal, truth-telling, chivalrous character, the Queen and her counsellors placed such implicit reliance—could thenceforward no longer be embarrassed as to the course he was to adopt. To lie daily, through thick and thin, and with every variety of circumstance and detail which a genius fertile in fiction could suggest, such was the simple rule prescribed by his sovereign. And the rule was implicitly obeyed, and the English sovereign thoroughly deceived. The secret confided only to the faithful breast of Alexander was religiously kept. Even the Pope was outwitted. His Holiness proposed to Philip the invasion of England, and offered a million to further the plan. He was most desirous to be informed if the project was resolved upon, and, if so, when it was to be accom-

[1] "Con mucha honra, desconcertandovos sobre el punto de la religion o otro de los desaforados, que ellos han de proponer, que harto lo son los del papel de Andrea de Loo." (MS. last cited.)

[2] "Podreys yr afloxando en unos puntos, y afirmando en otros, todo enderezado al mismo fin por ganar tiempo, preparando todo con diligenza segun la traza concebida," &c. (Ibid.)

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plished. The King took the Pope's million, but refused the desired information. He answered evasively. He had a very good will to invade the country, he said, but there were great difficulties in the way.[1] After a time, the Pope again tried to pry into the matter,[2] and again offered the million which Philip had only accepted for the time when it might be wanted, giving him at the same time, to understand that it was not necessary at that time, because there were then great impediments. "Thus he is pledged to give me the subsidy, and I am not pledged for the time," said Philip, "and I keep my secret, which is the most important of all."[3]

Yet after all, Farnese did not see his way clear towards the consummation of the plan. His army had wofully dwindled, and before he could seriously set about ulterior matters, it would be necessary to take the city of Sluys. This was to prove—as already seen—a most arduous enterprise. He complained to Philip[4] of his inadequate supplies both in men and money. The project conceived in the royal breast was worth spending millions for, he said, and although by zeal and devotion he could accomplish something, yet after all he was no more than a man, and without the necessary means the scheme could not succeed.[5] But Philip, on the contrary, was in the highest possible spirits. He had collected more money, he declared, than had ever been seen before in the world.[6] He had two million ducats in reserve, besides the Pope's million, the French were in a most excellent state of division, and the invasion should be made this year without fail. The fleet would arrive in the English channel by the end of the summer, which would be exactly in conformity with Alexander's ideas. The invasion was to be threefold: from Scotland, under the

[1] Philip to Parma, 5 June, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] "Se ha venido de rodear." (Ibid.)

[3] "Por tenirlo prendado en la ayuda, y de no prendarme yo en lo tiempo, y *más por el secreto* qué es la cosa principal." (Ibid.)

[4] Parma to Philip, 31 May, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[5] Ibid.

[6] He had sent, he said, besides the regular remittances, 700,000 ducats, and there were then coming 2,300,000 ducats additional—300,000 of which were for Mucio, in case of rupture with the French King. Otherwise, not a penny was to be diverted from the great cause. Philip to Farnese 5 June, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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Scotch earls and their followers, with the money and troops furnished by Philip; from the Netherlands, under Parma; and by the great Spanish armada itself, upon the Isle of Wight. Alexander must recommend himself to God, in whose cause he was acting, and then do his duty, which lay very plain before him. If he ever wished to give his sovereign satisfaction in his life, he was to do the deed that year, whatever might betide.[1] Never could there be so fortunate a conjunction of circumstances again. France was in a state of revolution, the German levies were weak, the Turk was fully occupied in Persia, an enormous mass of money, over and above the Pope's million, had been got together, and although the season was somewhat advanced, it was certain that the Duke would conquer all impediments, and be the instrument by which his royal master might render to God that service which he was so anxious to perform. Enthusiastic, though gouty, Philip grasped the pen in order to scrawl a few words with his own royal hand. "This business is of such importance," he said, "and it is so necessary that it should not be delayed, that I cannot refrain from urging it upon you as much as I can. I should do it even more amply, if this hand would allow me, which has been crippled with gout these several days, and my feet as well, and although it is unattended with pain, yet it is an impediment to writing."[2]

Struggling thus against his own difficulties, and triumphantly accomplishing a whole paragraph with disabled hand, it was natural that the King should expect Alexander, then deep in the siege of Sluys, to vanquish all his obstacles as successfully, and to effect the conquest of England so soon as the harvests of that kingdom should be garnered.

Sluys was surrendered at last, and the great enterprise seemed ripening from hour to hour. During the months of autumn, upon the very days when those loving messages, mixed with gentle reproaches, were sent by Alexander to Elizabeth, and

[1] Philip to Parma, 5 June, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] "Importa tanto esse negocio, y que no se dilate, que no puedo dexar de encargarosle todo quanto puedo y hiziera lo aun mas largamente si me diera lugar esta mano que he tenido con la gota estos dias y los pies, y aunque esta ya sin dolor, esta impedida para esto." (Ibid.)

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almost at the self-same hours in which honest Andrew de Loo was getting such head-aches by drinking the Queen's health with Cosimo and Champagny, the Duke and Philip were interchanging detailed information as to the progress of the invasion. The King calculated that by the middle of September Alexander would have 30,000 men in the Netherlands ready for embarcation. Marquis Santa Cruz was announced as nearly ready to sail for the English channel with 22,000 more, among whom were to be 16,000 seasoned Spanish infantry. The Marquis was then to extend the hand to Parma, and protect that passage to England which the Duke was at once to effect. The danger might be great for so large a fleet to navigate the seas at so late a season of the year; but Philip was sure that God, whose cause it was, would be pleased to give good weather.[1] The Duke was to send, with infinite precautions of secrecy, information which the Marquis would expect off Ushant, and be quite ready to act so soon as Santa Cruz should arrive. Most earnestly and anxiously did the King deprecate any thought of deferring the expedition to another year. If delayed, the obstacles of the following summer—a peace in France, a peace between the Turk and Persia, and other contingencies—would cause the whole project to fail, and Philip declared, with much iteration, that money, reputation, honour, his own character and that of Farnese, and God's service, were all at stake.[2] He was impatient at suggestions of difficulties occasionally ventured by the Duke, who was reminded that he had been appointed chief of the great enterprise by the spontaneous choice of his master, and that all his plans had been minutely followed. "You are the author of the whole scheme," said Philip, "and if it is all to vanish into space, what kind of a figure shall we cut the coming year?"[3] Again and again he referred to the immense sum collected—such as never before had been seen since the world

[1] "Aunque no dexa de ver lo que se aventura en navegar con gruessa armada in invierno, y por esse canal, sin tener puerto cierto; y el tiempo plazera a Dios cuya es la causa darle bueno." Philip to Parma, 4 Sept. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] "De que vos solo seys autor. Veed si hubiesse de caer todo en vacio, quel es que quedariamos el año que viene," &c. Philip to Parma, 14 Sept. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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was made—4,800,000 ducats with 2,000,000 in reserve, of which he was authorized to draw for 500,000 in advance, to say nothing of the Pope's million.[1]

But Alexander, while straining every nerve to obey his master's wishes about the invasion, and to blind the English by the fictitious negotiations, was not so sanguine as his sovereign. In truth, there was something puerile in the eagerness which Philip manifested. He had made up his mind that England was to be conquered that autumn, and had endeavoured—as well as he could—to comprehend the plans which his illustrious general had laid down for accomplishing that purpose. Of course, to any man of average intellect, or, in truth, to any man outside a madhouse, it would seem an essential part of the conquest that the Armada should arrive. Yet—wonderful to relate—Philip, in his impatience, absolutely suggested that the Duke might take possession of England *without waiting for Santa Cruz and his Armada.* As the autumn had been wearing away, and there had been unavoidable delays about the shipping in Spanish ports, the King thought it best not to defer matters till the winter. "You are, doubtless, ready," he said to Farnese. "If you think you can make the passage to England before the fleet from Spain arrives, go at once. You may be sure that it will come ere long to support you. But if you prefer to wait, wait. The dangers of winter to the fleet and to your own person are to be regretted, but God, whose cause it is, will protect you."[2]

It was easy to sit quite out of harm's way, and to make such excellent arrangements for smooth weather in the wintry channel, and for the conquest of a maritime and martial kingdom by a few flat bottoms. Philip had little difficulty on that score, but the affairs of France were not quite to his mind. The battle of Coutras, and the entrance of the German and Swiss mercenaries into that country, were somewhat perplexing. Either those auxiliaries of the Huguenots would be

[1] Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.
[2] Philip to Parma, 1 Nov. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas. MS.)

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defeated, or they would be victorious, or both parties would come to an agreement. In the first event, the Duke, after sending a little assistance to Mucio, was to effect his passage to England *at once*. In the second case, those troops, even though successful, would doubtless be so much disorganized that it might be still safe for Farnese to go on. In the third contingency—that of an accord—it would be necessary for him to wait till the foreign troops had disbanded and left France. He was to maintain all his forces in perfect readiness, on pretext of the threatening aspect of French matters, and, so soon as the Swiss and Germans were dispersed, he was to proceed to business without delay.[1] The fleet would be ready in Spain in all November, but as sea-affairs were so doubtful, particularly in winter, and as the Armada could not reach the channel till mid-winter, the *Duke was not to wait for its arrival.* "Whenever you see a favourable opportunity," said Philip, "you must take care not to lose it, even if the fleet has not made its appearance. For you may be sure that it will soon come to give you assistance, in one way or another."[2]

Farnese had also been strictly enjoined to deal gently with the English, after the conquest, so that they would have cause to love their new master. His troops were not to forget discipline after victory. There was to be no pillage or rapine. The Catholics were to be handsomely rewarded, and all the inhabitants were to be treated with so much indulgence that, instead of abhorring Parma and his soldiers, they would conceive a strong affection for them all, as the source of so many benefits.[3] Again the Duke was warmly commended for the skill with which he had handled the peace-negotiation. It was quite right to appoint commissioners, but it was never for an instant to be forgotten that the sole object of treating was to take the English unawares. "And therefore do you guide

[1] Philip to Parma, 14 Nov. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] "Viendo buena ocasion procurays de no perderla, aunque no aya llegado la armada—siendo cierto que luego llegará a hazer espaldas y ayudaros de una mano o otra." (Ibid.)

[3] Philip to Parma, 25 Oct. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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them to this end," said the King with pious unction, "which is what you owe to God, in whose service I have engaged in this enterprise, and to whom I have dedicated the whole."[1] The King of France, too—that unfortunate Henry III., against whose throne and life Philip maintained in constant pay an organized band of conspirators—was affectionately adjured, through the Spanish envoy in Paris, Mendoza, to reflect upon the advantages to France of a Catholic king and kingdom of England, in place of the heretics now in power."[2]

But Philip, growing more and more sanguine, as those visions of fresh crowns and conquered kingdoms rose before him in his solitary cell, had even persuaded himself that the deed was already done. In the early days of December, he expressed a doubt whether his 14th November letter had reached the Duke, who *by that time was probably in England*.[3] One would have thought the King addressing a tourist just starting on a little pleasure-excursion. And this was precisely the moment when Alexander had been writing those affectionate phrases to the Queen which had been considered by the counsellors at Greenwich so "princely and Christianly," and which Croft had pronounced such "very good words."

If there had been no hostile fleet to prevent, it was to be hoped, said Philip, that, in the name of God, the passage had been made. "Once landed there," continued the King, "I am persuaded that you will give me a good account of yourself, and, with the help of our Lord, that you will do that service which I desire to render to Him, and that He will guide our cause, which is His own, and of such great importance to His Church."[4] A part of the fleet would soon after arrive and bring six thousand Spaniards, the Pope's million, and other good things, which might prove useful to Parma,

[1] "Por tomarlos desapercibidos. Assi lo guiad a esta fin que es el que deve a Dios, por cuyo servicio hago lo principal, y se lo ofresco." (Philip to Parma, last cited.)

[2] Philip to Don Bernardino de Mendoza, 4 Nov. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Philip to Parma, 11 Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[4] "Y aviendo pasado estoy muy persuadido de vos que con ayuda de Nro Señor me dareys la buena cuenta que dezio que sareys cierto de hazerle el servicio que yo en esto pretendo—el io guia como causa suya y tan importante a su yglesia." (Ibid.)

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presupposing that they would find him established on the enemy's territory.[1]

This conviction that the enterprise had been already accomplished grew stronger in the King's breast every day. He was only a little disturbed lest Farnese should have misunderstood that 14th November letter. Philip—as his wont was—had gone into so many petty and puzzling details, and had laid down rules of action suitable for various contingencies, so easy to put comfortably upon paper, but which might become perplexing in action, that it was no wonder he should be a little anxious. The third contingency suggested by him had really occurred. There had been a composition between the foreign mercenaries and the French King. Nevertheless they had also been once or twice defeated, and this was contingency number two. Now which of the events would the Duke consider as having really occurred. It was to be hoped that he would have not seen cause for delay, for in truth number three was not exactly the contingency which existed. France was still in a very satisfactory state of discord and rebellion. The civil war was by no means over. There was small fear of peace that winter. Give Mucio his pittance with frugal hand, and that dangerous personage would ensure tranquillity for Philip's project, and misery for Henry III. and his subjects for an indefinite period longer. The King thought it improbable that Farnese could have made any mistake.[2] He expressed therefore a little anxiety at having received no intelligence from him, but great confidence that, with the aid of the Lord and of his own courage he *had accomplished the great exploit*. Philip had only recommended delay in event of a general peace in France—Huguenots, Royalists, Leaguers, and all. This had not happened. "Therefore, I trust," said the King, "that you—perceiving that this is not contingency number three which was to justify a pause—will have already executed the enterprise, and fulfilled my desire. I am confident that

[1] Philip to Parma, MS. last cited.
[2] Same to same, 24 Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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the deed is done, and that God has blessed it, and I am now expecting the news from hour to hour."[1]

But Alexander had not yet arrived in England. The preliminaries for the conquest caused him more perplexity than the whole enterprise occasioned to Philip. He was very short of funds. The five millions were not to be touched, except for the expenses of the invasion. But as England was to be subjugated, in order that rebellious Holland might be recovered, it was hardly reasonable to go away leaving such inadequate forces in the Netherlands as to ensure not only independence to the new republic, but to hold out temptation for revolt to the obedient Provinces. Yet this was the dilemma in which the Duke was placed. So much money had been set aside for the grand project that there was scarcely anything for the regular military business. The customary supplies had not been sent. Parma had leave to draw for six hundred thousand ducats, and he was able to get that draft discounted on the Antwerp Exchange by consenting to receive five hundred thousand, or sacrificing sixteen per cent. of the sum.[2] A good number of transports and scows had been collected, but there had been a deficiency of money for their proper equipment, as the five millions had been very slow in coming, and were still upon the road. The whole enterprise was on the point of being sacrificed, according to Farnese, for want of funds. The time for doing the deed had arrived, and he declared himself incapacitated by poverty. He expressed his disgust and resentment in language more energetic than courtly, and protested that he was not to blame. "I always thought," said he bitterly, "that your Majesty would provide all that was necessary even in superfluity, and not limit me beneath the ordinary. I did not suppose, when it was most important to have ready money, that I should be kept short, and not allowed to draw certain

[1] "Y asi creo, que conociendo que no es este el caso tercero, en que aviades de parar, avreys executado la empresa, y cumplido mio deseo . . . . de que quedo aguardando el aviso de ora en ora." (Ibid.)

[2] Parma to Philip, 18 Sept. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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sums by anticipation, which I should have done had you not forbidden."[1]

This was, through life, a striking characteristic of Philip. Enormous schemes were laid out with utterly inadequate provision for their accomplishment, and a confident expectation entertained that wild visions were, in some indefinite way, to be converted into substantial realities, without fatigue or personal exertion on his part, and with a very trifling outlay of ready money.

Meantime the faithful Farnese did his best. He was indefatigable night and day in getting his boats together and providing his munitions of war. He dug a canal from Sas de Gand—which was one of his principal depôts—all the way to Sluys, because the water-communication between those two points was entirely in the hands of the Hollanders and Zeelanders. The rebel cruisers swarmed in the Scheldt, from Flushing almost to Antwerp, so that it was quite impossible for Parma's forces to venture forth at all; and it also seemed hopeless to hazard putting to sea from Sluys.[2] At the same time he had appointed his commissioners[3] to treat with the English envoys already named by the Queen. There had been much delay in the arrival of those deputies, on account of the noise raised by Barneveld and his followers; but Burghley was now sanguine that the exposure of what he called the Advocate's seditious, false, and perverse proceedings, would enable Leicester to procure the consent of the States to a universal peace.

And thus, with these parallel schemes of invasion and negotiation, spring, summer, and autumn, had worn away. Santa Cruz was still with his fleet in Lisbon, Cadiz, and the Azores; and Parma was in Brussels, when Philip fondly ima-

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] Parma to Philip, 21 Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) "Pues de razon Olandeses y Zelandeses solos estan siempre a la mira y asi como tienen medio de estorbarnos la junta y salida de nuestros baxeles lo ternan cada dia mayor para hazer lo mismo en el pasage."

[3] Aremberg, Champagny, Richardot, Maas, Garnier. Parma to Philip, 18 Sept. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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gined him established in Greenwich Palace. When made aware of his master's preposterous expectations, Alexander would have been perhaps amused, had he not been half beside himself with indignation. Such folly seemed incredible. There was not the slightest appearance of a possibility of making a passage without the protection of the Spanish fleet, he observed. His vessels were mere transport-boats, without the least power of resisting an enemy. The Hollanders and Zeelanders, with one hundred and forty cruisers, had shut him up in all directions. He could neither get out from Antwerp nor from Sluys. There were large English ships, too, cruising in the channel, and they were getting ready in the Netherlands and in England "most furiously."[1] The delays had been so great, that their secret had been poorly kept, and the enemy was on his guard. If Santa Cruz had come, Alexander declared that he should have already been in England. When he did come he should still be prepared to make the passage; but to talk of such an attempt without the Armada was senseless, and he denounced the madness of that proposition to his Majesty in vehement and unmeasured terms.[2] His army, by sickness and other causes, had been reduced to one-half the number considered necessary for the invasion, and the rebels had established regular squadrons in the Scheldt, in the very teeth of the forts at Lillo, Liefkenshoek, Saftingen, and other points close to Antwerp. There were so many of these war-vessels, and all in such excellent order, that they were a most notable embarrassment to him, he observed, and his own flotilla would run great risk of being utterly destroyed. Alexander had been personally superintending matters at Sluys, Ghent, and Antwerp, and had strengthened with artillery the canal which he had constructed between Sas and Sluys. Meantime his fresh troops had been slowly arriving, but much sickness prevailed among them. The Italians were dying fast, almost all the Spaniards were in hospital, and the others were so crippled and worn out that it was most pitiable to behold them; yet it was abso-

[1] Parma to Philip, 21 Dec., 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) [2] Ibid.

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lutely necessary that those who were in health should accompany him to England,[1] since otherwise his Spanish force would be altogether too weak to do the service expected. He had got together a good number of transports. Not counting his Antwerp fleet—which could not stir from port, as he bitterly complained, nor be of any use, on account of the rebel blockade—he had between Dunkerk and Newport seventy-four vessels of various kinds fit for sea-service, one hundred and fifty flat-bottoms (pleytas), and seventy river-hoys, all which were to be assembled at Sluys, whence they would—so soon as Santa Cruz should make his appearance—set forth for England.[2] This force of transports he pronounced sufficient, when properly protected by the Spanish Armada, to carry himself and his troops across the channel. If, therefore, the matter did not become publicly known, and if the weather proved favourable, it was probable that his Majesty's desire would soon be fulfilled according to the plan proposed. The companies of light horse and of arquebusmen, with which he meant to make his entrance into London, had been clothed, armed, and mounted, he said, in a manner delightful to contemplate, and those soldiers at least might be trusted—if they could only effect their passage—to do good service, and make matters quite secure.[3]

But craftily as the King and Duke had been dealing, it had been found impossible to keep such vast preparations entirely secret. Walsingham was in full possession of their plans down to the most minute details. The misfortune was that he was unable to persuade his sovereign, Lord Burghley, and others of the peace-party, as to the accuracy of his information. Not only was he thoroughly instructed in regard to the number of men, vessels, horses, mules, saddles, spurs, lances, barrels of beer and tons of biscuit, and other particulars of the contemplated invasion, but he had even received

[1] Parma to Philip, Dec. 21, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Ibid. (MS. last cited.)

[3] "Se han vestido, armado, y encabalgado, que es placer de verlas, y la soldadesca de ellas es tal que, si pueden pasar, haran a V. M. buen servizio y asegurararan mucho el servizio." MS. Letter last cited.

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curious intelligence as to the gorgeous equipment of those very troops, with which the Duke was just secretly announcing to the King his intention of making his triumphal entrance into the English capital. Sir Francis knew how many thousand yards of cramoisy velvet, how many hundredweight of gold and silver embroidery, how much satin and feathers, and what quantity of pearls and diamonds, Farnese had been providing himself withal. He knew the tailors, jewellers, silversmiths, and haberdashers, with whom the great Alexander—as he now began to be called—had been dealing; but when he spoke at the council-board, it was to

[1] "There is provided for lights a great number of torches, and so tempered that no water can put them out. A great number of little mills for grinding corn, great store of biscuit baked and oxen salted, great number of saddles and boots, also there is made 500 pair of velvet shoes—red, crimson velvet, and in every cloister throughout the country great quantity of roses made of silk, white and red, which are to be badges for divers of his gentlemen. By reason of these roses it is expected he is going for England. There is sold to the Prince by John Angel, pergaman, ten hundred-weight of velvet, gold and silver to embroider his apparel withal. The covering to his mules is most gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver, which carry his baggage. There is also sold to him by the Italian merchants at least 670 pieces of velvet to apparel him and his train. Every captain has received a gift from the Prince to make himself brave, and for Captain Corralini, an Italian, who hath one cornet of horse, I have seen with my eyes a saddle with the trappings of his horse, his *coat* and *rapier* and *dagger*, *which cost* 3,500 *French crowns*. (!!) All their lances are painted of divers colours, blue and white, green and white, and most part blood-red—so there is as great preparation for a triumph as for war. A great number of English priests come to Antwerp from all places. The commandment is given to all the churches to read the Litany daily for the prosperity of the Prince in his enterprise." John Giles to Walsingham, 4 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

The same letter conveyed also very detailed information concerning the naval preparations by the Duke, besides accurate intelligence in regard to the progress of the armada in Cadiz and Lisbon.

Sir William Russel wrote also from Flushing concerning these preparations in much the same strain; but it is worthy of note that he considered Farnese to be rather intending a movement against France.

"The Prince of Parma," he said, "is making great preparations for war, and with all expedition means to march a great army, and for a triumph, the coats and costly apparel for his own body doth exceed for embroidery, and beset with jewels; for all the *embroiderers and diamond-cutters work both night and day*, such haste is made. Five hundred velvet coats of one sort for lances, and a great number of brave new coats made for horsemen: 30,000 men are ready, and gather in Brabant and Flanders. It is said that there shall be in two days 10,000 to do some great exploit in these parts, and 20,000 *to march with the Prince into France*, and for certain it is not known what way or how they shall march, but all are ready at an hour's warning —4,000 saddles, 4,000 lances, 6,000 pairs of boots, 2,000 barrels of beer, biscuit sufficient for a camp of 20,000 men, &c. The Prince hath received a marvellous costly garland or crown from the Pope, and is chosen chief of the holy league, and now puts in his

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ears wilfully deaf. Nor was much concealed from the Argus-eyed politicians in the republic. The States were more and more intractable. They knew nearly all the truth with regard to the intercourse between the Queen's government and Farnese, and they suspected more than the truth. The list of English commissioners privately agreed upon between Burghley and De Loo was known to Barneveld, Maurice, and Hohenlo, before it came to the ears of Leicester. In June, Buckhurst had been censured by Elizabeth for opening the peace matter to members of the States, according to her bidding, and in July Leicester was rebuked for exactly the opposite delinquency. She was very angry that he had delayed the communication of her policy so long, but she expressed her anger only when that policy had proved so transparent as to make concealment hopeless. Leicester, as well as Buckhurst, knew that it was idle to talk to the Netherlanders of peace, because of their profound distrust in every word that came from Spanish or Italian lips; but Leicester, less frank than Buckhurst, preferred to flatter his sovereign, rather than to tell her unwelcome truths. More fortunate than Buckhurst, he was rewarded for his flattery by boundless affection, and promotion to the very highest post in England when the hour of England's greatest peril had arrived, while the truth-telling counsellor was consigned to imprisonment and disgrace. When the Queen complained sharply that the States were mocking her, and that she was touched in honour at the prospect of not keeping her plighted word to Farnese, the Earl assured her that the Netherlanders were fast changing their views; that although the very name of peace had till then been odious and loathsome,[1] yet now, as coming from her Majesty, they would accept it with thankful hearts.

arms two cross keys. The King of France hath written for the Prince with expedition, and 'tis *said he marches thither*, and on the way will besiege Cambray," &c. Occurrences, from the Governor of Flushing, Nov. 9, 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

Thus Sir William seems to have been less accurately acquainted with the movements of Farnese than was John Giles, and the mysterious precautions of the King and his general had been far from fruitless.

[1] Leicester to the Queen, 9 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Same to same, 1 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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The States, or the leading members of that assembly, factious fellows, pestilent and seditious knaves,[1] were doing their utmost, and were singing sirens' songs[2] to enchant and delude the people, but they were fast losing their influence—so warmly did the country desire to conform to her Majesty's pleasure. He expatiated, however, upon the difficulties in his path. The knowledge possessed by the pestilent fellows as to the actual position of affairs, was very mischievous. It was honey to Maurice and Hohenlo,[3] he said, that the Queen's secret practices with Farnese had thus been discovered. Nothing could be more marked than the jollity with which the ringleaders hailed these preparations for peace-making,[4] for they now felt certain that the government of their country had been fixed securely in their own hands. They were canonized, said the Earl, for their hostility to peace.[5]

Should not this conviction, on the part of men who had so many means of feeling the popular pulse, have given the Queen's government pause? To serve his sovereign in truth, Leicester might have admitted a possibility at least of honesty on the part of men who were so ready to offer up their lives for their country. For in a very few weeks he was obliged to confess that the people were no longer so well disposed to acquiesce in her Majesty's policy. The great majority, both of the States and the people, were in favour, he agreed, of continuing the war. The inhabitants of the little Province of Holland alone, he said, had avowed their determination to maintain their rights—even if obliged to fight single-handed—and to shed the last drop in their veins, rather than to submit again to Spanish tyranny.[6] This seemed a heroic resolution, worthy the sympathy of a brave Englishman, but the Earl's only comment upon it was, that it proved the ringleaders "either to be traitors or else *the most blindest asses in the*

[1] Same to same, 5 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Same to Burghley, 30 Oct. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 57. MS.)
[3] Leicester to Burghley, 17 Aug. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] Same to same, 30 Oct. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 57. MS.)
[5] Leicester to Walsingham, 9 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[6] Leicester to Burghley, 30 Oct. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. 57. MS.) Same to the Queen, 11 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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world."[1] He never scrupled, on repeated occasions, to insinuate that Barneveld, Hohenlo, Buys, Roorda, Sainte Aldegonde, and the Nassaus, had organized a plot to sell their country to Spain.[2] Of this there was not the faintest evidence, but it was the only way in which he chose to account for their persistent opposition to the peace-negotiations, and to their reluctance to confer absolute power on himself. "'Tis a crabbed, sullen, proud kind of people," said he, "and bent on establishing a popular government,"[3]—a purpose which seemed somewhat inconsistent with the plot for selling their country to Spain, which he charged in the same breath on the same persons.

Early in August, by the Queen's command, he had sent a formal communication respecting the private negotiations to the States, but he could tell them no secret. The names of the commissioners, and even the supposed articles of a treaty already concluded, were flying from town to town, from mouth to mouth, so that the Earl pronounced it impossible for one, not on the spot, to imagine the excitement which existed.

He had sent a state-counsellor, one Bardesius, to the Hague, to open the matter; but that personage had only ventured to whisper a word to one or two members of the States, and was assured that the proposition, if made, would raise such a tumult of fury, that he might fear for his life. So poor Bardesius came back to Leicester, fell on his knees, and implored him, at least to pause in these fatal proceedings.[4] After an interval, he sent two eminent statesmen, Valk and Menin, to lay the subject before the assembly. They did so, and it was met by fierce denunciation. On their return, the Earl, finding that so much violence had been excited, pretended that they had misunderstood his meaning, and that he had never meant to propose peace-negotiations. But Valk and Menin were too

[1] Leicester to the Queen, 17 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Leicester to the Queen, 5 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.) Same to Burghley, 6 Nov. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 176. MS.)

[3] Same to same, 11 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Leicester to Burghley, 30 Sept. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 34. MS.)

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old politicians to be caught in such a trap, and they produced a brief, drawn up in Italian—the foreign language best understood by the Earl—with his own corrections and interlineations, so that he was forced to admit that there had been no misconception.[1]

Leicester at last could no longer doubt that he was universally odious in the Provinces. Hohenlo, Barneveld, and the rest, who had "championed the country against the peace," were carrying all before them. They had persuaded the people, that the "Queen was but a tickle stay for them," and had inflated young Maurice with vast ideas of his importance, telling him that he was "a natural patriot, the image of his noble father, whose memory was yet great among them, as good reason, dying in their cause, as he had done."[2] The country was bent on a popular government, and on maintaining the war. There was no possibility, he confessed, that they would ever confer the authority on him which they had formerly bestowed.[3] The Queen had promised, when he left England the second time, that his absence should be for but three months,[4] and he now most anxiously claimed permission to depart. Above all things, he deprecated being employed as a peace-commissioner. He was, of all men, the most unfit for such a post. At the same time he implored the statesmen at home to be wary in selecting the wisest persons for that arduous duty, in order that the peace might be made for Queen Elizabeth, as well as for King Philip. He strongly recommended, for that duty, Beale, the councillor, who with Killigrew had replaced the hated Wilkes and the pacific Bartholomew Clerk. "Mr. Beale, brother-in-law to Walsingham, is in my books a prince," said the Earl. "He

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 34. Hoofd, 'Vervolgh,' 276. Wagenaar, viii. 236. Meteren, xiv. 260. Compare Reyd, vi. 109, who says however that Valk and Menin could produce no written instructions from Leicester, but that the characters of such well-known statesmen carried conviction of the truth of their statements.

[2] Leicester to the Lords, 21 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Leicester to Walsnigham, 13 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Leicester to Burghley, 30 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

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was *drowned* in England, but most useful in the Netherlands. Without him I am naked."[1]

And at last the governor told the Queen what Buckhurst and Walsingham had been perpetually telling her, that the Duke of Parma meant mischief; and he sent the same information as to hundreds of boats preparing, with six thousand shirts for camisados, 7000 pairs of wading boots, and saddles, stirrups, and spurs, enough for a choice band of 3000 men.[2] A shrewd troop, said the Earl, of the first soldiers in Christendom, to be landed some fine morning in England. And he too had heard of the jewelled suits of cramoisy velvet, and all the rest of the finery with which the triumphant Alexander was intending to astonish London. "Get horses enough, and muskets enough in England," exclaimed Leicester, "and then our people will not be beaten, I warrant you, if well led."[3]

And now, the governor—who, in order to soothe his sovereign and comply with her vehement wishes, had so long misrepresented the state of public feeling—not only confessed that Papists and Protestants, gentle and simple, the States and the people, throughout the republic, were all opposed to any negotiation with the enemy, but lifted up his own voice, and in earnest language expressed his opinion of the Queen's infatuation.

"Oh, my Lord, what a treaty is this for peace," said he to Burghley, "that we must treat, altogether disarmed and weakened, and the King having made his forces stronger than ever he had known in these parts, besides what is coming out of Spain, and yet we will presume of good conditions. It grieveth me to the heart. But I fear you will all smart for it, and I pray God her Majesty feel it not, if it be His blessed will. She meaneth well and sincerely to have peace, but God knows that this is not the way. Well, God Almighty defend

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, 4 Aug. 1587. Same to same, 16 Sept. 1587. (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Leicester to Burghley, 5 Nov. 1587 (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid.

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us and the realm, and especially her Majesty. But look for a sharp war, or a miserable peace, *to undo others and ourselves after.*"[1]

Walsingham, too, was determined not to act as a commissioner. If his failing health did not serve as an excuse, he should be obliged to refuse, he said, and so forfeit her Majesty's favour, rather than be instrumental in bringing about her ruin, and that of his country. Never for an instant had the Secretary of State faltered in his opposition to the timid policy of Burghley. Again and again he had detected the intrigues of the Lord-Treasurer and Sir James Croft, and ridiculed the "comptroller's peace."[2]

And especially did Walsingham bewail the implicit confidence which the Queen placed in the sugary words of Alexander, and the fatal parsimony which caused her to neglect defending herself against Scotland;[3] for he was as well informed as was Farnese himself of Philip's arrangements with the Scotch lords, and of the subsidies in men and money by which their invasion of England was to be made part of the great scheme. "No one thing," sighed Walsingham, "doth more prognosticate an alteration of this estate, than that a prince of her Majesty's judgment should neglect, in

[1] Leicester to Burghley, 7 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

And to Walsingham he wrote most earnestly in the same vein. "Our enemies have dealt more like politic men than we have," he said, "for it was always agreed heretofore among us that there was no way to make a good peace but by a strong war. . . . Now is the difference put in experience, for we see the Prince of Parma did not weaken himself to trust upon peace, but hath increased his forces in the highest degree, whilst we talked of peace; that if we break off, he might either compel us to his peace or be beforehand with us by the readiness of his forces. *This was told and foretold*, but yet no ear given nor care taken. . . . Surely you shall find the *Prince meaneth no peace.* I see *money doth undo all*—the care to keep it, and not upon just cause to spend it. Her Majesty doth still blame me for the expense of her treasure here, *which doth make me weary of my life;* but her Majesty *will rue the sparing counsel* at such times.

He then sent information as to Parma's intentions, derived from an intercepted letter of a man in Sir William Stanley's regiment to a priest in England, "bidding his friend be sure they are shortly to be in England." . . . "It were better to her Majesty," added Leicester, "than a million pounds sterling, that she had done as the Duke of Parma hath done." Leicester to Walsingham, 7 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Walsingham to Leicester, 21 Sept. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 78. MS.)

[3] Walsingham to Leicester, 12 Nov. 1587. (Brit. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 178. MS.)

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respect of a little charges, the stopping of so dangerous a gap. . . . . The manner of our cold and careless proceeding here, in this time of peril, maketh me to take no comfort of my recovery of health, for that I see, unless it shall please God in mercy and miraculously to preserve us, *we cannot long stand.*"[1]

Leicester, finding himself unable to counteract the policy of Barneveld and his party, by expostulation or argument, conceived a very dangerous and criminal project before he left the country. The facts are somewhat veiled in mystery; but he was suspected, on weighty evidence, of a design to kidnap both Maurice and Barneveld, and carry them off to England. Of this intention, which was foiled at any rate, before it could be carried into execution, there is perhaps not conclusive proof, but it has already been shown, from a deciphered letter, that the Queen had once given Buckhurst and Wilkes peremptory orders to seize the person of Hohenlo, and it is quite possible that similar orders may have been received at a later moment with regard to the young Count and the Advocate. At any rate, it is certain that late in the autumn, some friends of Barneveld entered his bedroom, at the Hague, in the dead of night, and informed him that a plot was on foot to lay violent hands upon him, and that an armed force was already on its way to execute this purpose of Leicester, before the dawn of day. The Advocate, without loss of time, took his departure for Delft, a step which was followed, shortly afterwards, by Maurice.[2]

Nor was this the only daring stroke which the Earl had meditated. During the progress of the secret negotiations with Parma, he had not neglected those still more secret schemes to which he had occasionally made allusion. He had deter-

[1] "A letter from the Duke of Parma," says the Secretary, "bred in her Majesty such a dangerous security, as all advertisements of danger are neglected, and great expedition used in despatching of the commissioners. I was fully resolved in no sort to have accepted the charge, had not my sickness prevented, for that I would be loth to be engaged in a service that all men of judgment may see cannot but work her Majesty's ruin. I pray God I and others of my opinion prove in this false prophets." (Ibid.)

[2] Bor, III. xxiii. 51. Hoofd, 'Vervolgh,' 287. Wagenaar, viii. 240. Van Wyn op Wagenaar, viii. 68, 69.

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mined, if possible, to obtain possession of the most important cities in Holland and Zeeland. It was very plain to him, that he could no longer hope, by fair means, for the great authority once conferred upon him by the free will of the States. It was his purpose, therefore, by force and stratagem to recover his lost power. We have heard the violent terms in which both the Queen and the Earl denounced the men who accused the English government of any such intention. It had been formally denied by the States-General that Barneveld had ever used the language in that assembly with which he had been charged. He had only revealed to them the exact purport of the letter to Junius, and of the Queen's secret instructions to Leicester.[1] Whatever he may have said in private conversation, and whatever deductions he may have made among his intimate friends, from the admitted facts in the case, could hardly be made matters of record. It does not appear that he, or the statesmen who acted with him, considered the Earl capable of a deliberate design to sell the cities, thus to be acquired, to Spain, as the price of peace for England. Certainly Elizabeth would have scorned such a crime, and was justly indignant at rumours prevalent to that effect; but the wrath of the Queen and of her favourite were, perhaps, somewhat simulated, in order to cover their real mortification at the discovery of designs on the part of the Earl which could not be denied. Not only had they been at last compelled to confess these negotiations, which for several months had been concealed and stubbornly denied, but the still graver plots of the Earl to regain his much-coveted authority had been, in a startling manner, revealed. The leaders of the States-General had a right to suspect the English Earl of a design to reenact the part of the Duke of Anjou, and were justified in taking stringent measures to prevent a calamity, which, as they believed, was impending over their little commonwealth. The high-handed dealings of Leicester in the city of Utrecht have been already de-

[1] Resol. Holl. 15, 16, 18 Sept. 1587, bl. 253, 254, 258, cited in Van Wyn, *ubi sup.*

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scribed. The most respectable and influential burghers of the place had been imprisoned and banished, the municipal government wrested from the hands to which it legitimately belonged, and confided to adventurers, who wore the cloak of Calvinism to conceal their designs, and a successful effort had been made, in the name of democracy, to eradicate from one ancient province the liberty on which it prided itself.

In the course of the autumn, an attempt was made to play the same game at Amsterdam. A plot was discovered, before it was fairly matured, to seize the magistrates of that important city, to gain possession of the arsenals, and to place the government in the hands of well-known Leicestrians. A list of fourteen influential citizens, drawn up in the writing of Burgrave, the Earl's confidential secretary, was found, all of whom, it was asserted, had been doomed to the scaffold.[1]

The plot to secure Amsterdam had failed, but, in North Holland, Medenblik was held firmly for Leicester, by Diedrich Sonoy, in the very teeth of the States.[2] The important city of Enkhuyzen, too, was very near being secured for the Earl, but a still more significant movement was made at Leyden. That heroic city, ever since the famous siege of 1574, in which the Spaniard had been so signally foiled, had distinguished itself by great liberality of sentiment in religious matters. The burghers were inspired by a love of country, and a hatred of oppression, both civil and ecclesiastical; and Papists and Protestants, who had fought side by side against the common foe, were not disposed to tear each other to pieces, now that he had been excluded from their gates. Meanwhile, however, refugee Flemings and Brabantines had sought an asylum in the city, and being, as usual, of the strictest sect of the

[1] Hoofd, xxvi. 1199, 1200. Wagenaar, viii. 243-246.

Among them was the name of burgomaster Hoofd, father of the illustrious historian of the Netherlands. Much caution should be observed, however, in accepting, to their full extent, charges made in times of such violent party spirit. Leicester would have hardly ventured to hang fourteen such men as Hoofd and his compeers, although he would willingly have brought Barneveld and Buys to the gibbet. He would have imprisoned and banished, no doubt, as many Amsterdam burghers of the States-party as he could lay hands on.

[2] Bor, III. xxiii. 7, xxiv. 179-204, 208-233, 279-290. Reyd, vi. 101. Wagenaar, 209, 210, 270-278.

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Calvinists were shocked at the latitudinarianism which prevailed. To the honour of the city—as it seems to us now—but, to their horror, it was even found that one or two Papists had seats in the magistracy.[1] More than all this, there was a school in the town kept by a Catholic, and Adrian van der Werff himself—the renowned burgomaster, who had sustained the city during the dreadful leaguer of 1574, and who had told the famishing burghers that they might eat him if they liked, but that they should never surrender to the Spaniards while he remained alive—even Adrian van der Werff had sent his son to this very school.[2] To the clamour made by the refugees against this spirit of toleration, one of the favourite preachers in the town, of Arminian tendencies, had declared in the pulpit, that he would as lieve see the Spanish as the Calvinistic inquisition established over his country; using an expression, in regard to the church of Geneva, more energetic than decorous.[3]

It was from Leyden that the chief opposition came to a synod, by which a great attempt was to be made towards subjecting the new commonwealth to a masked theocracy; a scheme which the States of Holland had resisted with might and main. The Calvinistic party, waxing stronger in Leyden, although still in a minority, at last resolved upon a strong effort to place the city in the hands of that great representative of Calvinism, the Earl of Leicester. Jacques Volmar, a deacon of the church, Cosmo de Pescarengis, a Genoese captain of much experience in the service of the republic, Adolphus de Meetkerke, former president of Flanders, who had been, by the States, deprived of the seat in the great council to which the Earl had appointed him; Doctor Saravia, professor of theology in the university, with other deacons, preachers, and captains, went at different times from Leyden to Utrecht, and had secret interviews with Leicester.

A plan was at last agreed upon, according to which, about the middle of October, a revolution should be effected in

[1] Bor, xxiii. 93-105.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. "Liever de Spaense Inquisitie dan de Geneefse discipline, die pockige hoere," p. 98.

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Leyden. Captain Nicholas de Maulde, who had recently so much distinguished himself in the defence of Sluys, was stationed with two companies of States' troops in the city. He had been much disgusted—not without reason—at the culpable negligence through which the courageous efforts of the Sluys garrison had been set at nought, and the place sacrificed, when it might so easily have been relieved; and he ascribed the whole of the guilt to Maurice, Hohenlo, and the States, although it could hardly be denied that at least an equal portion belonged to Leicester and his party. The young captain listened, therefore, to a scheme propounded to him by Colonel Cosmo and Deacon Volmar, in the name of Leicester. He agreed, on a certain day, to muster his company, to leave the city by the Delft gate—as if by command of superior authority—to effect a junction with Captain Heraugiere, another of the distinguished malcontent defenders of Sluys, who was stationed, with his command, at Delft, and then to re-enter Leyden, take possession of the town-hall, arrest all the magistrates, together with Adrian van der Werff, ex-burgomaster, and proclaim Lord Leicester, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, legitimate master of the city.[1] A list of burghers, who were to be executed, was likewise agreed upon, at a final meeting of the conspirators in a hostelry, which bore the ominous name of 'The Thunderbolt.' A desire had been signified by Leicester, in the preliminary interviews at Utrecht, that all bloodshed, if possible, should be spared,[2] but it was certainly an extravagant expectation, considering the temper, the political convictions, and the known courage of the Leyden burghers, that the city would submit, without a struggle, to this invasion of all their rights. It could hardly be doubted that the streets would run red with blood, as those of Antwerp had done, when a similar attempt, on the part of Anjou, had been foiled.

Unfortunately for the scheme, a day or two before the great stroke was to be hazarded, Cosmo de Pescarengis had

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* Reyd, vii. 133, 134. Meteren, xiv. 261.
[2] Bor. Reyd, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

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been accidentally arrested for debt.[1] A subordinate accomplice, taking alarm, had then gone before the magistrate and revealed the plot. Volmar and de Maulde fled at once, but were soon arrested in the neighbourhood. President de Meetkerke, Professor Saravia, the preacher Van der Wouw, and others most compromised, effected their escape.[2] The matter was instantly laid before the States of Holland by the magistracy of Leyden, and seemed of the gravest moment. In the beginning of the year, the fatal treason of York and Stanley had implanted a deep suspicion of Leicester in the hearts of almost all the Netherlanders, which could not be eradicated. The painful rumours concerning the secret negotiations with Spain, and the design falsely attributed to the English Queen, of selling the chief cities of the republic to Philip as the price of peace, and of reimbursement for expenses incurred by her, increased the general excitement to fever. It was felt by the leaders of the States that as mortal a combat lay before them with the Earl of Leicester, as with the King of Spain, and that it was necessary to strike a severe blow, in order to vindicate their imperilled authority.

A commission was appointed by the high court of Holland, acting in conjunction with the States of the Provinces, to try the offenders. Among the commissioners were Adrian van der Werff, John van der Does, who had been military commandant of Leyden during the siege, Barneveld, and other distinguished personages, over whom Count Maurice presided.[3] The accused were subjected to an impartial trial. Without torture, they confessed their guilt.[4] It is true, however, that Cosmo was placed within sight of the rack. He avowed that his object had been to place the city under the authority of Leicester, and to effect this purpose, if possible, without bloodshed. He declared that the attempt was to be made with the full knowledge and approbation of the Earl, who had promised him the command of a regiment of twelve companies, as

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, *ubi sup.*
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] So say Bor and Meteren; but Reyd says that they were put to the torture, p. 153. "Nae pijnlijke ondervraeginge."

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a recompense for his services, if they proved successful. Leicester, said Cosmo, had also pledged himself, in case the men, thus executing his plans, should be discovered and endangered, to protect and rescue them, even at the sacrifice of all his fortune, and of the office he held. When asked if he had any written statement from his Excellency to that effect, Cosmo replied, no, nothing but his princely word which he had voluntarily given.[1]

Volmar made a similar confession. He, too, declared that he had acted throughout the affair by express command of the Earl of Leicester. Being asked if he had any written evidence of the fact, he, likewise, replied in the negative. "Then his Excellency will unquestionably deny your assertion," said the judges. "Alas, then am I a dead man," replied Volmar; and the unfortunate deacon never spoke truer words. Captain de Maulde also confessed his crime. He did not pretend, however, to have had any personal communication with Leicester, but said that the affair had been confided to him by Colonel Cosmo, on the express authority of the Earl, and that he had believed himself to be acting in obedience to his Excellency's commands.[2]

On the 26th October, after a thorough investigation, followed by a full confession on the part of the culprits, the three were sentenced to death.[3] The decree was surely a most severe one. They had been guilty of no actual crime, and only in case of high treason could an intention to commit a crime be considered, by the laws of the state, an offence punishable with death. But it was exactly because it was important to make the crime high treason that the prisoners were condemned. The offence was considered as a crime not against Leyden, but as an attempt to levy war upon a city

[1] Bor, Meteren, *ubi sup.* Reyd declares that Killigrew (who with Beale, was member of the state-council as representative of the Queen) notified the commissioners that the attempt had been made with the knowledge and consent of Leicester, and warned them not to be precipitate in the trial: but that the Earl, who was then at Alkmar, denied all complicity in the affair. Cosmo, according to the same authority, called out, when upon the rack, "Oh, Excellence, a quoi employez vous les gens!" P. 134.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, *ubi sup.*

[3] Ibid. The sentences are given in full by Bor.

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which was a member of the States of Holland and of the United States. If the States were sovereign, then this was a lesion of their sovereignty. Moreover, the offence had been aggravated by the employment of United States' troops against the commonwealth of the United States itself. To cut off the heads of these prisoners was a sharp practical answer to the claims of sovereignty by Leicester, as representing the people, and a terrible warning to all who might, in future, be disposed to revive the theories of Deventer and Burgrave.

In the case of De Maulde the punishment seemed especially severe. His fate excited universal sympathy, and great efforts were made to obtain his pardon. He was a universal favourite; he was young; he was very handsome; his manners were attractive; he belonged to an ancient and honourable race. His father, the Seigneur de Mansart, had done great services in the war of independence, had been an intimate friend of the great Prince of Orange, and had even advanced large sums of money to assist his noble efforts to liberate the country. Two brothers of the young captain had fallen in the service of the republic. He, too, had distinguished himself at Ostend, and his gallantry during the recent siege of Sluys had been in every mouth, and had excited the warm applause of so good a judge of soldiership as the veteran Roger Williams. The scars of the wounds received in the desperate conflicts of that siege were fresh upon his breast. He had not intended to commit treason, but, convinced by the sophistry of older soldiers than himself, as well as by learned deacons and theologians, he had imagined himself doing his duty, while obeying the Earl of Leicester. If there were ever a time for mercy, this seemed one, and young Maurice of Nassau might have remembered, that even in the case of the assassins who had attempted the life of his father, that great-hearted man had lifted up his voice—which seemed his dying one—in favour of those who had sought his life.

But the authorities were inexorable. There was no hope of a mitigation of punishment, but a last effort was made, under favour of a singular ancient custom, to save the life of De

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Maulde. A young lady of noble family in Leyden—Uytenbroek by name—claimed the right of rescuing the condemned malefactor from the axe, by appearing upon the scaffold, and offering to take him for her husband.[1]

Intelligence was brought to the prisoner in his dungeon, that the young lady had made the proposition, and he was told to be of good cheer. But he refused to be comforted. He was slightly acquainted with the gentlewoman, he observed, and doubted much whether her request would be granted. Moreover—if contemporary chronicle can be trusted—he even expressed a preference for the scaffold, as the milder fate of the two.[2] The lady, however, not being aware of those uncomplimentary sentiments, made her proposal to the magistrates, but was dismissed with harsh rebukes. She had need be ashamed, they said, of her willingness to take a condemned traitor for her husband. It was urged, in her behalf, that even in the cruel Alva's time, the ancient custom had been respected, and that victims had been saved from the executioners, on a demand in marriage made even by women of abandoned character.[3] But all was of no avail. The pri-
Oct. 26, soners were executed on the 26th October, the same
1587. day on which the sentence had been pronounced. The heads of Volmar and Cosmo were exposed on one of the turrets of the city. That of Maulde was interred with his body.[4]

The Earl was indignant when he heard of the event. As there had been no written proof of his complicity in the conspiracy, the judges had thought it improper to mention his name in the sentences. He, of course, denied any knowledge of the plot, and its proof rested therefore only on the assertion of the prisoners themselves, which, however, was circumstantial, voluntary, and generally believed.[5]

[1] Bor, 97. Van Wyn op Wagen, viii. 72.

[2] "Maer hy hoerende de selve noemen, en in haer geselschap wel geweest zijnde, hadde weynig moeds dat hy door verlost worden zoude, of *ook de selve ten huwelijke niet begeerende*, houde hem niet te vreden stellen," &c. Bor, xxiii. (III.) 97.

[3] Bor, *ubi sup.*

[4] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, *ubi sup.* Le Petit, II. xiv. 551.

[5] Ibid.

The only passage bearing on the subject which I have found in Leicester's secret correspondence, is this

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France, during the whole of this year of expectation, was ploughed throughout its whole surface by perpetual civil war. The fatal edict of June, 1585, had drowned the unhappy land in blood. Foreign armies, called in by the various contending factions, ravaged its fair territory, butchered its peasantry, and changed its fertile plains to a wilderness. The unhappy creature who wore the crown of Charlemagne and of Hugh Capet, was but the tool in the hands of the most profligate and designing of his own subjects, and of foreigners. Slowly and surely the net, spread by the hands of his own mother, of his own prime minister,[1] of the Duke of Guise, all obeying the command and receiving the stipend of Philip, seemed closing over him. He was without friends, without power to know his friends, if he had them. In his hatred to the Reformation, he had allowed himself to be made the enemy of the only man who could be his friend, or the friend of France. Allied with his mortal foe, whose armies were strengthened

extract from a letter to the Queen:—"The States have used great cruelty of late in Leyden, against three persons that favoured your Majesty, whom they put to death, and banished twenty others, whereof their devoted head was one, old Count Meetkerke another. This gentleman can inform you of it, and I will send it, shortly, at more length." Leicester to the Queen, 27 Oct. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

This very meagre allusion to so important an event is almost suspicious in itself, when coupled with the fact that the details were entrusted to a special messenger to communicate by word of mouth. The Earl knew very well that his most secret despatches were read by his antagonists, and he might not be unwilling to deceive them by the slighting tone of these allusions in his private letters.

Of course, it is unfair to place implicit reliance on the confessions of prisoners, anxious to save their lives by implicating the powerful governor. Yet it is difficult to know why they should expect his intercession if they knew themselves to be blasting his character by an impudent falsehood. Moreover, an elaborate pamphlet, published in defence of those persons who had effected their escape, was dedicated to the Earl himself, and contained a statement of the interview of the ringleaders with the Earl, although a strong attempt was made by the writer to deprive the plot of any criminal character. (Bor, III. xxiii. 95, *seq.* gives the document.) But the pamphlet was denounced and prohibited in Leyden, as an infamous libel and a tissue of falsehoods, and it is hardly just, therefore, to put it in as good evidence either for or against the Earl.

The secret intention of Leicester to obtain possession of certain cities, in order to bridle the States, and to make a good bargain for the Queen, should the worst come to the worst, has been already shown from his private letters.

[1] In October of this year, 1587, Epernon called Villeroy, in the king's presence, "un petit coquin," accused him of being a stipendiary of Philip II. and the League, and threatened to spur him as he would an obstinate horse. ('L'Estoile, Registre Journal de Henry III.' ed. 1587, p. 32.)

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by contingents from Parma's forces, and paid for by Spanish gold, he was forced to a mock triumph over the foreign mercenaries who came to save his crown, and to submit to the defeat of the flower of his chivalry, by the only man who could rescue France from ruin, and whom France could look up to with respect.

For, on the 20th October, Henry of Navarre had at last gained a victory. After twenty-seven years of perpetual defeat, during which they had been growing stronger and stronger, the Protestants had met the picked troops of Henry III., under the Duc de Joyeuse, near the burgh of Coutras. His cousins Condé and Soissons each commanded a wing in the army of the Béarnese. "You are both of my family," said Henry, before the engagement, "and the Lord so help me, but I will show you that I am the eldest born."[1] And during that bloody day the white plume was ever tossing where the battle was fiercest. "I choose to show myself. They *shall* see the Béarnese," was his reply to those who implored him to have a care for his personal safety. And at last, when the day was done, the victory gained, and more French nobles lay dead on the field, as Catharine de' Medici bitterly declared, than had fallen in a battle for twenty years; when two thousand of the King's best troops had been slain, and when the bodies of Joyeuse and his brother had been laid out in the very room where the conqueror's supper, after the battle, was served, but where he refused, with a shudder, to eat, he was still as eager as before—had the wretched Valois been possessed of a spark of manhood, or of intelligence—to shield him and his kingdom from the common enemy.[2]

For it could hardly be doubtful, even to Henry III., at that moment, that Philip II. and his jackal, the Duke of Guise, were pursuing him to the death, and that, in his breathless doublings to escape, he had been forced to turn upon his natural protector. And now Joyeuse was defeated and slain. "Had it been my brother's son," exclaimed Cardinal de

[1] Péréfixe, 73.
[2] De Thou. X. L. lxxxvii. Péréfixe, 75-78. 'L'Estoile,' 232.

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Bourbon, weeping and wailing, "how much better it would have been." It was not easy to slay the champion of French Protestantism; yet, to one less buoyant, the game, even after the brilliant but fruitless victory of Coutras, might have seemed desperate. Beggared and outcast, with literally scarce a shirt to his back, without money to pay a corporal's guard, how was he to maintain an army?

But 'Mucio' was more successful than Joyeuse had been, and the German and Swiss mercenaries who had come across the border to assist the Béarnese, were adroitly handled by Philip's great stipendiary. Henry of Valois, whose troops had just been defeated at Coutras, was now compelled to participate in a more fatal series of triumphs. For alas, the victim had tied himself to the apron-string of "Madam League," and was paraded by her, in triumph, before the eyes of his own subjects and of the world. The passage of the Loire by the auxiliaries was resisted, a series of petty victories was gained by Guise, and, at last, after it was obvious that the leaders of the legions had been corrupted with Spanish ducats, Henry allowed them to depart, rather than give the Balafré opportunity for still farther successes.[1]

Then came the triumph in Paris—hosannahs in the churches, huzzas in the public places—not for the King, but for Guise. Paris, more madly in love with her champion than ever, prostrated herself at his feet. For him pæans as to a deliverer. Without him the ark would have fallen into the hands of the Philistines. For the Valois, shouts of scorn from the populace, thunders from the pulpit, anathemas from monk and priest, elaborate invectives from all the pedants of the Sorbonne, distant mutterings of excommunication from Rome—not the toothless beldame of modern days, but the avenging divinity of priest-rid monarchs. Such were the results of the edicts of June. Spain and the Pope had trampled upon France, and the populace in her capital clapped their hands and jumped for joy. "Miserable country, miserable King," sighed an illustrious patriot, "whom his own

[1] De Thou, *ubi sup.* 'L'Estoile,' 232, 234.

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countrymen wish rather to survive, than to die to defend him! Let the name of Huguenot and of Papist be never heard of more. Let us think only of the counter-league. Is France to be saved by opening all its gates to Spain? Is France to be turned out of France, to make a lodging for the Lorrainer and the Spaniard?" Pregnant questions, which could not yet be answered, for the end was not yet. France was to become still more and more a wilderness. And well did that same brave and thoughtful lover of his country declare, that he who should suddenly awake from a sleep of twenty-five years, and revisit that once beautiful land, would deem himself transplanted to a barbarous island of cannibals.[1]

It had now become quite obvious that the game of Leicester was played out. His career—as it has now been fully exhibited—could have but one termination. He had made himself thoroughly odious to the nation whom he came to govern. He had lost for ever the authority once spontaneously bestowed, and he had attempted in vain, both by fair means and foul, to recover that power. There was nothing left him but retreat. Of this he was thoroughly convinced.[2] He was anxious to be gone, the republic most desirous to be rid of him, her Majesty impatient to have her favourite back again. The indulgent Queen, seeing nothing to blame in his conduct, while her indignation at the attitude maintained by the Provinces was boundless, permitted him, accordingly, to return; and in her letter to the States, announcing this decision, she took a fresh opportunity of emptying her wrath upon their heads.

She told them, that, notwithstanding her frequent messages to them, signifying her evil contentment with their unthankfulness for her exceeding great benefits, and with their gross violations of their contract with herself and with Leicester, whom they had, of their own accord, made absolute governor

[1] Duplessis Mornay, 'Mem.' iv. 1-34.

[2] "'Tis time for me now to look after my own head—sta tempo ch' io guardi la mia testa," he is said to have exclaimed when the Leyden plot was discovered. (Reyd, vii. 134.)

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without her instigation; she had never received any good answer to move her to commit their sins to oblivion, nor had she remarked any amendment in their conduct. On the contrary, she complained that they daily increased their offences, most notoriously in the sight of the world, and in so many points that she lacked words to express them in one letter. She however thought it worth while to allude to some of their transgressions. She declared that their sinister or rather barbarous interpretation of her conduct had been notorious in perverting and falsifying her princely and Christian intentions, when she imparted to them the overtures that had been made to her for a treaty of peace for herself and for them with the King of Spain. Yet although she had required their allowance, before she would give her assent, she had been grieved that the world should see what impudent untruths had been forged upon her, not only by their sufferance, but by their special permission for her Christian good meaning towards them. She denounced the statements as to her having concluded a treaty, not only without their knowledge, but with the sacrifice of their liberty and religion, as utterly false, either for anything done in act, or intended in thought, by her. She complained that upon this most false ground had been heaped a number of like untruths and malicious slanders against her cousin Leicester, who had hazarded his life, spent his substance, left his native country, absented himself from her, and lost his time, only for their service. It had been falsely stated among them, she said, that the Earl had come over the last time, knowing that peace had been secretly concluded. It was false that he had intended to surprise divers of their towns, and deliver them to the King of Spain. All such untruths contained matter so improbable, that it was most strange that any person, having any sense, could imagine them correct. Having thus slightly animadverted upon their wilfulness, unthankfulness, and bad government, and having, in very plain English, given them the lie, eight distinct and separate times upon a single page, she proceeded to inform them that she had recalled her cousin Leicester, having great

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cause to use his services in England, and not seeing how, by his tarrying there, he could either profit them or herself. Nevertheless she protested herself not void of compassion for their estate, and for the pitiful condition of the great multitude of kind and godly people, subject to the miseries which, by the States' government, were like to fall upon them, unless God should specially interpose; and she had therefore determined, for the time, to continue her subsidies, according to the covenant between them. If, meantime, she should conclude a peace with Spain, she promised to them the same care for their country as for her own.[1]

Accordingly the Earl, after despatching an equally ill-tempered letter to the States, in which he alluded, at unmerciful length, to all the old grievances, blamed them for the loss of Sluys, for which place he protested that they had manifested no more interest than if it had been San Domingo in Hispaniola, took his departure for Flushing.[2] After remaining there, in a very moody frame of mind, for several days, expecting that the States would, at least, send a committee to wait upon him and receive his farewells, he took leave of them by letter. "God send me shortly a wind to blow me from them all,"[3] he exclaimed—a prayer which was soon granted—and before the end of the year he was safely landed in England. "These legs of mine," said he, clapping his hands upon them as he sat in his chamber at Margate, "shall never go again into Holland. Let the States get others to serve their mercenary turn, for me they shall not have."[4] Upon giving up the government, he caused a medal to be struck in his own honour. The device was a flock of sheep watched by an English mastiff. Two mottoes—"non gregem sed ingratos," and "invitus desero"—expressed his opinion of Dutch ingratitude and his own fidelity. The Hollanders, on their part, struck several medals to commemorate the same event, some of which were not destitute of invention. Upon one of them,

[1] Queen to the States, 8 Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Bor, III. xxiii. 141. Meteren, xiv. 262.
[3] Leicester to Atye, 4 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] Stowe, 'Chronicle,' 713.

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for instance, was represented an ape smothering her young ones to death in her embrace, with the device, "Libertas ne ita chara ut simiae catuli;" while upon the reverse was a man avoiding smoke and falling into the fire, with the inscription, "Fugiens fumum, incidit in ignem."[1]

Leicester found the usual sunshine at Greenwich. All the efforts of Norris, Wilkes, and Buckhurst, had been insufficient to raise even a doubt in Elizabeth's mind as to the wisdom and integrity by which his administration of the Provinces had been characterised from beginning to end. Those who had appealed from his hatred to the justice of their sovereign, had met with disgrace and chastisement. But for the great Earl, the Queen's favour was a rock of adamant. At a private interview he threw himself at her feet, and with tears and sobs implored her not to receive him in disgrace whom she had sent forth in honour. His blandishments prevailed, as they had always done. Instead, therefore, of appearing before the council, kneeling, to answer such inquiries as ought surely to have been instituted, he took his seat boldly among his colleagues, replying haughtily to all murmurs by a reference to her Majesty's secret instructions.[2]

The unhappy English soldiers, who had gone forth under his banner in midsummer, had been returning, as they best might, in winter, starving, half-naked wretches, to beg a morsel of bread at the gates of Greenwich palace, and to be driven away as vagabonds, with threats of the stocks.[3] This was not the fault of the Earl, for he had fed them with his own generous hand in the Netherlands, week after week, when no money for their necessities could be obtained from the paymasters. Two thousand pounds had been sent by Elizabeth to her soldiers when sixty-four thousand pounds arrearage were due,[4]

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 153. Hoofd, 'Vervolgh,' 210. Meteren, xiii. 238.

[2] Camden, III. 400. Baker, 375.

[3] Memorial, in Burghley's own hand, Nov. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] "She would by no means yield to send over any greater sum than 2000*l.*, though the Lord Treasurer, Sir Thomas Shirley, and myself, did let her understand that there was due unto the soldiers serving there the first of July last 44,000*l.*, and before it could arrive there, at the least 64,000*l.*" Walsingham to Leicester, 14 Aug. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 253, MS.)

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and no language could exaggerate the misery to which these outcasts, according to eye-witnesses of their own nation, were reduced.

Lord Willoughby was appointed to the command of what remained of these unfortunate troops, upon the Earl's departure. The sovereighty of the Netherlands remained undisputed with the States. Leicester resigned his commission by an instrument dated $\frac{17}{27}$ December, which, however, never reached the Netherlands till April of the following year.[1] From that time forth the government of the republic maintained the same forms which the assembly had claimed for it in the long controversy with the governor-general, and which have been sufficiently described.

Meantime the negotiations for a treaty, no longer secret, continued. The Queen, infatuated as ever, still believed in the sincerity of Farnese, while that astute personage and his master were steadily maturing their schemes. A matrimonial alliance was secretly projected between the King of Scots and Philip's daughter, the Infanta Isabella, with the consent of the Pope and the whole college of cardinals; and James, by the whole force of the Holy League, was to be placed upon the throne of Elizabeth. In the case of his death, without issue, Philip was to succeed quietly to the crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland.[2] Nothing could be simpler or more rational, and accordingly these arrangements were the table-talk at Rome, and met with general approbation.

Communications to this effect, coming straight from the Colonna palace, were thought sufficiently circumstantial to be transmitted to the English government. Maurice of Nassau wrote with his own hand to Walsingham, professing a warm attachment to the cause in which Holland and England were united, and perfect personal devotion to the English Queen.[3]

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 143, *seq.* Meteren, xiv. 262. Reyd, vii. 137, 138.

[2] Le Sieur to Walsingham, 3 Dec. 1587. Maurice de Nassau, to same, 9 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office, MSS.)

[3] "Je ne vous escrirai rien sur les propos d'Odo Colonna," wrote Maurice, "car vous les entendrez bien par la lecture du sommaire que je vous envoie, mais bien je vous assure qu'il est un jeune homme d'esprit vif et prompt, qui parle bien et a été bien

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His language was not that of a youth, who, according to Leicester's repeated insinuations, was leagued with the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the Netherlands to sell their country to Spain.

But Elizabeth was not to be convinced. She thought it extremely probable that the Provinces would be invaded, and doubtless felt some anxiety for England. It was unfortunate that the possession of Sluys had given Alexander such a point of vantage, and there was moreover a fear that he might take possession of Ostend. She had, therefore, already recommended that her own troops should be removed from that city, that its walls should be razed, its marine bulwarks destroyed, and that the ocean should be let in to swallow the devoted city forever—the inhabitants having been previously allowed to take their departure. For it was assumed by her Majesty that to attempt resistance would be idle, and that Ostend could never stand a siege.[1]

The advice was not taken, and before the end of her reign Elizabeth was destined to see this indefensible city—only fit, in her judgment, to be abandoned to the waves—become memorable, throughout all time, for the longest, and, in many respects, the most remarkable siege which modern history has recorded, the famous leaguer, in which the first European

nourri. Toutefois monstrant par ses propos qu'il ne scait gueres de choses hors la cour de Rome, de la connoissance des bonnes maisons, et a paru a aulcuns des miens plus sages et experimentés que moi, qu'il y avoit fondement en ce qu'il disait, et que j'en devois advertir Sa M. tant pour la qualité de son dire, que pour faire connaitre a Sa M. quand l'occasion se presentoit que je lui suis tres affectionné serviteur, ce qu'il convient par ma qualité et maison de monstrer par effet et non par parolles. Et en cette intention je me suis trouvé en ceste armée assemblée par ma diligence de tous les endroits de mes gouvernements, en intention, si Dieu m'en fait la grace, de combattre la puissance des plus grands ennemis de Sa Majesté, et de toute la Chretienté, ce sont le Roi d'Espagne et le Prince de Parme, lequel de tout mon cœur, je désire trouver en personne où j'espère avec l'aide de Dieu lui faire connaitre qu'il n'est pas si bon soldat ou il trouve resistance, que quand les hommes mal conseillés lui mettent les victoires en main de concevoir par leur lacheté de tant de prises de belles villes. Je vous supplie me tenir en la bonne grace de Sa M., de me continuer l'amitie que vous avez porté à monseigneur mon père, car j'espère que Dieu me fait grace de l'ensuivre promptement en constance et ferme resolution. Jusqu'à je prierai Dieu," &c. Maurice de Nassau to Walsingham, 9 Dec. 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Queen to Leicester, 8 Nov. 1587, in Burghley's hand. (S. P. Office MS.)

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captains of the coming age were to take their lessons, year after year, in the school of the great Dutch soldier, who was now but a "solemn, sly youth," just turned of twenty.

The only military achievement which characterized the close of the year, to the great satisfaction of the Provinces and the annoyance of Parma, was the surprise of the city of Bonn. The indefatigable Martin Schenk—in fulfilment of his great contract with the States-General, by which the war on the Rhine had been farmed out to him on such profitable terms—had led his mercenaries against this important town. He had found one of its gates somewhat insecurely guarded, placed a mortar under it at night, and occupied a neighbouring pig-stye with a number of his men, who by chasing, maltreating, and slaughtering the swine, had raised an unearthly din, sufficient to drown the martial operations at the gate. In brief, the place was easily mastered, and taken possession of by Martin, in the name of the deposed elector, Gebhard Truchsess—the first stroke of good fortune which had for a long time befallen that melancholy prelate.[1]

The administration of Leicester has been so minutely pictured, that it would be superfluous to indulge in many concluding reflections. His acts and words have been made to speak for themselves. His career in the country has been described with much detail, because the period was a great epoch of transition. The republic of the Netherlands, during those years, acquired consistency and permanent form. It seemed possible, on the Earl's first advent, that the Provinces might become part and parcel of the English realm. Whether such a consummation would have been desirable or not, is a fruitless enquiry. But it is certain that the selection of such a man as Leicester made that result impossible. Doubtless there were many errors committed by all parties. The Queen

[1] Bor, III. xxii. 143. Meteren, xiv. 262. Wagenaar, viii. 266. Parma to Philip II. 29 Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

"According to this, Schenck is not dead yet, as reported," (segun esto no es muerto como habian dicho), was Philip's judicious marginal observation on the letter in which Parma communicated this clever exploit of Martin.

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was supposed by the Netherlands to be secretly desirous of accepting the sovereignty of the Provinces, provided she were made sure, by the Earl's experience, that they were competent to protect themselves. But this suspicion was unfounded. The result of every investigation showed the country so full of resources, of wealth, and of military and naval capabilities, that, united with England, it would have been a source of great revenue and power, not a burthen and an expense. Yet, when convinced of such facts, by the statistics which were liberally laid before her by her confidential agents, she never manifested, either in public or private, any intention of accepting the sovereignty. This being her avowed determination, it was an error on the part of the States, before becoming thoroughly acquainted with the man's character, to confer upon Leicester the almost boundless authority which they granted on his first arrival. It was a still graver mistake, on the part of Elizabeth, to give way to such explosions of fury, both against the governor and the States, when informed of the offer and acceptance of that authority. The Earl, elevated by the adulation of others, and by his own vanity, into an almost sovereign attitude, saw himself chastised before the world, like an aspiring lackey, by her in whose favour he had felt most secure. He found himself, in an instant, humbled and ridiculous. Between himself and the Queen it was something of a lovers' quarrel, and he soon found balsam in the hand that smote him. But though reinstated in authority, he was never again the object of reverence in the land he was attempting to rule. As he came to know the Netherlanders better, he recognized the great capacity which their statesmen concealed under a plain and sometimes a plebeian exterior, and the splendid grandee hated, where at first he had only despised. The Netherlanders, too, who had been used to look up almost with worship to a plain man of kindly manners, in felt hat and bargeman's woollen jacket, whom they called "Father William," did not appreciate, as they ought, the magnificence of the stranger who had been sent to govern them. The Earl was handsome, quick-witted, brave; but he was

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neither wise in council nor capable in the field. He was intolerably arrogant, passionate, and revengeful. He hated easily, and he hated for life. It was soon obvious that no cordiality of feeling or of action could exist between him and the plain, stubborn Hollanders. He had the fatal characteristic of loving only the persons who flattered him. With much perception of character, sense of humour, and appreciation of intellect, he recognized the power of the leading men in the nation, and sought to gain them. So long as he hoped success, he was loud in their praises. They were all wise, substantial, well-languaged, big fellows, such as were not to be found in England or anywhere else. When they refused to be made his tools, they became tinkers, boors, devils, and atheists. He covered them with curses and devoted them to the gibbet. He began by warmly commending Buys and Barneveld, Hohenlo and Maurice, and endowing them with every virtue. Before he left the country he had accused them of every crime, and would cheerfully, if he could, have taken the life of every one of them. And it was quite the same with nearly every Englishman who served with or under him. Wilkes and Buckhurst, however much the objects of his previous esteem, so soon as they ventured to censure or even to criticise his proceedings, were at once devoted to perdition. Yet, after minute examination of the record, public and private, neither Wilkes nor Buckhurst can be found guilty of treachery or animosity towards him, but are proved to have been governed, in all their conduct, by a strong sense of duty to their sovereign, the Netherlands, and Leicester himself.

To Sir John Norris, it must be allowed, that he was never fickle, for he had always entertained for that distinguished general an honest, unswerving, and infinite hatred, which was not susceptible of increase or diminution by any act or word. Pelham, too, whose days were numbered, and who was dying bankrupt and broken-hearted, at the close of the Earl's administration, had always been regarded by him with tenderness and affection. But Pelham had never thwarted him, had

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exposed his life for him, and was always proud of being his faithful, unquestioning, humble adherent. With perhaps this single exception, Leicester found himself, at the end of his second term in the Provinces, without a single friend and with few respectable partisans. Subordinate mischievous intriguers like Deventer, Junius, and Otheman, were his chief advisers and the instruments of his schemes.

With such qualifications it was hardly possible—even if the current of affairs had been flowing smoothly—that he should prove a successful governor of the new republic. But when the numerous errors and adventitious circumstances are considered—for some of which he was responsible, while of others he was the victim—it must be esteemed fortunate that no great catastrophe occurred. His immoderate elevation, his sudden degradation, his controversy in regard to the sovereignty, his abrupt departure for England, his protracted absence, his mistimed return, the secret instructions for his second administration, the obstinate parsimony and persistent ill-temper of the Queen—who, from the beginning to the end of the Earl's government, never addressed a kindly word to the Netherlanders, but was ever censuring and browbeating them in public state-papers and private epistles—the treason of York and Stanley, above all, the disastrous and concealed negotiations with Parma, and the desperate attempts upon Amsterdam and Leyden—all placed him in a most unfortunate position from first to last. But he was not competent for his post under any circumstances. He was not the statesman to deal in policy with Buys, Barneveld, Ortel, Sainte Aldegonde; nor the soldier to measure himself against Alexander Farnese. His administration was a failure; and although he repeatedly hazarded his life, and poured out his wealth in their behalf with an almost unequalled liberality, he could never gain the hearts of the Netherlanders. English valour, English intelligence, English truthfulness, English generosity, were endearing England more and more to Holland. The statesmen of both countries were brought into closest union, and learned to appreciate and to

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respect each other, while they recognized that the fate of their respective commonwealths was indissolubly united. But it was to the efforts of Walsingham, Drake, Raleigh, Wilkes, Buckhurst, Norris, Willoughby, Williams, Vere, Russell, and the brave men who fought under their banners or their counsels, on every battle-field, and in every beleaguered town in the Netherlands, and to the universal spirit and sagacity of the English nation, in this grand crisis of its fate, that these fortunate results were owing; not to the Earl of Leicester, nor—during the term of his administration—to Queen Elizabeth herself.

In brief, the proper sphere of this remarkable personage, and the one in which he passed the greater portion of his existence, was that of a magnificent court favourite, the spoiled darling, from youth to his death-bed, of the great English Queen; whether to the advantage or not of his country and the true interests of his sovereign, there can hardly be at this day any difference of opinion.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Prophecies as to the Year 1588 — Distracted Condition of the Dutch Republic — Willoughby reluctantly takes Command—English Commissioners come to Ostend — Secretary Garnier and Robert Cecil — Cecil accompanies Dale to Ghent—And finds the Desolation complete—Interview of Dale and Cecil with Parma — His fervent Expressions in favour of Peace—Cecil makes a Tour in Flanders — And sees much that is remarkable — Interviews of Dr. Rogers with Parma — Wonderful Harangues of the Envoy — Extraordinary Amenity of Alexander — With which Rogers is much touched — The Queen not pleased with her Envoy — Credulity of the English Commissioners — Ceremonious Meeting of all the Envoys — Consummate Art in wasting Time — Long Disputes about Commissions — The Spanish Commissions meant to deceive — Disputes about Cessation of Arms — Spanish Duplicity and Procrastination — Pedantry and Credulity of Dr. Dale — The Papal Bull and Dr. Allen's Pamphlet — Dale sent to ask Explanations — Parma denies all Knowledge of either — Croft believes to the last in Alexander — Dangerous Discord in North Holland — Leicester's Resignation arrives — Enmity of Willoughby and Maurice — Willoughby's dark Picture of Affairs — Hatred between States and Leicestrians — Maurice's Answer to the Queen's Charges — End of Sonoy's Rebellion — Philip foments the Civil War in France — League's Threats and Plots against Henry — Mucio arrives in Paris — He is received with Enthusiasm — The King flies, and Spain triumphs in Paris — States expostulate with the Queen — English Statesmen still deceived — Deputies from Netherland Churches — hold Conference with the Queen — And present long Memorials — More Conversations with the Queen — National Spirit of England and Holland — Dissatisfaction with Queen's Course — Bitter Complaints of Lord Howard — Want of Preparation in Army and Navy — Sanguine Statements of Leicester — Activity of Parma — The painful Suspense continues.

THE year 1588 had at last arrived—that fatal year concerning which the German astrologers—more than a century before had prognosticated such dire events.[1] As the epoch approached it was firmly believed by many that the end of the world was at hand, while the least superstitious could not doubt that great calamities were impending over the nations. Portents observed during the winter and in various parts of Europe came to increase the prevailing panic. It rained blood in Sweden, monstrous births occurred in France, and at Weimar it was gravely reported by eminent chroniclers that

[1] De Thou, x. 218. Camden, III. 402. Strada, II. ix. 530. Pasquier, Oeuvres, II. 331.

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the sun had appeared at mid-day holding a drawn sword in his mouth—a warlike portent whose meaning could not be mistaken.[1]

But, in truth, it needed no miracles nor prophecies to enforce the conviction that a long procession of disasters was steadily advancing. With France rent asunder by internal convulsions, with its imbecile king not even capable of commanding a petty faction among his own subjects, with Spain the dark cause of unnumbered evils, holding Italy in its grasp, firmly allied with the Pope, already having reduced and nearly absorbed France, and now, after long and patient preparation, about to hurl the concentrated vengeance and hatred of long years upon the little kingdom of England, and its only ally—the just organized commonwealth of the Netherlands—it would have been strange indeed if the dullest intellect had not dreamed of tragical events. It was not encouraging that there should be distraction in the counsels of the two States so immediately threatened; that the Queen of England should be at variance with her wisest and most faithful statesmen as to their course of action, and that deadly quarrels should exist between the leading men of the Dutch republic and the English governor, who had assumed the responsibility of directing its energies against the common enemy.

The blackest night that ever descended upon the Netherlands—more disappointing because succeeding a period of comparative prosperity and triumph—was the winter of 1587-8, when Leicester had terminated his career by his abrupt departure for England, after his second brief attempt at administration. For it was exactly at this moment of anxious expectation, when dangers were rolling up from the south till not a ray of light or hope could pierce the universal darkness, that the little commonwealth was left without a chief. The English Earl departed, shaking the dust from his feet; but he did not resign. The supreme authority—so far as he could claim it—was again transferred, with his person, to England.

[1] Ibid, *ubi sup.*

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The consequences were immediate and disastrous. All the Leicestrians refused to obey the States-General. Utrecht, the stronghold of that party, announced its unequivocal intention to annex itself, without any conditions whatever, to the English crown, while, in Holland, young Maurice was solemnly installed stadholder, and captain-general of the Provinces, under the guidance of Hohenlo and Barneveld. But his authority was openly defied in many important cities within his jurisdiction by military chieftains who had taken the oaths of allegiance to Leicester as governor, and who refused to renounce fidelity to the man who had deserted their country, but who had not resigned his authority. Of these mutineers the most eminent was Diedrich Sonoy, governor of North Holland, a soldier of much experience, sagacity, and courage, who had rendered great services to the cause of liberty and Protestantism, and had defaced it by acts of barbarity which had made his name infamous. Against this refractory chieftain it was necessary for Hohenlo and Maurice to lead an armed force, and to besiege him in his stronghold—the important city of Medenblik—which he resolutely held for Leicester, although Leicester had definitely departed, and which he closed against Maurice, although Maurice was the only representative of order and authority within the distracted commonwealth. And thus civil war had broken out in the little scarcely-organized republic, as if there were not dangers and bloodshed enough impending over it from abroad. And the civil war was the necessary consequence of the Earl's departure.

The English forces—reduced as they were by sickness, famine, and abject poverty—were but a remnant of the brave and well-seasoned bands which had faced the Spaniards with success on so many battle-fields.

The general who now assumed chief command over them—by direction of Leicester, subsequently confirmed by the Queen—was Lord Willoughby. A daring, splendid dragoon, an honest, chivalrous, and devoted servant of his Queen, a conscientious adherent of Leicester, and a firm believer in his capacity and character, he was, however, not a man of suffi-

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cient experience or subtlety to perform the various tasks imposed upon him by the necessities of such a situation. Quick-witted, even brilliant in intellect, and the bravest of the brave on the battle-field, he was neither a sagacious administrator nor a successful commander. And he honestly confessed his deficiencies, and disliked the post to which he had been elevated. He scorned baseness, intrigue, and petty quarrels, and he was impatient of control. Testy, choleric, and quarrelsome, with a high sense of honour, and a keen perception of insult, very modest and very proud, he was not likely to feed with wholesome appetite upon the unsavoury annoyances which were the daily bread of a chief commander in the Netherlands. "I ambitiously affect not high titles, but round dealing," he said; "desiring rather to be a private lance with indifferent reputation, than a colonel-general spotted or defamed with wants."[1] He was not the politician to be matched against the unscrupulous and all-accomplished Farnese; and indeed no man better than Willoughby could illustrate the enormous disadvantage under which Englishmen laboured at that epoch in their dealings with Italians and Spaniards. The profuse indulgence in falsehood which characterized southern statesmanship, was more than a match for English love of truth. English soldiers and negotiators went naked into a contest with enemies armed in a panoply of lies. It was an unequal match, as we have already seen, and as we are soon more clearly to see. How was an English soldier who valued his knightly word—how were English diplomatists—among whom one of the most famous—then a lad of twenty, secretary to Lord Essex in the Netherlands—had poetically avowed that "simple truth was highest skill,"—to deal with the thronging Spanish deceits sent northward by the great father of lies who sat in the Escorial?

"It were an ill lesson," said Willoughby, "to teach soldiers the dissimulations of such as follow princes' courts in Italy. For my own part, it is my only end to be loyal and dutiful to my sovereign, and plain to all others that I honour. I see

[1] Willoughby to Leicester, Sept. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. II. p. 141, MS.)

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the finest reynard loses his best coat as well as the poorest sheep."[1] He was also a strong Leicestrian, and had imbibed much of the Earl's resentment against the leading politicians of the States. Willoughby was sorely in need of council. That shrewd and honest Welshman—Roger Williams—was, for the moment, absent. Another of the same race and character commanded in Bergen-op-Zoom, but was not more gifted with administrative talent than the general himself.

"Sir Thomas Morgan is a very sufficient, gallant gentleman," said Willoughby, "and in truth a very old soldier; but we both have need of one that can both give and keep counsel better than ourselves. For action he is undoubtedly very able, if there were no other means to conquer but only to give blows."[2]

In brief, the new commander of the English forces in the Netherlands was little satisfied with the States, with the enemy, or with himself; and was inclined to take but a dismal view of the disjointed commonwealth, which required so incompetent a person as he professed himself to be to set it right.

"'Tis a shame to show my wants," he said, "but too great a fault of duty that the Queen's reputation be frustrate. What is my slender experience! What an honourable person do I succeed! What an encumbered popular state is left! What withered sinews, which it passes my cunning to restore! What an enemy in head greater than heretofore! And wherewithal should I sustain this burthen? For the wars I am fitter to obey than to command. For the state, I am a man prejudicated in their opinion, and not the better liked of them that I have earnestly followed the general, and, being one that wants both opinion and experience with them I have to deal, and means to win more or to maintain that which is left, what good may be looked for?"[3]

The supreme authority—by the retirement of Leicester—was once more the subject of dispute. As on his first departure, so also on this his second and final one, he had left a

[1] Same to Burghley, 16 July, 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. I. p. 10, MS.)
[2] Willoughby to Burghley, last cited.
[3] Willoughby to Burghley, 18 Nov. 1587. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. II. 210, MS.)

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commission to the state-council to act as an executive body during his absence. But, although he nominally still retained his office, in reality no man believed in his return; and the States-General were ill inclined to brook a species of guardianship over them, with which they believed themselves mature enough to dispense. Moreover the state-council, composed mainly of Leicestrians, would expire, by limitation of its commission, early in February of that year. The dispute for power would necessarily terminate, therefore, in favour of the States-General.[1]

Meantime—while this internal revolution was taking place in the polity of the commonwealth—the gravest disturbances were its natural consequence. There were mutinies in the garrisons of Heusden, of Gertruydenberg, of Medenblik, as alarming, and threatening to become as chronic in their character, as those extensive military rebellions which often rendered the Spanish troops powerless at the most critical epochs. The cause of these mutinies was uniformly, want of pay, the pretext, the oath to the Earl of Leicester, which was declared incompatible with the allegiance claimed by Maurice in the name of the States-General. The mutiny of Gertruydenberg was destined to be protracted; that of Medenblik, dividing, as it did, the little territory of Holland in its very heart, it was most important at once to suppress. Sonoy, however—who was so stanch a Leicestrian, that his Spanish contemporaries uniformly believed him to be an Englishman[2]—held out for a long time, as will be seen, against the threats and even the armed demonstrations of Maurice and the States.

Meantime the English sovereign, persisting in her delusion, and despite the solemn warnings of her own wisest counsellors, and the passionate remonstrances of the States-General of the Netherlands, sent her peace-commissioners to the Duke of Parma.

The Earl of Derby, Lord Cobham, Sir James Croft, Valentine Dale, doctor of laws, and former ambassador at Vienna, and Dr. Rogers, envoys on the part of the Queen, arrived in

[1] Compare Van der Kemp, 'Maurits van Nassau,' I. 58, *seq.*
[2] Herrera, III. 11, 84. Cornero, 'Guerras de Flandes,' 224.

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the Netherlands in February.[1] The commissioners appointed on the part of Farnese were Count Aremberg, Champagny, Richardot, Jacob Maas, and Secretary Garnier.

If history has ever furnished a lesson, how an unscrupulous tyrant, who has determined upon enlarging his own territories at the expense of his neighbours, upon oppressing human freedom wherever it dared to manifest itself, with fine phrases of religion and order for ever in his mouth, on deceiving his friends and enemies alike, as to his nefarious and almost incredible designs, by means of perpetual and colossal falsehoods; and if such lessons deserve to be pondered, as a source of instruction and guidance for every age, then certainly the secret story of the negotiations by which the wise Queen of England was beguiled, and her kingdom brought to the verge of ruin, in the spring of 1588, is worthy of serious attention.

The English commissioners arrived at Ostend. With them came Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord-Treasurer Burghley, then twenty-five years of age. He had no official capacity, but was sent by his father, that he might improve his diplomatic talents, and obtain some information as to the condition of the Netherlands. A slight, crooked, hump-backed young gentleman, dwarfish in stature, but with a face not irregular in feature, and thoughtful and subtle in expression, with reddish hair, a thin tawny beard, and large, pathetic, greenish-coloured eyes, with a mind and manners already trained to courts and cabinets, and with a disposition almost ingenuous, as compared to the massive dissimulation with which it was to be contrasted, and with what was, in after-times, to constitute a portion of his own character, Cecil, young as he was, could not be considered the least important of the envoys. The Queen, who loved proper men, called him "her pigmy;" and "although," he observed with whimsical courtliness, "I may not find fault with the sporting name she gives me, yet *seem I only not to mislike it, because she gives it.*"[2] The strongest man among them was Valentine Dale, who had

[1] Camden, III. 407.

[2] R. Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{16}{26}$ Feb. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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much shrewdness, experience, and legal learning, but who valued himself, above all things, upon his Latinity. It was a consolation to him, while his adversaries were breaking Priscian's head as fast as the Duke, their master, was breaking his oaths, that his own syntax was as clear as his conscience.[1] The feeblest commissioner was James-a-Croft, who had already exhibited himself with very anile characteristics, and whose subsequent manifestations were to seem like dotage. Doctor Rogers, learned in the law, as he unquestionably was, had less skill in reading human character, or in deciphering the physiognomy of a Farnese, while Lord Derby, every inch a grandee, with Lord Cobham to assist him, was not the man to cope with the astute Richardot, the profound and experienced Champagny, or that most voluble and most rhetorical of doctors of law, Jacob Maas of Antwerp.

The commissioners, on their arrival, were welcomed by Secretary Garnier, who had been sent to Ostend to greet them. An adroit, pleasing, courteous gentleman, thirty-six years of age, small, handsome, and attired not quite as a soldier, nor exactly as one of the long robe, wearing a cloak furred to the knee, a cassock of black velvet, with plain gold buttons, and a gold chain about his neck, the secretary delivered handsomely the Duke of Parma's congratulations, recommended great expedition in the negotiations, and was then invited by the Earl of Derby to dine with the commissioners.[2] He was accompanied by a servant in plain livery, who—so soon as his master had made his bow to the English envoys—had set forth for a stroll through the town. The modest-looking valet, however, was a distinguished engineer in disguise, who had been sent by Alexander for the especial purpose of examining the fortifications of Ostend[3]—that town being a point much coveted, and liable to immediate attack by the Spanish commander.

Meanwhile Secretary Garnier made himself very agreeable, showing wit, experience, and good education; and, after

[1] Valentine Dale to Walsingham, 14 March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] R. Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{4}{14}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Parma to Philip II., 20 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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dinner, was accompanied to his lodgings by Dr. Rogers and other gentlemen, with whom—especially with Cecil—he held much conversation.

Knowing that this young gentleman "wanted not an honourable father," the Secretary was very desirous that he should take this opportunity to make a tour through the Provinces, examine the cities, and especially "note the miserable ruins of the poor country and people." He would then feelingly perceive how much they had to answer for, whose mad rebellion against their sovereign lord and master had caused so great an effusion of blood, and the wide desolation of such goodly towns and territories.

Cecil probably entertained a suspicion that the sovereign lord and master, who had been employed, twenty years long, in butchering his subjects and in ravaging their territory to feed his executioners and soldiers, might almost be justified in treating human beings as beasts and reptiles, if they had not at last rebelled. He simply and diplomatically answered, however, that he could not but concur with the Secretary in lamenting the misery of the Provinces and people so utterly despoiled and ruined, but, as it might be matter of dispute, "from what head this fountain of calamity was both fed and derived, he would not enter further therein, it being a matter much too high for his capacity." He expressed also the hope that the King's heart might sympathize with that of her Majesty, in earnest compassion for all this suffering, and in determination to compound their differences.[1]

On the following day there was some conversation with Garnier, on preliminary and formal matters, followed in the evening by a dinner at Lord Cobham's lodgings—a banquet which the forlorn condition of the country scarcely permitted to be luxurious. "We rather pray here for satiety," said Cecil, "than ever think of variety."[2]

It was hoped by the Englishmen that the Secretary would take his departure after dinner; for the governor of Ostend, Sir John Conway, had an uneasy sensation, during his visit,

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

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that the unsatisfactory condition of the defences would attract his attention, and that a sudden attack by Farnese might be the result. Sir John was not aware, however, of the minute and scientific observations then making—at the very moment when Mr. Garnier was entertaining the commissioners with his witty and instructive conversation—by the unobtrusive menial who had accompanied the Secretary to Ostend. In order that those observations might be as thorough as possible, rather than with any view to ostensible business, the envoy of Parma now declared that—on account of the unfavourable state of the tide—he had resolved to pass another night at Ostend. "We could have spared his company," said Cecil, "but their Lordships considered it convenient that he should be used well." So Mr. Comptroller Croft gave the affable Secretary a dinner-invitation for the following day.[1]

Here certainly was a masterly commencement on the part of the Spanish diplomatists. There was not one stroke of business during the visit of the Secretary. He had been sent simply to convey a formal greeting, and to take the names of the English commissioners—a matter which could have been done in an hour as well as in a week. But it must be remembered, that, at that very moment, the Duke was daily expecting intelligence of the sailing of the Armada, and that Philip, on his part, supposed the Duke already in England, at the head of his army. Under these circumstances, therefore—when the whole object of the negotiation, so far as Parma and his master were concerned, was to amuse and to gain time—it was already ingenious in Garnier to have consumed several days in doing nothing; and to have obtained plans and descriptions of Ostend into the bargain.

Garnier—when his departure could no longer, on any pretext, be deferred—took his leave, once more warmly urging Robert Cecil to make a little tour in the obedient Netherlands, and to satisfy himself, by personal observation, of their miserable condition. As Dr. Dale purposed making a preliminary visit to the Duke of Parma at Ghent, it was determined accordingly that he should be accompanied by Cecil.

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

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That young gentleman had already been much impressed by the forlorn aspect of the country about Ostend—for, although the town was itself in possession of the English, it was in the midst of the enemy's territory. Since the fall of Sluys the Spaniards were masters of all Flanders, save this one much-coveted point. And although the Queen had been disposed to abandon that city, and to suffer the ocean to overwhelm it, rather than that she should be at charges to defend it, yet its possession was of vital consequence to the English-Dutch cause, as time was ultimately to show. Meanwhile the position was already a very important one, for—according to the predatory system of warfare of the day—it was an excellent starting-point for those marauding expeditions against persons and property, in which neither the Dutch nor English were less skilled than the Flemings or Spaniards. "The land all about here," said Cecil, "is so devastated, that where the open country was wont to be covered with kine and sheep, it is now fuller of wild boars and wolves; whereof many come so nigh the town that the sentinels—three of whom watch every night upon a sand-hill outside the gates—have had them in a dark night upon them ere they were aware."[1]

But the garrison of Ostend was quite as dangerous to the peasants and the country squires of Flanders, as were the wolves or wild boars; and many a pacific individual of retired habits, and with a remnant of property worth a ransom, was doomed to see himself whisked from his seclusion by Conway's troopers, and made a compulsory guest at the city. Prisoners were brought in from a distance of sixty miles; and there was one old gentlemen, "well-languaged," who "confessed merrily to Cecil, that when the soldiers fetched him out of his own mansion-house, sitting safe in his study, he was as little in fear of the garrison of Ostend as he was of the Turk or the devil."[2]

[1] And Doctor Rogers held very similar language: "The most dolorous and heavy sights in this voyage to Ghent, by me weighed," he said; "seeing the countries which, heretofore, by traffic of merchants, as much as any other I have seen flourish, now partly drowned, and, except certain great cities, wholly burned, ruined, and desolate, possessed, I say, with wolves, wild boars, and foxes—a great testimony of the wrath of God," &c. &c. Dr. Rogers to the Queen, $\frac{1}{11}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{4}{14}$ March, MS. already cited.

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Three days after the departure of Garnier, Dr. Dale and his attendants started upon their expedition from Ostend to Ghent—an hour's journey or so in these modern times. The English envoys, in the sixteenth century, found it a more formidable undertaking. They were many hours traversing the four miles to Oudenburg, their first halting-place; for the waters were out, there having been a great breach of the sea-dyke of Ostend, a disaster threatening destruction to town and country.[1] At Oudenburg, a "small and wretched hole," as Garnier had described it to be, there was, however, a garrison of three thousand Spanish soldiers, under the Marquis de Renti. From these a convoy of fifty troopers was appointed to protect the English travellers to Bruges. Here they arrived at three o'clock, were met outside the gates by the famous General La Motte, and by him escorted to their lodgings in the "English house," and afterwards handsomely entertained at supper in his own quarters.

$\frac{7}{17}$ March, 1588.

The General's wife, Madame de la Motte, was, according to Cecil, "a fair gentlewoman of discreet and modest behaviour, and yet not unwilling sometimes to hear herself speak;"[2] so that in her society, and in that of her sister—"a nun of the order of the Mounts, but who, like the rest of the sisterhood, wore an ordinary dress in the evening, and might leave the convent if asked in marriage"—the supper passed off very agreeably.

In the evening Cecil found that his father had formerly occupied the same bedroom of the English hotel in which he was then lodged; for he found that Lord Burghley had scrawled his name in the chimney-corner—a fact which was highly gratifying to the son.[3]

Friday, March 8, 1588.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, the travellers set forth for Ghent. The journey was a miserable one. It was as cold and gloomy weather as even a Flemish month of March could furnish. A drizzling rain was falling all day long, the lanes were foul and miry, the frequent thickets which overhung

[1] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{10}{20}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Same to same. (MS. last cited.)

[3] Ibid.

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their path were swarming with the freebooters of Zeeland, who were "ever at hand," says Cecil, "to have picked our purses, but that they descried our convoy, and so saved themselves in the woods." Sitting on horseback ten hours without alighting, under such circumstances as these, was not luxurious for a fragile little gentleman like Queen Elizabeth's "pigmy;" especially as Dr. Dale and himself had only half a red herring between them for luncheon, and supped afterwards upon an orange.[1] The envoy protested that when they could get a couple of eggs a piece, while travelling in Flanders, "they thought they fared like princes."[2]

Nevertheless Cecil and himself fought it out manfully, and when they reached Ghent, at five in the evening, they were met by their acquaintance Garnier, and escorted to their lodgings. Here they were waited upon by President Richardot, "a tall gentleman," on behalf of the Duke of Parma, and then left to their much-needed repose.

Nothing could be more forlorn than the country of the obedient Netherlands, through which their day's journey had led them. Desolation had been the reward of obedience. "The misery of the inhabitants," said Cecil, "is incredible, both without the town, where all things are wasted, houses spoiled, and grounds unlaboured, and also, even in these great cities, where they are for the most part poor beggars even in the fairest houses."[3]

And all this human wretchedness was the elaborate work of one man—one dull, heartless bigot, living, far away, a life of laborious ease and solemn sensuality; and, in reality, almost as much removed from these fellow-creatures of his, whom he called his subjects, as if he had been the inhabitant of another planet. Has history many more instructive warnings against the horrors of arbitrary government—against the folly of mankind in ever tolerating the rule of a single irresponsible individual, than the lesson furnished by the life-work of that crowned criminal, Philip the Second?

[1] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{14}{24}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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The longing for peace on the part of these unfortunate obedient Flemings was intense. Incessant cries for peace reached the ears of the envoys on every side. Alas, it would have been better for these peace-wishers, had they stood side by side with their brethren, the noble Hollanders and Zeelanders, when they had been wresting, if not peace, yet independence and liberty, from Philip, with their own right hands. Now the obedient Flemings were but fuel for the vast flame which the monarch was kindling for the destruction of Christendom—if all Christendom were not willing to accept his absolute dominion.

The burgomasters of Ghent—of Ghent, once the powerful, the industrious, the opulent, the free, of all cities in the world now the most abject and forlorn—came in the morning to wait upon Elizabeth's envoy, and to present him, according to ancient custom, with some flasks of wine. They came with tears streaming down their cheeks, earnestly expressing the desire of their hearts for peace, and their joy that at least it had now "begun to be thought on."[1]

"It is quite true," replied Dr. Dale, "that her excellent Majesty the Queen—filled with compassion for your condition, and having been informed that the Duke of Parma is desirous of peace—has vouchsafed to make this overture. If it take not the desired effect, let not the blame rest upon her, but upon her adversaries." To these words the magistrates all said Amen, and invoked blessings on her Majesty.[2] And most certainly, Elizabeth was sincerely desirous of peace, even at greater sacrifices than the Duke could well have imagined; but there was something almost diabolic in the cold dissimulation by which her honest compassion was mocked, and the tears of a whole people in its agony made the laughing-stock of a despot and his tools.

On Saturday morning, Richardot and Garnier waited upon the envoy to escort him to the presence of the Duke. Cecil, who accompanied him, was not much impressed with the

[1] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{10}{20}$ March. MS. already cited. [2] Ibid.

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grandeur of Alexander's lodgings, and made unfavourable and rather unreasonable comparisons between them and the splendour of Elizabeth's court. They passed through an ante-chamber into a dining-room, thence into an inner chamber, and next into the Duke's room. In the ante-chamber stood Sir William Stanley, the Deventer traitor, conversing with one Mockett, an Englishman, long resident in Flanders. Stanley was meanly dressed, in the Spanish fashion, and as young Cecil, passing through the chamber, looked him in the face, he abruptly turned from him, and pulled his hat over his eyes. "'Twas well he did so," said that young gentleman, "for his taking it off would hardly have cost me mine."[1] Cecil was informed that Stanley was to have a commandery of Malta, and was in good favour with the Duke, who was, however, quite weary of his mutinous and disorderly Irish regiment.[2] 9/19 March, 1588.

In the bed-chamber, Farnese—accompanied by the Marquis del Guasto, the Marquis of Renty, the Prince of Aremberg, President Richardot, and Secretary Cosimo—received the envoy and his companion. "Small and mean was the furniture of the chamber," said Cecil; "and although they attribute this to his love of privacy, yet it is a sign that peace is the mother of all honour and state, as may best be perceived by the court of England, which her Majesty's royal presence doth so adorn, as that it exceedeth this as far as the sun surpasseth in light the other stars of the firmament."[3]

Here was a compliment to the Queen and her upholsterers drawn in by the ears. Certainly, if the first and best fruit of the much-longed-for peace were only to improve the furniture of royal and ducal apartments, it might be as well perhaps for the war to go on, while the Queen continued to outshine all the stars in the firmament. But the budding courtier and statesman knew that a personal compliment to Elizabeth could never be amiss or ill-timed.

The envoy delivered the greetings of her Majesty to the Duke, and was heard with great attention. Alexander at-

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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tempted a reply in French, which was very imperfect, and, apologizing, exchanged that tongue for Italian.[1] He alluded with great fervour to the "honourable opinion concerning his sincerity and word," expressed to him by her Majesty, through the mouth of her envoy. "And indeed," said he, "I have always had especial care of keeping my word. My body and service are at the commandment of the King, my lord and master, but my honour is my own, and her Majesty may be assured that I shall always have especial regard of my word to so great and famous a Queen as her Majesty."

The visit was one of preliminaries and of ceremony. Nevertheless Farnese found opportunity to impress the envoy and his companions with his sincerity of heart. He conversed much with Cecil, making particular and personal inquiries, and with appearance of deep interest, in regard to Queen Elizabeth.

"There is not a prince in the world—" he said, "reserving all question between her Majesty and my royal master—to whom I desire more to do service. So much have I heard of her perfections, that I wish earnestly that things might so fall out, as that it might be my fortune to look upon her face before my return to my own country. Yet I desire to behold her, not as a servant to him who is not able still to maintain war, or as one that feared any harm that might befall him; for in such matters my account was made long ago, to endure all which God may send. But, in truth, I am weary to behold the miserable estate of this people, fallen upon them through their own folly, and methinks that he who should do the best offices of peace would perform a pium et sanctissimum opus. Right glad am I that the Queen is not behind me in zeal for peace." He then complimented Cecil in regard to his father, whom he understood to be the principal mover in these negotiations.[2]

The young man expressed his thanks, and especially for the

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{10}{20}$ March. MS. already cited.

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good affection which the Duke had manifested to the Queen and in the blessed cause of peace. He was well aware that her Majesty esteemed him a prince of great honour and virtue, and that for this good work, thus auspiciously begun, no man could possibly doubt that her Majesty, like himself, was most zealously affected to bring all things to a perfect peace.

The matters discussed in this first interview were only in regard to the place to be appointed for the coming conferences, and the exchange of powers. The Queen's commissioners had expected to treat at Ostend. Alexander, on the contrary, was unable to listen to such a suggestion, as it would be utter dereliction of his master's dignity to send envoys to a city of his own, now in hostile occupation by her Majesty's forces. The place of conference, therefore, would be matter of future consideration. In respect to the exchange of powers, Alexander expressed the hope that no man would doubt as to the production on his commissioners' part of ample authority both from himself and from the King.[1]

Yet it will be remembered, that, at this moment, the Duke had not only no powers from the King, but that Philip had most expressly refused to send a commission, and that he fully expected the negotiation to be superseded by the invasion, before the production of the powers should become indispensable.

And when Farnese was speaking thus fervently in favour of peace, and parading his word and his honour, the letters lay in his cabinet in that very room, in which Philip expressed his conviction that his general was already in London, that the whole realm of England was already at the mercy of a Spanish soldiery, and that the Queen, upon whose perfections Alexander had so long yearned to gaze, was a discrowned captive, entirely in her great enemy's power.

Thus ended the preliminary interview. On the following Monday, 11th March, Dr. Dale and his attendants made the best of their way back to Ostend, while young Cecil, with a safe conduct from Champagny, set forth on a little tour in Flanders. 11 March, 1588.

[1] Cecil to Burghley, MS. last cited.

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The journey from Ghent to Antwerp was easy, and he was agreeably surprised by the apparent prosperity of the country. At intervals of every few miles, he was refreshed with the spectacle of a gibbet well garnished with dangling freebooters, and rejoiced, therefore, in comparative security. For it seemed that the energetic bailiff of Waasland had levied a contribution upon the proprietors of the country, to be expended mainly in hanging brigands; and so well had the funds been applied, that no predatory bands could make their appearance but they were instantly pursued by soldiers, and hanged forthwith, without judge or trial. Cecil counted twelve such places of execution on his road between Ghent and Antwerp.[1]

On his journey he fell in with an Italian merchant, Lanfranchi by name, of a great commercial house in Antwerp, in the days when Antwerp had commerce, and by him, on his arrival the same evening in that town, he was made an honoured guest, both for his father's sake and his Queen's. "'Tis the pleasantest city that ever I saw," said Cecil, "for situation and building, but utterly left and abandoned now by those rich merchants that were wont to frequent the place."[2]

His host was much interested in the peace-negotiations, and indeed, through his relations with Champagny and Andreas de Loo, had been one of the instruments by which it had been commenced. He inveighed bitterly against the Spanish captains and soldiers, to whose rapacity and ferocity he mainly ascribed the continuance of the war; and he was especially incensed with Stanley and other English renegades, who were thought fiercer haters of England than were the Spaniards themselves. Even in the desolate and abject condition of Antwerp and its neighbourhood, at that moment, the quick eye of Cecil detected the latent signs of a possible splendour. Should peace be restored, the territory once more be tilled, and the foreign merchants attracted thither again, he believed that the governor of the obedient Netherlands might live there in more magnificence than the King of Spain himself, exhausted as were his revenues by the enormous expense of this

[1] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{14}{24}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) [2] Ibid.

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protracted war. Eight hundred thousand dollars monthly, so Lanfranchi informed Cecil, were the costs of the forces on the footing then established. This, however, was probably an exaggeration, for the royal account-books showed a less formidable sum,[1] although a sufficiently large one to appal a less obstinate bigot than Philip. But what to him were the ruin of the Netherlands, the impoverishment of Spain, and the downfall of her ancient grandeur compared to the glory of establishing the Inquisition in England and Holland?

While at dinner in Lanfranchi's house, Cecil was witness to another characteristic of the times, and one which afforded proof of even more formidable freebooters abroad than those for whom the bailiff of Waasland had erected his gibbets. A canal-boat had left Antwerp for Brussels that morning, and in the vicinity of the latter city had been set upon by a detachment from the English garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom, and captured, with twelve prisoners and a freight of 60,000 florins in money. "This struck the company at the dinner-table all in a dump," said Cecil. And well it might; for the property mainly belonged to themselves, and they forthwith did their best to have the marauders waylaid on their return. But Cecil, notwithstanding his gratitude for the hospitality of Lanfranchi, sent word next day to the garrison of Bergen of

[1] "Relacion particular de lo que monta un mes de sueldo de toda la gente de este exercito asi infantra como caba y entretenidos de todos naciones, artilla armada, vituallas, y el numero de la gente que hay conforme a la ultima muestra de 29 Apr., 1588:—

Infanteria.	Hombres.	Vanderas.	Per Mes.
Española.....	8,718	89	$62,239
Ital[a]	5,339	52	35,225
Borgog[a] Irlandesca Escocesa ..	3,278	29	20,591
Wallona 17,825		144	79,341
Alem[a] Alta..11,309		50	86,697
" Baya 8,616		34	51,195
Caballeria ligera.			
3650 Alem[a] estandartes			38,631

Castillos.	Per Mes.
Anversa .. Gande .. Charlemont 1,180.....	6,508
Entretenidos.	
668.....	23,204
El Armada de Mar, gasto ordinario per mes.....	26,400
Artilleria.....	8,200
Vituallas, spedale, &c.....	4,384
Sumario total.	
59,915 hombres, per mes, escudos.....	380,427

Sua Alteza Alessandro Farnese, per mes, 3000 escudos d' oro.
Maesse del campo gen[l], per mes, 1000.
Monta el gasto ordina[o] de cada me hasta aqui $454,315 per mes — 370,000 escudos de oro." (Archivo de Simancas, MS.)

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the designs against them, and on his arrival at the place had the satisfaction of being informed by Lord Willoughby that the party had got safe home with their plunder.[1]

"And well worthy they are of it," said young Robert, "considering how far they go for it."

The traveller, on leaving Antwerp, proceeded down the river to Bergen-op-Zoom, where he was hospitably entertained by that doughty old soldier Sir William Reade, and met Lord Willoughby, whom he accompanied to Brielle on a visit to the deposed elector Truchsess, then living in that neighbourhood. Cecil—who was not passion's slave—had small sympathy with the man who could lose a sovereignty for the sake of Agnes Mansfeld. "'Tis a very goodly gentleman," said he, "well fashioned, and of good speech, for which I must rather praise him than for loving a wife better than so great a fortune as he lost by her occasion."[2] At Brielle he was handsomely entertained by the magistrates, who had agreeable recollections of his brother Thomas, late governor of that city. Thence he proceeded by way of Delft—which, like all English travellers, he described as "the finest built town that ever he saw"—to the Hague, and thence to Fushing, and so back by sea to Ostend. He had made the most of his three weeks' tour, had seen many important towns both in the republic and in the obedient Netherlands, and had conversed with many "tall gentlemen," as he expressed himself, among the English commanders, having been especially impressed by the heroes of Sluys, Baskerville and that "proper gentleman Francis Vere."[3]

He was also presented by Lord Willoughby to Maurice of Nassau, and was perhaps not very benignantly received by the young prince. At that particular moment, when Leicester's deferred resignation, the rebellion of Sonoy in North Holland, founded on a fictitious allegiance to the late governor-general, the perverse determination of the Queen to treat for

[1] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{14}{24}$ March. MS. already cited.

[2] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{25 \text{ March}}{6 \text{ April}}$, 1589 (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid.

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peace against the advice of all the leading statesmen of the Netherlands, and the sharp rebukes perpetually administered by her, in consequence, to the young stadholder and all his supporters, had not tended to produce the most tender feelings upon their part towards the English government, it was not surprising that the handsome soldier should look askance at the crooked little courtier, whom even the great Queen smiled at while she petted him. Cecil was very angry with Maurice.

"In my life I never saw worse behaviour," he said, "except it were in one lately come from school. There is neither outward appearance in him of any noble mind nor inward virtue."[1]

Although Cecil had consumed nearly the whole month of March in his tour, he had been more profitably employed than were the royal commissioners during the same period at Ostend.

Never did statesmen know better how not to do that which they were ostensibly occupied in doing than Alexander Farnese and his agents, Champagny, Richardot, Jacob Maas, and Garnier. The first pretext by which much time was cleverly consumed was the dispute as to the place of meeting. Doctor Dale had already expressed his desire for Ostend as the place of colloquy. "'Tis a very slow old gentleman,[2] this Doctor Dale," said Alexander; "he was here in the time of Madam my mother, and has also been ambassador at Vienna. I have received him and his attendants with great courtesy, and held out great hopes of peace. We had conversations about the place of meeting. He wishes Ostend: I object. The first conference will probably be at some point between that place and Newport."[3]

The next opportunity for discussion and delay was afforded by the question of powers. And it must be ever borne in mind that Alexander was daily expecting the arrival of the invading fleets and armies of Spain, and was holding himself

[1] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{19}{29}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "Viejo y pesado." Parma to Philip II., 20 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Ibid.

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in readiness to place himself at their head for the conquest of England. This was, of course, so strenuously denied by himself and those under his influence, that Queen Elizabeth implicitly believed him, Burghley was lost in doubt, and even the astute Walsingham began to distrust his own senses. So much strength does a falsehood acquire in determined and skilful hands.

"As to the commissions, it will be absolutely necessary for your Majesty to send them," wrote Alexander at the moment when he was receiving the English envoy at Ghent, "for—*unless the Armada arrive soon*—it will be indispensable for me to have them, in order to keep the negotiation alive. Of course they will never broach the principal matters without exhibition of powers. Richardot is aware of the secret which your Majesty confided to me, namely, that the negotiations are only intended to deceive the Queen and to gain time for the fleet; but the powers must be sent in order that we may be able to produce them, although your secret intentions will be obeyed."[1]

The Duke commented, however, on the extreme difficulty of carrying out the plan, as originally proposed. "The conquest of England would have been difficult," he said, "even although the country had been taken by surprise. Now they are strong and armed; we are comparatively weak. The danger and the doubt are great; and the English deputies, I think, are really desirous of peace. Nevertheless I am at your Majesty's disposition—life and all—and probably, *before the answer arrives to this letter*, the fleet will have arrived, and *I shall have undertaken the passage to England.*"[2]

After three weeks had thus adroitly been frittered away, the English commissioners became somewhat impatient, and despatched Doctor Rogers to the Duke at Ghent. This was extremely obliging upon their part, for if Valentine Dale were a "slow old gentleman," he was keen, caustic, and rapid, as compared to John Rogers. A formalist and a pedant, a man of red tape and routine, full of precedents and declamatory

[1] Parma to Philip II, 20 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) [2] Ibid.

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commonplaces which he mistook for eloquence, honest as daylight and tedious as a king, he was just the time-consumer for Alexander's purpose. The wily Italian listened with profound attention to the wise saws in which the excellent diplomatist revelled, and his fine eyes often filled with tears at the Doctor's rhetoric.

Three interviews—each three mortal hours long—did the two indulge in at Ghent, and never was high commissioner better satisfied with himself than was John Rogers upon those occasions. He carried every point; he convinced, he softened, he captivated the great Duke; he turned the great Duke round his finger. The great Duke smiled, or wept, or fell into his arms, by turns. Alexander's military exploits had rung through the world, his genius for diplomacy and statesmanship had never been disputed; but his talents as a light comedian were, in these interviews, for the first time fully revealed.

On the 26th March the learned Doctor made his first bow and performed his first flourish of compliments at Ghent. 26 March / 5 April. 1588. "I assure your Majesty," said he, "his Highness followed my compliments of entertainment with so much honour, as that—his Highness or I, speaking of the Queen of England—he never did less than uncover his head; not covering the same, unless I was covered also."[1] And after these salutations had at last been got through with, thus spake the Doctor of Laws to the Duke of Parma:—

"Almighty God, the light of lights, be pleased to enlighten the understanding of your Alteza, and to direct the same to his glory, to the uniting of both their Majesties and the finishing of these most bloody wars, whereby these countries, being in the highest degree of misery desolate, lie as it were prostrate before the wrathful presence of the most mighty God, most lamentably beseeching his Divine Majesty to withdraw his scourge of war from them, and to move the hearts of princes to restore them unto peace, whereby they might attain

[1] Doctor Rogers to the Queen, $\frac{1}{11}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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unto their ancient flower and dignity. Into the hands of your Alteza are now the lives of many thousands, the destruction of cities, towns, and countries, which to put to the fortune of war how perilous it were, I pray consider. Think ye, ye see the mothers *left alive* tendering their offspring in your presence," "*nam matribus detestata bella*," continued the orator. "Think also of others of all sexes, ages, and conditions, on their knees before your Alteza, most humbly praying and crying most dolorously to spare their lives, and save their property from the ensanguined scourge of the insane soldiers," and so on, and so on.[1]

Now Philip II. was slow in resolving, slower in action. The ponderous three-deckers of Biscay were notoriously the dullest sailers ever known, nor were the fettered slaves who rowed the great galleys of Portugal or of Andalusia very brisk in their movements; and yet the King might have found time to marshal his ideas and his squadrons, and the Armada had leisure to circumnavigate the globe and invade England afterwards, if a succession of John Rogerses could have entertained his Highness with compliments while the preparations were making.

But Alexander—at the very outset of the Doctor's eloquence—found it difficult to suppress his feelings. "I can assure your Majesty," said Rogers, "that his eyes—he has a very large eye—were moistened. Sometimes they were thrown upward to heaven, sometimes they were fixed full upon me, sometimes they were cast downward, well declaring how his heart was affected."[2]

Honest John even thought it necessary to mitigate the effect of his rhetoric, and to assure his Highness that it was, after all, only he, Doctor Rogers, and not the minister plenipotentiary of the Queen's most serene Majesty, who was exciting all this emotion.

"At this part of my speech," said he, "I prayed his Highness not to be troubled,[3] for that the same *only proceeded from*

[1] Doctor Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid. [3] "Scontentarsi," Ibid.

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Doctor Rogers, who, it might please him to know, was so much moved with the pitiful case of these countries, as also that which of war was sure to ensue, that I wished, if my body were full of rivers of blood, the same to be poured forth to satisfy any that were blood-thirsty, so there might an assured peace follow."[1]

His Highness, at any rate, manifesting no wish to drink of such sanguinary streams—even had the Doctor's body contained them—Rogers became calmer. He then descended from rhetoric to jurisprudence and casuistry, and argued at intolerable length the propriety of commencing the conferences at Ostend, and of exhibiting mutually the commissions.

It is quite unnecessary to follow him as closely as did Farnese. When he had finished the first part of his oration, however, and was "addressing himself to the second point," Alexander at last interrupted the torrent of his eloquence.

"He said that my divisions and subdivisions," wrote the Doctor, "were perfectly in his remembrance, and that he would first answer the first point, and afterwards give audience to the second, and answer the same accordingly."

Accordingly Alexander put on his hat, and begged the envoy also to be covered. Then, "with great gravity, as one inwardly much moved," the Duke took up his part in the dialogue.

"Signor Ruggieri," said he, "you have propounded unto me speeches of two sorts: the one proceeds from Doctor Ruggieri, the other from the lord ambassador of the most serene Queen of England. Touching the first, I do give you my hearty thanks for your godly speeches, assuring you that though, by reason I have always followed the wars, I cannot be ignorant of the calamities by you alleged, yet you have so truly represented the same before mine eyes as to effectuate in me at this instant, not only the confirmation of mine own disposition to have peace, but also an assurance that this treaty shall take good and speedy end, seeing that it hath pleased God to raise up such a good instrument as you are."[2]

[1] Rogers to the Queen, MS. before cited. [2] Ibid.

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"Many are the causes," continued the Duke, "which, besides my disposition, move me to peace. My father and mother are dead, my son is a young prince, my house has truly need of my presence. I am not ignorant how ticklish a thing is the fortune of war, which—how victorious soever I have been—may in one moment not only deface the same, but also deprive me of my life. The King, my master, is now stricken in years, his children are young, his dominions in trouble. His desire is to live, and to leave his posterity in quietness. The glory of God, the honor of both their Majesties, and the good of these countries, with the stay of the effusion of Christian blood, and divers other like reasons, *force him to peace.*"[1]

Thus spoke Alexander, like an honest Christian gentleman, avowing the most equitable and pacific dispositions on the part of his master and himself. Yet at that moment he knew that the Armada was about to sail, that his own nights and days were passed in active preparations for war, and that no earthly power could move Philip by one hair's-breadth from his purpose to conquer England that summer.[2]

It would be superfluous to follow the Duke or the Doctor through their long dialogue on the place of conference, and the commissions. Alexander considered it "infamy" on his name if he should send envoys to a place of his master's held by the enemy. He was also of opinion that it was unheard of to exhibit commissions previous to a preliminary colloquy.

Both propositions were strenuously contested by Rogers. In regard to the second point in particular, he showed triumphantly, by citations from the "Polonians, Prussians, and Lithuanians," that commissions ought to be previously exhibited.[3] But it was not probable that even the Doctor's learning and logic would persuade Alexander to produce his

[1] Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited.

[2] We have sufficiently proved the good faith of the Queen on entering upon these negotiations. Alexander himself felt as sure of her sincerity as he did of his master's duplicity. "I believe that she desires peace earnestly," said he to Philip, "on account of her fear of expense." Parma to Philip II. 31 Jan. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Rogers to the Queen, MS. already cited.

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commission, because, unfortunately, he had no commission to produce. A comfortable argument on the subject, however, would, none the less, consume time.

Three hours of this work brought them, exhausted and hungry, to the hour of noon and of dinner. Alexander, with profuse and smiling thanks for the envoy's plain dealing and eloquence, assured him that there would have been peace long ago "had Doctor Rogers always been the instrument," and regretted that he was himself not learned enough to deal creditably with him. He would, however, send Richardot to bear him company at table, and chop logic with him afterwards.

Next day, at the same hour, the Duke and Doctor had another encounter. So soon as the envoy made his appearance, he found himself "embraced most cheerfully and familiarly by his Alteza," who, then entering at once into business, asked as to the Doctor's second point.[1]

The Doctor answered with great alacrity.

"Certain expressions have been reported to her Majesty," said he, "as coming both from your Highness and from Richardot, hinting at a possible attempt by the King of Spain's forces against the Queen. Her Majesty, gathering that you are going about belike to terrify her, commands me to inform you very clearly and very expressly that she does not deal so weakly in her government, nor so improvidently, but that she is provided for anything that might be attempted against her by the King, and as able to offend him as he her Majesty."[2]

Alexander—with a sad countenance, as much offended, his eyes declaring miscontentment—asked who had made such a report.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," said he, "whoever has said this has much abused me, and evil acquitted himself. They who know me best are aware that it is not my manner to let any word pass my lips that might offend any prince." Then, speaking most solemnly, he added, "I declare *really* and *truly* (which two words he said in Spanish), that *I*

[1] Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

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know not of any intention of the King of Spain against her Majesty or her realm."[1]

At that moment the earth did not open—year of portents though it was—and the Doctor, "singularly rejoicing" at this authentic information from the highest source, proceeded cheerfully with the conversation.

"I hold myself," he exclaimed, "the man most satisfied in the world, because I may now write to her Majesty that I have heard your Highness upon your honour use these words."

"Upon my honour, it is true," repeated the Duke; "for so honourably do I think of her Majesty, as that, after the King, my master, I would honour and serve her before any prince in Christendom." He added many earnest asseverations of similar import.

"I do not deny, however," continued Alexander, "that I have heard of certain ships having been armed by the King against that Draak"—he pronounced the "a" in Drake's name very broadly, or *Dorick*—"who has committed so many outrages; but I repeat that I *have never heard of any design* against her Majesty or against England."[2]

The Duke then manifested much anxiety to know by whom he had been so misrepresented. "There has been no one with me but Dr. Dale," said he, "and I marvel that he should thus wantonly have injured me."

"Dr. Dale," replied Rogers, "is a man of honour, of good years, learned, and well experienced; but perhaps he unfortunately misapprehended some of your Alteza's words, and thought himself bound by his allegiance strictly to report them to her Majesty."

"I grieve that I should be misrepresented and injured," answered Farnese, "in a manner so important to my honour. Nevertheless, knowing the virtues with which her Majesty is endued, I assure myself that the protestations I am now making will entirely satisfy her."

He then expressed the fervent hope that the holy work of

[1] "Realmente y verdaderamente." (Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited.)
[2] Ibid.

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negotiation now commencing would result in a renewal of the ancient friendship between the Houses of Burgundy and of England, asserting that "there had never been so favourable a time as the present."

Under former governments of the Netherlands there had been many mistakes and misunderstandings.

"The Duke of Alva," said he, "has learned by this time, before the judgment-seat of God, how he discharged his functions, succeeding as he did my mother, the Duchess of Parma, who left the Provinces in so flourishing a condition. Of this, however, I will say no more, because of a feud between the Houses of Farnese and of Alva. As for Requesens, he was a good fellow, but didn't understand his business. Don John of Austria again, whose soul I doubt not is in heaven, was young and poor, and disappointed in all his designs; but God has never offered so great a hope of assured peace as might now be accomplished by her Majesty."[1]

Finding the Duke in so fervent and favourable a state of mind, the envoy renewed his demand that at least the *first* meeting of the commissioners might be held at Ostend.

"Her Majesty finds herself so touched in honour upon this point, that if it be not conceded—as I doubt not it will be, seeing the singular forwardness of your Highness"—said the artful Doctor with a smile,[2] "we are no less than commanded to return to her Majesty's presence."

"I sent Richardot to you yesterday," said Alexander; "did he not content you?"

"Your Highness, no," replied Rogers. "Moreover her Majesty sent me to your Alteza, and not to Richardot. And the matter is of such importance that I pray you to add to all your graces and favours heaped upon me, this one of sending your commissioners to Ostend."

His Highness could hold out no longer; but suddenly catching the Doctor in his arms, and hugging him "in most honourable and amiable manner," he cried—[3]

[1] Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited. [2] "I spake it souriant," &c. Ibid.
[3] Ibid.

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"Be contented, be cheerful, my lord ambassador. You shall be satisfied upon this point also."

"And never did envoy depart," cried the lord ambassador, when he could get his breath, "more bound to you, and more resolute to speak honour of your Highness than I do."

"To-morrow we will ride together towards Bruges," said the Duke, in conclusion. "Till then farewell."

Upon this he again heartily embraced the envoy, and the friends parted for the day.

Next morning, 28th March, the Duke, who was on his way to Bruges and Sluys to look after his gun-boats, and other naval and military preparations, set forth on horseback, accompanied by the Marquis del Vasto, and, for part of the way, by Rogers.

28 March / 7 April 1588.

They conversed on the general topics of the approaching negotiations; the Duke expressing the opinion that the treaty of peace would be made short work with, for it only needed to renew the old ones between the Houses of England and Burgundy. As for the Hollanders and Zeelanders, and their accomplices, he thought there would be no cause of stay on their account; and in regard to the cautionary towns he felt sure that her Majesty had never had any intention of appropriating them to herself, and would willingly surrender them to the King.

Rogers thought it a good opportunity to put in a word for the Dutchmen, who certainly would not have thanked him for his assistance at that moment.

"Not to give offence to your Highness," he said, "if the Hollanders and Zeelanders, with their confederates, like to come into this treaty, surely your Highness would not object?"

Alexander, who had been riding along quietly during this conversation, with his right hand on his hip, now threw out his arm energetically.

"Let them come into it, let them treat, let them conclude,"[1] he exclaimed, "in the name of Almighty God! I

[1] "Entrino, trattino, conchiudino." Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited.

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have always been well disposed to peace, and am now more so than ever. I could even, with the loss of my life, be content to have peace made at this time."

Nothing more, worthy of commemoration, occurred during this concluding interview; and the envoy took his leave at Bruges, and returned to Ostend.[1]

I have furnished the reader with a minute account of these conversations, drawn entirely from the original records, not so much because the interviews were in themselves of vital importance, but because they afford a living and breathing example—better than a thousand homilies—of the easy victory which diplomatic or royal mendacity may always obtain over innocence and credulity.

Certainly never was envoy more thoroughly beguiled than the excellent John upon this occasion. Wiser than a serpent, as he imagined himself to be, more harmless than a dove, as Alexander found him, he could not sufficiently congratulate himself upon the triumphs of his eloquence and his adroitness; and despatched most glowing accounts of his proceedings to the Queen.

His ardour was somewhat damped, however, at receiving a message from her Majesty in reply, which was anything but benignant. His eloquence was not commended; and even his preamble, with its touching allusion to the live mothers tendering their offspring—the passage which had brought the tears into the large eyes of Alexander—was coldly and cruelly censured.

"Her Majesty can in no sort like such speeches"—so ran the return-despatch—"in which she is made to beg for peace. The King of Spain standeth in as great need of peace as herself; and she doth greatly mislike the preamble of Dr. Rogers in his address to the Duke at Ghent, *finding it, in very truth, quite fond and vain.* I am commanded by a particular letter to let him understand how much her Majesty is offended with him."[2]

[1] Rogers to the Queen, MS. last cited.
[2] Lords of Council to Earl of Derby and Lord Cobham, $\frac{11}{21}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Alexander, on his part, informed his royal master of these interviews, in which there had been so much effusion of sentiment, in very brief fashion.

"Dr. Rogers, one of the Queen's commissioners, has been here," he said, "urging me with all his might to let all your Majesty's deputies go, if only for one hour, to Ostend. I refused, saying, I would rather they should go to England than into a city of your Majesty held by English troops. I told him it ought to be satisfactory that I had offered the Queen, as a lady, her choice of any place in the Provinces, or on neutral ground. Rogers expressed regret for all the bloodshed and other consequences if the negotiations should fall through for so trifling a cause; the more so as in return for this little compliment to the Queen she would not only restore to your Majesty everything that she holds in the Netherlands, but would assist you to recover the part which remains obstinate.[1] To quiet him and to consume time, I have promised that President Richardot shall go and try to satisfy them. *Thus two or three weeks more will be wasted.* But at last the time will come for exhibiting the powers. They are very anxious to see mine; and when at last they find I have none, I fear that they will break off the negotiations."[2]

Could the Queen have been informed of this voluntary offer on the part of her envoy to give up the cautionary towns, and to assist in reducing the rebellion, she might have used stronger language of rebuke. It is quite possible, however, that Farnese—not so attentively following the Doctor's eloquence as he had appeared to do—had somewhat inaccurately reported the conversations, which, after all, he knew to be of no consequence whatever, except as time-consumers. For Elizabeth, desirous of peace as she was, and trusting to Farnese's sincerity as she was disposed to do, was more sensitive than ever as to her dignity.

[1] "Por esta poca honra que se hara a la Reyna ella non solo restituyre a V. Mag[d] todo lo que tiene destos estados mas ayudara a cobrar la parte que quedara obstinada." Parma to Philip II., 16 Apr., 1588. (Archivo de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Ibid.

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"We charge you all," she wrote with her own hand to the commissioners, "that no word be overslipt by them, that may touch our honour and greatness, that be not answered with good sharp words. I am a king that will be ever known not to fear any but God."[1]

It would have been better, however, had the Queen more thoroughly understood that the day for scolding had quite gone by, and that something sharper than the sharpest words would soon be wanted to protect England and herself from impending doom. For there was something almost gigantic in the frivolities with which weeks and months of such precious time were now squandered. Plenary powers—"commision bastantissima"—from his sovereign had been announced by Alexander as in his possession; although the reader has seen that he had no such powers at all. The mission of Rogers had quieted the envoys at Ostend for a time, and they waited quietly for the visit of Richardot to Ostend, into which the promised meeting of all the Spanish commissioners in that city had dwindled. Meantime there was an exchange of the most friendly amenities between the English and their mortal enemies. Hardly a day passed that La Motte, or Renty, or Aremberg, did not send Lord Derby, or Cobham, or Robert Cecil, a hare, or a pheasant, or a cast of hawks,[2] and they in return sent barrel upon barrel of Ostend oysters, five or six hundred at a time.[3] The Englishmen, too, had it in their power to gratify Alexander himself with English greyhounds, for which he had a special liking. "You would wonder," wrote Cecil to his father, "how fond he is of English dogs."[4] There was also much good preaching among other occupations, at Ostend. "My Lord of Derby's two chaplains," said Cecil, "have seasoned this town better with sermons than it had been before for a year's space."[5] But all this did not expedite the negotiations, nor did the Duke

[1] Queen to the Commissioners, $\frac{8}{18}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Cecil to Burghley, $\frac{5}{15}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

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manifest so much anxiety for colloquies as for greyhounds. So, in an unlucky hour for himself, another "fond and vain" old gentleman—James Croft, the comptroller, who had already figured, not much to his credit, in the secret negotiations between the Brussels and English courts—betook himself, unauthorized and alone, to the Duke at Bruges. Here he had an interview very similar in character to that in which John Rogers had been indulged, declared to Farnese that the Queen was most anxious for peace, and invited him to send a secret envoy to England, who would instantly have ocular demonstration of the fact. Croft returned as triumphantly as the excellent Doctor had done; averring that there was no doubt as to the immediate conclusion of a treaty. His grounds of belief were very similar to those upon which Rogers had founded his faith. "'Tis a weak old man of seventy," said Parma, "with very little sagacity. I am inclined to think that his colleagues are taking him in, that they may the better deceive us.[1] I will see that they do nothing of the kind." But the movement was purely one of the comptroller's own inspiration; for Sir James had a singular facility for getting himself into trouble, and for making confusion. Already, when he had been scarcely a day in Ostend, he had insulted the governor of the place, Sir John Conway, had given him the lie in the hearing of many of his own soldiers, had gone about telling all the world that he had express authority from her Majesty to send him home in disgrace, and that the Queen had called him a fool, and quite unfit for his post.[2] And as if this had not been mischief-making enough, in addition to the absurd De Loo and Bodman negotiations of the previous year, in which he had been the principal actor, he had crowned his absurdities by this secret and officious visit to Ghent. The Queen, naturally very indignant at this conduct, reprehended him severely, and ordered him back to

[1] "Como muestra poca sagacidad dexa de dar reçelo de que le engañan a el para mas engañar," &c. Parma to Philip II., 13 May, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Queen to Derby and Cobham, $\frac{17}{27}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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England.[1] The comptroller was wretched. He expressed his readiness to obey her commands, but nevertheless implored his dread sovereign to take merciful consideration of the manifold misfortunes, ruin, and utter undoing, which thereby should fall upon him and his unfortunate family. All this he protested he would nothing esteem if it tended to her Majesty's pleasure or service, "but seeing it should effectuate nothing but to bring the aged carcase of her poor vassal to present decay, he implored compassion upon his hoary hairs, and promised to repair the error of his former proceedings. He avowed that he would not have ventured to disobey for a moment her orders to return, but "that his aged and feeble limbs did not retain sufficient force, without present death, to comply with her commandment."[2] And with that he took to his bed, and remained there until the Queen was graciously pleased to grant him her pardon.

At last, early in May—instead of the visit of Richardot—there was a preliminary meeting of all the commissioners in tents on the sands, within a cannon-shot of Ostend, and between that place and Newport. It was a showy and ceremonious interview, in which no business was transacted. The commissioners of Philip were attended by a body of one hundred and fifty light horse, and by three hundred private gentlemen in magnificent costume. La Motte also came from Newport with one thousand Walloon cavalry, while the English commissioners on their part were escorted from Ostend by an imposing array of English and Dutch troops.[3] As the territory was Spanish, the dignity of the King was supposed to be preserved, and Alexander, who had promised Dr. Rogers that the first interview should take place within Ostend itself, thought it necessary to apologize to his sovereign for so nearly keeping his word as to send the envoys within cannon-shot of the town. "The English com-

[1] Queen to the Commissioners for the reprehension of Sir James Croft, in Lord Burghley's handwriting, $\frac{8}{18}$ May, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Croft to the Queen, 28 May, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Parma to Philip II. 13 May, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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missioners," said he, "begged with so much submission for this concession, that I thought it as well to grant it."[1]

The Spanish envoys were despatched by the Duke of Parma, well provided with full powers for himself, which were not desired by the English government, but unfurnished with a commission from Philip, which had been pronounced indispensable.[2] There was, therefore, much prancing of cavalry, flourishing of trumpets, and eating of oysters, at the first conference, but not one stroke of business. As the English envoys had now been three whole months in Ostend, and as this was the first occasion on which they had been brought face to face with the Spanish commissioners, it must be confessed that the tactics of Farnese had been masterly. Had the haste in the dock-yards of Lisbon and Cadiz been at all equal to the magnificent procrastination in the council-chambers of Bruges and Ghent, Medina Sidonia might already have been in the Thames.

But although little ostensible business was performed, there was one man who had always an eye to his work. The same servant in plain livery, who had accompanied Secretary Garnier, on his first visit to the English commissioners at Ostend, had now come thither again, accompanied by a fellow-lackey. While the complimentary dinner, offered in the name of the absent Farnese to the Queen's representatives, was going forward, the two menials strayed off together to the downs, for the purpose of rabbit-shooting.[3] The one of them was the same engineer who had already, on the former occasion, taken a complete survey of the fortifications of Ostend; the other was no less a personage than the Duke of Parma himself. The pair now made a thorough examination of the town and its neighbourhood, and, having finished their reconnoitring, made the best of their way back to Bruges.[4] As it was then one of Alexander's favourite objects to reduce

[1] "Suplicado con grande submicion que se diesse esta satisfacion a la Reyna," &c. Parma to Philip II. (MS. last cited.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Parma to Philip II. 13 May, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[4] Ibid.

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the city of Ostend, at the earliest possible moment, it must be allowed that this preliminary conference was not so barren to himself as it was to the commissioners. Philip, when informed of this manœuvre, was naturally gratified at such masterly duplicity, while he gently rebuked his nephew for exposing his valuable life; and certainly it would have been an inglorious termination to the Duke's splendid career, had he been hanged as a spy within the trenches of Ostend. With the other details of this first diplomatic colloquy Philip was delighted. "I see you understand me thoroughly," he said. "Keep the negotiation alive till my Armada appears, and then carry out my determination, and replant the Catholic religion on the soil of England."[1]

The Queen was not in such high spirits. She was losing her temper very fast, as she became more and more convinced that she had been trifled with. No powers had been yet exhibited, no permanent place of conference fixed upon, and the cessation of arms demanded by her commissioners for England, Spain, and all the Netherlands, was absolutely refused.[2] She desired her commissioners to inform the Duke of Parma that it greatly touched his honour—as both before their coming and afterwards, he had assured her that he had *comision bastantissima* from his sovereign—to clear himself at once from the imputation of insincerity. "Let not the Duke think," she wrote with her own hand, "that we would so long time endure these many frivolous and unkindly dealings, but that we desire all the world to know our desire of a kingly peace, and that we will endure no more the like, nor any, but will return you from your charge."[3]

Accordingly—by her Majesty's special command—Dr. Dale made another visit to Bruges, to discover, once for all, whether there was a commission from Philip or not, and, if so, to see it with his own eyes. On the 7th May he had an interview

[1] Philip II. to Parma, 21 June, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Parma to Philip II. 13 May, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Queen to the Commissioners, $\frac{20 \text{ April}}{10 \text{ May}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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with the Duke. After thanking his Highness for the honourable and stately manner in which the conferences had been inaugurated near Ostend, Dale laid very plainly before him her Majesty's complaints of the tergiversations and equivocations concerning the commission, which had now lasted three months long.[1]

$\frac{7}{17}$ May, 1588.

In answer, Alexander made a complimentary harangue, confining himself entirely to the first part of the envoy's address, and assuring him in redundant phraseology, that he should hold himself very guilty before the world, if he had not surrounded the first colloquy between the plenipotentiaries of two such mighty princes, with as much pomp as the circumstances of time and place would allow. After this superfluous rhetoric had been poured forth, he calmly dismissed the topic which Dr. Dale had come all the way from Ostend to discuss, by carelessly observing that President Richardot would confer with him on the subject of the commission.[2]

"But," said the envoy, "'tis no matter of conference or dispute. I desire simply to see the commission."

"Richardot and Champagny shall deal with you in the afternoon," repeated Alexander; and, with this reply, the Doctor was fain to be contented.

Dale then alluded to the point of cessation of arms.

"Although," said he, "the Queen might justly require that the cessation should be general for all the King's dominion, yet in order not to stand on precise points, she is content that it should extend no further than to the towns of Flushing, Briel, Ostend, and Bergen-op-Zoom."

"To this he said nothing," wrote the envoy, "and so I went no further."

In the afternoon Dale had conference with Champagny and Richardot. As usual, Champagny was bound hand and foot by the gout, but was as quick-witted and disputatious as ever. Again Dale made an earnest harangue, proving satisfactorily

[1] Dale to the Queen, $\frac{9}{19}$ May, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Dale to the Queen. (MS. last cited.)

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—as if any proof were necessary on such a point—that a commission from Philip ought to be produced, and that a commission had been promised, over and over again.[1]

After a pause, both the representatives of Parma began to wrangle with the envoy in very insolent fashion. "Richardot is always their mouth-piece;" said Dale, "only Champagny choppeth in at every word, and would do so likewise in ours if we would suffer it."[2]

"We shall never have done with these impertinent demands," said the President. "You ought to be satisfied with the Duke's promise of ratification contained in his commission. We confess what you say concerning the former requisitions and promises to be true, but when will you have done? Have we not showed it to Mr. Croft, one of your own colleagues? And if we show it you now, another may come to-morrow, and so we shall never have an end."

"The delays come from yourselves,' roundly replied the Englishman, "for you refuse to do what in reason and law you are bound to do. And the more demands the more *mora aut potius culpa* in you. You, of all men, have least cause to hold such language, who so confidently and even disdainfully answered our demand for the commission, in Mr. Cecil's presence, and promised to show a perfect one at the very first meeting. As for Mr. Comptroller Croft, he came hither without the command of her Majesty and without the knowledge of his colleagues."

Richardot then began to insinuate that, as Croft had come without authority, so—for aught they could tell—might Dale also. But Champagny here interruped, protested that the president was going too far, and begged him to show the commission without further argument.[3]

Upon this Richardot pulled out the commission from under his gown, and placed it in Dr. Dale's hands![4]

It was dated 17th April, 1588, signed and sealed by the

[1] Dale to the Queen, MS. last cited.
[2] Commissioners to Privy Council, 7 June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[3] Dale to the Queen, $\frac{9}{19}$ May, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] Ibid.

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King, and written in French, and was to the effect, that as there had been differences between her Majesty and himself, as her Majesty had sent ambassadors into the Netherlands, as the Duke of Parma had entered into treaty with her Majesty, therefore the King authorised the Duke to appoint commissioners to treat, conclude, and determine all controversies and misunderstandings, confirmed any such appointments already made, and promised to ratify all that might be done by them in the premises.[1]

Dr. Dale expressed his satisfaction with the tenor of this document, and begged to be furnished with a copy of it, but this was peremptorily refused.[2] There was then a long conversation—ending, as usual, in nothing—on the two other points, the place for the conferences, namely, and the cessation of arms.

Next morning Dale, in taking leave of the Duke of Parma, expressed the gratification which he felt, and which her Majesty was sure to feel at the production of the commission. It was now proved, said the envoy, that the King was as earnestly in favour of peace as the Duke was himself.

Dale then returned, well satisfied, to Ostend.

In truth the commission had arrived just in time. "Had I not received it soon enough to produce it then," said Alexander, "the Queen would have broken off the negotiations. So I ordered Richardot, who is quite aware of your Majesty's secret intentions, from which we shall not swerve one jot, to show it privately to Croft, and afterwards to Dr. Dale, but without allowing a copy of it to be taken."[3]

"You have done very well," replied Philip, "but that commission is, *on no account, to be used, except for show.* You know my mind thoroughly."[4]

[1] Dale to the Queen, MS. last cited.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Parma to Philip II. 8 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[4] Philip to Parma, 21 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
The King, when he at last sent the power on the 13th May, 1588, had observed to Farnese—"I don't think that there will be any trouble on account of your having no commission from me. Nevertheless, in order to dispel their doubts and to remove all suspicion, I have ordered for the nonce one to be sent in French. This, as I have already stated, is not to be used

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Thus three months had been consumed, and at last one indispensable preliminary to any negotiation had, in appearance, been performed. Full powers on both sides had been exhibited. When the Queen of England gave the Earl of Derby and his colleagues commission to treat with the King's envoys, and pledged herself beforehand to ratify all their proceedings, she meant to perform the promise to which she had affixed her royal name and seal. She could not know that the Spanish monarch was deliberately putting *his* name to a lie, and chuckling in secret over the credulity of his English sister, who was willing to take his word and his bond. Of a certainty the English were no match for southern diplomacy.

But Elizabeth was now more impatient than ever that the other two preliminaries should be settled, the place of conferences, and the armistice.

"Be plain with the Duke," she wrote to her envoys, "that we have tolerated so many weeks in tarrying a commission, that I will never endure more delays. Let him know he deals with a prince who prizes her honour more than her life. Make yourselves such as stand of your reputations."[1]

Sharp words, but not sharp enough to prevent a further delay of a month; for it was not till the 6th June that the commissioners at last came together at Bourbourg,[2] 6 June, that "miserable little hole," on the coast between 1588.

for the purpose of concluding or agreeing to anything, in any case whatever, but only for the sake of keeping the negotiation alive, in order to enable us the better to execute our armed enterprise; and so I again charge it upon you, with a renewed prohibition of any thing in a contrary sense, referring you always to my letter of 24th April, and to my orders so often given, which you are to fulfil exactly without departing one jot therefrom." "Para sacarlos de duda, y quitarlos toda sospecha, he mandado un poder por la via en frances, del qual, como entonces, os lo adverti y declare, no se ha de usar para asentar ni concluyr por ningun caso, cosa alguna, sino solo que acude la platica para poder executar mejor lo de las armas y empresa, y asi os lo torno a encargar con nueva prohibicion de lo contrario, remitiendome a la carta que en esta materia se os escribio por esta via a lo 24 April, que es la orden que aveys de cumplir puntualmente sin apartaros della," &c. Philip II. to Parma, 13 May, 1588. (Archivo de Simancas, MS.)

[1] Queen's Minute to the Commissioners, $\frac{13}{23}$ May, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Parma to Philip, 8 June, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Dale to Walsingham, $\frac{29 \text{ May}}{8 \text{ June}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Commissioners to the Queen. (Ibid.)

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Ostend and Newport, against which Garnier had warned them. And now there was ample opportunity to wrangle at full length on the next preliminary, the cessation of arms. It would be superfluous to follow the altercations step by step—for negotiations there were none—and it is only for the sake of exhibiting at full length the infamy of diplomacy, when diplomacy is unaccompanied by honesty, that we are hanging up this series of pictures at all. Those bloodless encounters between credulity and vanity upon one side, and gigantic fraud on the other, near those very sands of Newport, and in sight of the Northern Ocean, where, before long, the most terrible battles, both by land and sea, which the age had yet witnessed, were to occur, are quite as full of instruction and moral as the most sanguinary combats ever waged.

At last the commissioners exchanged copies of their respective powers. After four months of waiting and wrangling, so much had been achieved—a show of commissions and a selection of the place for conference. And now began the long debate about the cessation of arms. The English claimed an armistice for the whole dominion of Philip and Elizabeth respectively, during the term of negotiation, and for twenty days after. The Spanish would grant only a temporary truce, terminable at six days' notice, and that only for the four cautionary towns of Holland held by the Queen. Thus Philip would be free to invade England at his leisure out of the obedient Netherlands or Spain. This was inadmissible, of course, but a week was spent at the outset in reducing the terms to writing; and when the Duke's propositions were at last produced in the French tongue, they were refused by the Queen's commissioners, who required that the documents should be in Latin. Great was the triumph of Dr. Dale, when, after another interval, he found their Latin full of barbarisms and blunders, at which a school-boy would have blushed.[1] The King's commissioners, however, while halting in their syntax, had kept steadily to their point.

27 May / 6 June 1588.

[1] Dale to Walsingham, 21 June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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"You promised a general cessation of arms at our coming," said Dale, at a conference on the $\frac{2}{12}$ June, "and now ye have lingered five times twenty days, and nothing done at all. The world may see the delays come of you and not of us, and that ye are not so desirous of peace as ye pretend." [1]

"But as for your invasion of England," stoutly observed the Earl of Derby, "ye shall find it hot coming thither. England was never so ready in any former age, neither by sea nor by land; but we would show your unreasonableness in proposing a cessation of arms by which ye would bind her Majesty to forbear touching all the Low Countries, and yet leave yourselves at liberty to invade England." [2]

While they were thus disputing, Secretary Garnier rushed into the room, looking very much frightened, and announced that Lord Henry Seymour's fleet of thirty-two ships of war was riding off Gravelines, and that he had sent two men on shore who were now waiting in the ante-chamber.

The men being accordingly admitted, handed letters to the English commissioners from Lord Henry, in which he begged to be informed in what terms they were standing, and whether they needed his assistance or countenance in the cause in which they were engaged. The envoys found his presence very "comfortable," as it showed the Spanish commissioners that her Majesty was so well provided as to make a cessation of arms less necessary to her than it was to the King. They therefore sent their thanks to the Lord Admiral, begging him to cruise for a time off Dunkirk and its neighbourhood, that both their enemies and their friends might have a sight of the English ships.[3]

Great was the panic all along the coast at this unexpected demonstration. The King's commissioners got into their coaches, and drove down to the coast to look at the fleet, and—so soon as they appeared—were received with such a thundering cannonade an hour long, by way of salute, as to

[1] Commissioners to Privy Council, $\frac{3}{13}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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convince them, in the opinion of the English envoys, that the Queen had no cause to be afraid of any enemies afloat or ashore.[1]

But these noisy arguments were not much more effective than the interchange of diplomatic broadsides which they had for a moment superseded. The day had gone by for blank cartridges and empty protocols. Nevertheless Lord Henry's harmless thunder was answered, the next day, by a "Quintuplication" in worse Latin than ever, presented to Dr. Dale and his colleagues by Richardot and Champagny, on the subject of the armistice. And then there was a return quintuplication, in choice Latin, by the classic Dale, and then there was a colloquy on the quintuplication, and everything that had been charged, and truly charged, by the English, was now denied by the King's commissioners; and Champagny—more gouty and more irascible than ever—"chopped in" at every word spoken by King's envoys or Queen's, contradicted everybody, repudiated everything said or done by Andrew de Loo, or any of the other secret negotiators during the past year, declared that there never had been a general cessation of arms promised, and that, at any rate, times were now changed, and such an armistice was inadmissible.[2] Then the English answered with equal impatience, and reproached the King's representatives with duplicity and want of faith, and censured them for their unseemly language, and begged to inform Champagny and Richardot that they had not then to deal with such persons as they might formerly have been in the habit of treating withal, but with a "great prince who did justify the honour of her actions," and they confuted the positions now assumed by their opponents with official documents and former statements from those very opponents' lips. And then, after all this diplomatic and rhetorical splutter, the high commissioners recovered their temper and grew more polite, and the King's "envoys excused themselves in a mild,

[1] Commissioners to Privy Council, $\frac{7}{17}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid. (MS. last cited.)

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merry manner," for the rudeness of their speeches, and the Queen's envoys accepted their apologies with majestic urbanity, and so they separated for the day in a more friendly manner than they had done the day before.[1]

"You see to what a scholar's shift we have been driven for want of resolution," said Valentine Dale. "If we should linger here until there should be broken heads, in what case we should be God knoweth. For I can trust Champagny and Richardot no farther than I can see them."[2]

And so the whole month of June passed by; the English commissioners "leaving no stone unturned to get a quiet cessation of arms in general terms,"[3] and being constantly foiled; yet perpetually kept in hope[4] that the point would soon be carried. At the same time the signs of the approaching invasion seemed to thicken. "In my opinion," said Dale, "as Phormio spake in matters of wars, it were very requisite that my Lord Harry should be always on this coast, for they will steal out from hence as closely as they can, either to join with the Spanish navy or to land, and they may be very easily scattered, by God's grace." And, with the honest pride of a protocol-maker, he added, "our postulates do trouble the King's commissioners very much, and do bring them to despair."[5]

The excellent Doctor had not even yet discovered that the King's commissioners were delighted with his postulates; and that to have kept them postulating thus five months in succession, while naval and military preparations were slowly bringing forth a great event—which was soon to strike them with as much amazement as if the moon had fallen out of heaven—was one of the most decisive triumphs ever achieved

[3] Commissioners to Privy Council, $\frac{21}{31}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Dale to Walsingham, $\frac{4}{14}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"And if her Majesty list to break, she may now do it upon their present denial of the cessation of arms, which Richardot did in open council promise to Norris and Andrea de Loo should be accorded at the coming of her Majesty's commissioners, and which is now denied as ever spoken, or to be performed, if promised." (Ibid.)

[3] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{17}{27}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid.

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by Spanish diplomacy. But the Doctor thought that his logic had driven the King of Spain to despair.

At the same time he was not insensible to the merits of another and more peremptory style of rhetoric. "I pray you," said he to Walsingham, "let us hear some arguments from my Lord Harry out of her Majesty's navy now and then. I think they will do more good than any bolt that we can shoot here. If they be met with at their going out, there is no possibility for them to make any resistance, having so few men that can abide the sea; for the rest, as you know, must be sea-sick at first." [1]

But the envoys were completely puzzled. Even at the beginning of July, Sir James Croft was quite convinced of the innocence of the King and the Duke; [2] but Croft was in his dotage. As for Dale, he occasionally opened his eyes and his ears, but more commonly kept them well closed to the significance of passing events, and consoled himself with his protocols and his classics, and the purity of his own Latin.

"'Tis a very wise saying of Terence," said he, "*omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni aut humiles sumus.* When the King's commissioners hear of the King's navy from Spain, they are in such jollity that they talk loud. . . . . In the mean time—as the wife of Bath saith in Chaucer by her husband, we owe them not a word. If we should die to-morrow, I hope her Majesty will find by our writings that the honour of the cause, in the opinion of the world, must be with her Majesty, and that her commissioners are neither of such imperfection in their reasons or so barbarous in language, as

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited.

[2] "I may be esteemed more credulous than cause requireth, yet I assure your Lordship I never embraced any opinion thereof other than such as by some conjectural argument was made very probable unto me, like as I thought good at this time to inform your Lordship, that yesterday by chance I had conference with one of the commissioners on the other side, and was by him in sort assured that the matter of this treaty will fall out—so far as in that side lieth—to as good purpose as her Majesty will require it; he not doubting that the two years for the toleration of religion, and the point of her Majesty's security, and all other things necessary in this treaty, will be easily assented unto, to which purpose he wished me to deal with Dr. Dale to be willing to urge that which he underhand would advise us unto, *requiring for their better justification to be pressed to that which themselves much desire*" (!!) &c. Croft to Burghley, $\frac{22 \text{ June}}{2 \text{ July}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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they who fail not, almost in every line, of some barbarism not to be borne in a grammar-school, although in subtleness and impudent affirming of untruths and denying of truths, her commissioners are not in any respect to match with Champagny and Richardot, who are doctors in that faculty."[1]

It might perhaps prove a matter of indifference to Elizabeth and to England, when the Queen should be a state-prisoner in Spain and the Inquisition quietly established in her kingdom, whether the world should admit or not, in case of his decease, the superiority of Dr. Dale's logic and Latin to those of his antagonists. And even if mankind conceded the best of the argument to the English diplomatists, that diplomacy might seem worthless which could be blind to the colossal falsehoods growing daily before its eyes. Had the commissioners been able to read the secret correspondence between Parma and his master—as we have had the opportunity of doing—they would certainly not have left their homes in February, to be made fools of until July, but would, on their knees, have implored their royal mistress to awake from her fatal delusion before it should be too late. Even without that advantage, it seems incredible that they should have been unable to pierce through the atmosphere of duplicity which surrounded them, and to obtain one clear glimpse of the destruction so steadily advancing upon England.

For the famous bull of Sixtus V. had now been fulminated. Elizabeth had been again denounced as a bastard and usurper, and her kingdom had been solemnly conferred upon Philip, with title of defender of the Christian faith, to have and to hold as tributary and feudatory of Rome. The so-called Queen had usurped the crown contrary to the ancient treaties between the apostolic stool and the kingdom of England, which country, on its reconciliation with the head of the church after the death of St. Thomas of Canterbury, had recognised the necessity of the Pope's consent in the succession to its throne; she had deserved chastisement for the terrible tortures inflicted by her upon English Catholics and God's own saints;

[1] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{21}{31}$ June, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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and it was declared an act of virtue, to be repaid with plenary indulgence and forgiveness of all sins, to lay violent hands on the usurper, and deliver her into the hands of the Catholic party. And of the holy league against the usurper, Philip was appointed the head, and Alexander of Parma chief commander. This document was published in large numbers in Antwerp in the English tongue.[1]

The pamphlet of Dr. Allen, just named Cardinal, was also translated in the same city, under the direction of the Duke of Parma, in order to be distributed throughout England, on the arrival in that kingdom of the Catholic troops.[2] The well-known 'Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland' accused the Queen of every crime and vice which can pollute humanity, and was filled with foul details unfit for the public eye in these more decent days.[3]

So soon as the intelligence of these publications reached England, the Queen ordered her commissioners at Bourbourg to take instant cognizance of them, and to obtain a categorical explanation on the subject from Alexander himself: as if an explanation were possible, as if the designs of Sixtus, Philip, and Alexander, could any longer be doubted, and as if the Duke were more likely now than before to make a succinct statement of them for the benefit of her Majesty.

"Having discovered," wrote Elizabeth on the 9th July (N.S.), "that this treaty of peace is entertained only to abuse us, and being many ways given to understand that the preparations which have so long been making, and which now are consummated, both in Spain and the Low Countries, are purposely to be employed against us and our country; finding that, for the furtherance of these exploits, there is ready to be published a vile, slanderous, and blasphemous book, containing as many lies as lines, entitled, 'An Admonition,' &c., and contrived by a lewd born-subject of ours, now become an arrant traitor, named Dr. Allen, lately made a cardinal at Rome; as also a bull of the Pope, whereof we send you a

[1] Meteren, xv. 270, *seq.*
[2] Parma to Philip II. 21 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[3] Lingard, viii. 442, *seq.*

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copy, both very lately brought into those Low Countries, the one whereof is already printed at Antwerp, in a great multitude, in the English tongue, and the other ordered to be printed, only to stir up our subjects, contrary to the laws of God and their allegiance, to join with such foreign purposes as are prepared against us and our realm, to come out of those Low Countries and out of Spain; and as it appears by the said bull that the Duke of Parma is expressly named and chosen by the Pope and the King of Spain to be principal executioner of these intended enterprises, we cannot think it honourable for us to continue longer the treaty of peace with them that, under colour of treaty, arm themselves with all the power they can to a bloody war."[1]

Accordingly the Queen commanded Dr. Dale, as one of the commissioners, to proceed forthwith to the Duke, in order to obtain explanations as to his contemplated conquest of her realm, and as to his share in the publication of the bull and pamphlet, and to "require him, as he would be accounted a prince of honour, to let her plainly understand what she might think thereof." The envoy was to assure him that the Queen would trust implicitly to his statement, to adjure him to declare the truth, and, in case he avowed the publications and the belligerent intentions suspected, to demand instant safe-conduct to England for her commissioners, who would, of course, instantly leave the Netherlands. On the other hand, if the Duke disavowed those infamous documents, he was to be requested to punish the printers, and have the books burned by the hangman.[2]

Dr. Dale, although suffering from cholic, was obliged to set forth at once upon what he felt would be a bootless journey. At his return—which was upon the 22*nd of July* (N.S.)—the shrewd old gentleman had nearly arrived at the opinion that her Majesty might as well break off the negotiations. He had a "comfortless voyage and a ticklish message;"[3] found all along the road signs of an approaching enterprise, difficult to be mistaken; reported 10,000 veteran Spaniards,

[1] Queen to Commissioners, $\frac{29 \text{ June}}{9 \text{ July}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS. [2] Ibid.)

[3] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{12}{22}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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to which force Stanley's regiment was united; 6000 Italians, 3000 Germans, all with pikes, corselets, and slash swords complete; besides 10,000 Walloons. The transports for the cavalry at Gravelingen he did not see, nor was he much impressed with what he heard as to the magnitude of the naval preparations at Newport. He was informed that the Duke was about making a foot-pilgrimage from Brussels to Our Lady of Halle, to implore victory for his banners, and had daily evidence of the soldier's expectation to invade and to "devour England."[1] All this had not tended to cure him of the low spirits with which he began the journey. Nevertheless, although he was unable—as will be seen—to report an entirely satisfactory answer from Farnese to the Queen upon the momentous questions entrusted to him, he, at least, thought of a choice passage in 'The Æneid,' so very apt to the circumstances, as almost to console him for the "pangs of his cholic" and the terrors of the approaching invasion.

"I have written two or three verses out of Virgil for the Queen to read," said he, "which I pray your Lordship to present unto her. *God grant her to weigh them.* If your Lordship do read the whole discourse of Virgil in that place, *it will make your heart melt.* Observe the report of the ambassadors that were sent to Diomedes to make war against the Trojans, for the old hatred that he, being a Grecian, did bear unto them; and note the answer of Diomedes dissuading them from entering into war with the Trojans, the perplexity of the King, the miseries of the country, the reasons of Drances that spake against them which would have war, the violent persuasions of Turnus to war; and note, I pray you, one word, '*nec te ullius violentia frangat.*'[2] What a lecture could I make with Mr. Cecil upon that passage in Virgil!"[3]

The most important point for the reader to remark is the date of this letter. It was received in the very *last days of*

[1] Dale to Walsingham, date last cited. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] The reader who will take the trouble to refer to the Æneid, lib. xi. may amuse himself by observing that the aptness of the analogy was by no means so wonderful as it seemed to Dr. Dale, "*nec te ullius violentia* VINCAT (FRANGAT), &c., 354.

[3] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{12}{22}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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the month of July. Let him observe—as he will soon have occasion to do—the events which were occurring on land and sea, exactly at the moment when this classic despatch reached its destination, and judge whether the hearts of the Queen and Lord Burghley would be then quite at leisure to melt at the sorrows of the Trojan War. Perhaps the doings of Drake and Howard, Medina Sidonia, and Ricalde, would be pressing as much on their attention as the eloquence of Diomede or the wrath of Turnus. Yet it may be doubted whether the reports of these Grecian envoys might not, in truth, be almost as much to the purpose as the despatches of the diplomatic pedant, with his Virgil and his cholic, into whose hands grave matters of peace and war were entrusted in what seemed the day of England's doom.

"What a lecture I could make with Mr. Cecil on the subject!" An English ambassador, at the court of Philip II.'s viceroy, could indulge himself in imaginary prelections on the Æneid, in the last days of July, of the year of our Lord 1588!

The Doctor, however—to do him justice—had put the questions categorically to his Highness as he had been instructed to do. He went to Bruges so mysteriously, that no living man, that side the sea, save Lord Derby and Lord Cobham, knew the cause of his journey.[1] Poor puzzling James Croft, in particular, was moved almost to tears, by being kept out of the secret.[2] On the $\frac{8}{18}$ July Dale had audience of the Duke at Bruges. After a few commonplaces, he was invited by the Duke to state what special purpose had brought him to Bruges.

$\frac{8}{28}$ July, 1588.

"There is a book printed at Antwerp," said Dale, "and set forth by a fugitive from England, who calleth himself a cardinal."[3]

Upon this the Duke began diligently to listen.

"This book," resumed Dale, "is an admonition to the nobility and people of England and Ireland touching the execution of the sentence of the Pope against the Queen, which the King Catholic hath entrusted to your Highness as

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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chief of the enterprise. There is also a bull of the Pope declaring my sovereign mistress illegitimate and an usurper, with other matters too odious for any prince or gentleman to name or hear. In this bull the Pope saith that he hath dealt with the most Catholic King to employ all the means in his power to the deprivation and deposition of my sovereign, and doth charge her subjects to assist the army appointed by the King Catholic for that purpose, under the conduct of your Highness. Therefore her Majesty would be satisfied from your Highness in that point, and will take satisfaction of none other; not doubting but that as you are a prince of word and credit, you will deal plainly with her Majesty. Whatsoever it may be, her Majesty will not take it amiss against your Highness, so she may only be informed by you of the truth. Wherefore I do require you to satisfy the Queen."[1]

"I am glad," replied the Duke, "that her Majesty and her commissioners do take in good part my good-will towards them. I am especially touched by the good opinion her Majesty hath of my sincerity, which I should be glad always to maintain. As to the book to which you refer, I have never read it, nor seen it, nor do I take heed of it. It may well be that her Majesty, whom it concerneth, should take notice of it; but, for my part, I have nought to do with it, nor can I prevent men from writing or printing at their pleasure. I am at the commandment of my master only."[2]

As Alexander made no reference to the Pope's bull, Dr. Dale observed, that if a war had been, of purpose, undertaken at the instance of the Pope, all this negotiation had been in vain, and her Majesty would be obliged to withdraw her commissioners, not doubting that they would receive safe-conduct as occasion should require.

"Yea, God forbid else," replied Alexander; "and further, *I know nothing* of any bull of the Pope, nor do I care for any, nor do I undertake anything for him. But as for any misunderstanding (*mal entendu*) between my master and her Majesty, I must, as a soldier, act at the command of my

[1] Dale to Burghley, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid. (MS. last cited.)

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sovereign. For my part, I have always had such respect for her Majesty, being so noble a Queen, as that I would never hearken to anything that might be reproachful to her. After my master, I would do most to serve your Queen, and I hope she will take my word for her satisfaction on that point. And for avoiding of bloodshed and the burning of houses and such other calamities as do follow the wars, I have been a petitioner to my sovereign that all things might be ended quietly by a peace. That is a thing, however," added the Duke, "which you have more cause to desire than we; for if the King my master, should lose a battle, he would be able to recover it well enough, without harm to himself, being far enough off in Spain, while, if the battle be lost on your side, you may lose kingdom and all."[1]

"By God's sufferance," rejoined the Doctor, "her Majesty is not without means to defend her crown, that hath descended to her from so long a succession of ancestors. Moreover your Highness knows very well that one battle cannot conquer a kingdom in another country."

"Well," said the Duke, "that is in God's hand."

"So it is," said the Doctor.

"But make an end of it," continued Alexander quietly, "and if you have anything to put into writing, you will do me a pleasure by sending it to me."[2]

Dr. Valentine Dale was not the man to resist the temptation to make a protocol, and promised one for the next day.

"I am charged only to give your Highness satisfaction," he said, "as to her Majesty's sincere intentions, which have already been published to the world in English, French, and Italian, in the hope that you may also satisfy the Queen upon this other point. I am but one of her commissioners, and could not deal without my colleagues. I crave leave to depart to-morrow morning, and with safe-convoy, as I had in coming."

After the envoy had taken leave, the Duke summoned Andrea de Loo, and related to him the conversation which had

[1] Dale to Burghley. (MS. last cited.) [2] Ibid.

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taken place. He then, in the presence of that personage, again declared upon his honour and with very constant affirmations, that he had never *seen nor heard of the book*—the 'Admonition' by Cardinal Allen—and that he knew nothing of any bull, and had no regard to it.[1]

The plausible Andrew accompanied the Doctor to his lodgings, protesting all the way of his own and his master's sincerity, and of their unequivocal intentions to conclude a peace. The next day the Doctor, by agreement, brought a most able protocol of demands in the name of all the commissioners of her Majesty;[2] which able protocol the Duke did not at that moment read, which he assuredly never read subsequently, and which no human soul ever read afterwards. Let the dust lie upon it, and upon all the vast heaps of protocols raised mountains high during the spring and summer of 1588.

"Dr. Dale has been with me two or three times," said Parma, in giving his account of these interviews to Philip. "I don't know why he came, but I think he wished to make it appear, by coming to Bruges, that the rupture, when it occurs, was caused by us, not by the English. He has been complaining of Cardinal Allen's book, and I told him that I didn't understand a word of English, and knew nothing whatever of the matter."[3]

It has been already seen that the Duke had declared, on his word of honour, that he had never heard of the famous pamphlet. Yet at that very moment letters were lying in his cabinet, received more than a fortnight before from Philip, in which that monarch *thanked Alexander for having had the Cardinal's book translated at Antwerp!*"[4] Certainly few English diplomatists could be a match for a Highness so liberal of his word of honour.

But even Dr. Dale had at last convinced himself—even although the Duke knew nothing of bull or pamphlet—that mischief was brewing against England. The sagacious man,

[1] Dale to Burghley. MS. last cited.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Parma to Philip, 21 July, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[4] Philip II. to Parma, 21 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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having seen large bodies of Spaniards and Walloons making such demonstrations of eagerness to be led against his country, and "professing it as openly as if they were going to a fair or market," while even Alexander himself could "no more hide it than did Henry VIII. when he went to Boulogne,"[1] could not help suspecting something amiss.

His colleague, however, Comptroller Croft, was more judicious, for he valued himself on taking a sound, temperate, and conciliatory view of affairs. He was not the man to offend a magnanimous neighbour—who meant nothing unfriendly—by regarding his manœuvres with superfluous suspicion. So this envoy wrote to Lord Burghley on *the 2nd August* (N. S.)—let the reader mark the date—that, "although a great doubt had been conceived as to the King's sincerity, ... yet that *discretion and experience* induced him—the envoy—to think, that besides *the reverent opinion to be had of princes' oaths*, and the general incommodity which will come by the contrary, God had so balanced princes' powers in that age, as they rather *desire to assure themselves at home*, than with danger to *invade their neighbours*."[2]

Perhaps the mariners of England—*at that very instant* exchanging broadsides off the coast of Devon and Dorset with the Spanish Armada, and doing their best to protect their native land from the most horrible calamity which had ever impended over it—had arrived at a less reverent opinion of princes' oaths; and it was well for England in that supreme hour that there were such men as Howard and Drake, and Winter and Frobisher, and a whole people with hearts of oak to defend her, while bungling diplomatists and credulous dotards were doing their best to imperil her existence.

But it is necessary—in order to obtain a complete picture of that famous year 1588, and to understand the cause from which such great events were springing—to cast a glance at the internal politics of the States most involved in Philip's meshes.

[1] Dale to Burghley, $\frac{12}{22}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Croft to Burghley, $\frac{23 \text{ July}}{2 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Certainly, if there had ever been a time when the new commonwealth of the Netherlands should be both united in itself and on thoroughly friendly terms with England, it was exactly that epoch of which we are treating. There could be no reasonable doubt that the designs of Spain against England were hostile, and against Holland revengeful. It was at least possible that Philip meant to undertake the conquest of England, and to undertake it as a stepping-stone to the conquest of Holland. Both the kingdom and the republic should have been alert, armed, full of suspicion towards the common foe, full of confidence in each other. What decisive blows might have been struck against Parma in the Netherlands, when his troops were starving, sickly, and mutinous, if the Hollanders and Englishmen had been united under one chieftain, and thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of peace! Could the English and Dutch statesmen of that day have read all the secrets of their great enemy's heart, as it is our privilege at this hour to do, they would have known that in sudden and deadly strokes lay their best chance of salvation. But, without that advantage, there were men whose sagacity told them that it was the hour for deeds and not for dreams. For to Leicester and Walsingham, as well as to Paul Buys and Barneveld, peace with Spain seemed an idle vision. It was unfortunate that they were overruled by Queen Elizabeth and Burghley, who still clung to that delusion; it was still more disastrous that the intrigues of Leicester had done so much to paralyze the republic; it was almost fatal that his departure, without laying down his authority, had given the signal for civil war.

During the winter, spring, and summer of 1588, while the Duke—in the face of mighty obstacles—was slowly proceeding with his preparations in Flanders, to co-operate with the armaments from Spain, it would have been possible by a combined movement to destroy his whole plan, to liberate all the Netherlands, and to avert, by one great effort, the ruin impending over England. Instead of such vigorous action, it was thought wiser to send commissioners, to make protocols, to ask for armistices, to give profusely to the enemy that which he was

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most in need of—time. Meanwhile the Hollanders and English could quarrel comfortably among themselves, and the little republic, for want of a legal head, could come as near as possible to its dissolution.

Young Maurice—deep thinker for his years and peremptory in action—was not the man to see his great father's life-work annihilated before his eyes, so long as he had an arm and brain of his own. He accepted his position at the head of the government of Holland and Zeeland, and as chief of the war-party. The council of state, mainly composed of Leicester's creatures, whose commissions would soon expire by their own limitation, could offer but a feeble resistance to such determined individuals as Maurice, Buys, and Barneveld. The party made rapid progress. On the other hand, the English Leicestrians did their best to foment discord in the Provinces. Sonoy was sustained in his rebellion in North Holland, not only by the Earl's partizans, but by Elizabeth herself. Her rebukes to Maurice, when Maurice was pursuing the only course which seemed to him consistent with honour and sound policy, were sharper than a sword. Well might Duplessis Mornay observe, that the commonwealth had been rather strangled than embraced by the English Queen. Sonoy, in the name of Leicester, took arms against Maurice and the States; Maurice marched against him; and Lord Willoughby, commander-in-chief of the English forces, was anxious to march against Maurice. It was a spectacle to make angels weep, that of Englishmen and Hollanders preparing to cut each other's throats, at the moment when Philip and Parma were bending all their energies to crush England and Holland at once.

Indeed, the interregnum between the departure of Leicester and his abdication was diligently employed by his more reckless partizans to defeat and destroy the authority of the States. By prolonging the interval, it was hoped that no government would be possible except the arbitrary rule of the Earl, or of a successor with similar views: for a republic—a free commonwealth—was thought an absurdity. To entrust supreme

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power to advocates, merchants, and mechanics, seemed as hopeless as it was vulgar. Willoughby, much devoted to Leicester and much detesting Barneveld, had small scruple in fanning the flames of discord.

There was open mutiny against the States by the garrison of Gertruydenberg, and Willoughby's brother-in-law, Captain Wingfield, commanded in Gertruydenberg. There were rebellious demonstrations in Naarden, and Willoughby went to Naarden. The garrison was troublesome, but most of the magistrates were firm. So Willoughby supped with the burgomasters, and found that Paul Buys had been setting the people against Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and the whole English nation, making them all odious. Colonel Dorp said openly that it was a shame for the country to refuse their own natural-born Count for strangers. He swore that he would sing his song whose bread he had eaten.[1] A "fat militia captain" of the place, one Soyssons, on the other hand, privately informed Willoughby that Maurice and Barneveld were treating underhand with Spain. Willoughby was inclined to believe the calumny, but feared that his corpulent friend would lose his head for reporting it. Meantime the English commander did his best to strengthen the English party in their rebellion against the States.

"But how if they make war upon us?" asked the Leicestrians.

"It is very likely," replied Willoughby, "that if they use violence you will have her Majesty's assistance, and then you who continue constant to the end will be rewarded accordingly. Moreover, who would not rather be a horse-keeper to her Majesty, than a captain to Barneveld or Buys?"[2]

[1] Willoughby to ——, $\frac{13}{28}$ Feb. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid. "It was likewise said openly to Count Maurice at his table, 'Sir, if the Prince your father had been offered the third part by the enemy which you have been, he would have accepted it; and it is not a good occasion that you may article what you will, and have whatever you may demand. Soyssons, a fat captain of Naarden, fed for their tooth, confessed to me that they had practised with the enemy. Thus you may see their dispositions; much ado had I to persuade the burgomasters of the honourable course her Majesty would hold, and no less to assure the unfortunate captain, whose head I fear will pay

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When at last the resignation of Leicester—presented to the States by Killegrew on the 31st March[1]—seemed to promise comparative repose to the republic, the vexation of the Leicestrians was intense. Their efforts to effect a dissolution of the government had been rendered unsuccessful, when success seemed within their grasp. "Albeit what is once executed cannot be prevented," said Captain Champernoun; "yet 'tis thought certain that if the resignation of Lord Leicester's commission had been deferred yet some little time, the whole country and towns would have so revolted and mutinied against the government and authority of the States, as that they should have had no more credit given them by the people than pleased her Majesty. Most part of the people could see—in consequence of the troubles, discontent, mutiny of garrisons, and the like, that it was most necessary for the good success of their affairs that the power of the States should be abolished, and the whole government of his Excellency erected. As these *matters were busily working into the likelihood of some good effect, came the resignation* of his Excellency's commission and authority, which so dashed the proceedings of it, as that all people and commanders well affected unto her Majesty and my Lord of Leicester are utterly discouraged. The States, with their adherents, before they had my Lord's resignation, were much perplexed what course to take, but now begin to hoist their heads." The excellent Leicestrian entertained hopes, however, that mutiny and intrigue might still carry the day. He had seen the fat militiaman of Naarden and other captains, and hoped much mischief from their schemes. "The chief mutineers of Gertruydenberg," he said, "may be wrought to send unto the States, that if they do not procure them some English governor, they will compound with the enemy, *whereon the States shall be*

for all. Further, I said it was sure that the States-General, the council of state, which I was somewhat acquainted with, nor the two counts who had feasted us and drunk the health of his Excellency, meant but all well to us.' 'Well,' said the old burgomaster, 'but that I hear you say so, I would scarcely believe it, for mine ears have often borne witness to the contrary.'" &c. Willoughby to ——, $\frac{20 \text{ Feb.}}{2 \text{ Mar.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Bor, III. 224. Wagenaar, viii. 265.

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driven to request her Majesty to accept the place, themselves entertaining the garrison. I know certain captains discontented with the States for arrears of pay, who *will contrive to get into Naarden* with their companies, with the States' consent, who, once entered, will keep the place for their satisfaction, pay their soldiers out of the contributions of the country, and yet secretly hold the place at her Majesty's command."[1]

This is not an agreeable picture; yet it is but one out of many examples of the intrigues by which Leicester and his party were doing their best to destroy the commonwealth of the Netherlands at a moment when its existence was most important to that of England.

To foment mutiny in order to subvert the authority of Maurice, was not a friendly or honourable course of action either towards Holland or England; and it was to play into the hands of Philip as adroitly as his own stipendiaries could have done.[2]

With mischief-makers like Champernoun in every city, and with such diplomatists at Ostend as Croft and Rogers and Valentine Dale, was it wonderful that the King and the Duke of Parma found time to mature their plans for the destruction of both countries?

Lord Willoughby, too, was extremely dissatisfied with his own position. He received no commission from the Queen for several months. When it at last reached him, it seemed inadequate, and he became more sullen than ever. He declared that he would rather serve the Queen as a private soldier, at his own expense—"lean as his purse was"—than accept the limited authority conferred on him. He preferred to show his devotion "in a beggarly state, than in a formal show." He considered it beneath her Majesty's dignity that

[1] Arthur Champernoun to Walsingham, $\frac{2}{12}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) He commanded an English company in Utrecht.

[2] "I congratulate you," wrote Philip to Farnese, "upon the disputes between the rebels and the English, and among themselves. I trust you will get good fruit from their quarrels." Philip to Parma, 13 May, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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he should act in the field under the States, but his instructions forbade his acceptance of any office from that body but that of general in their service. He was very discontented, and more anxious than ever to be rid of his functions. Without being extremely ambitious, he was impatient of control. He desired not "a larger-shaped coat," but one that fitted him better. "I wish to shape my garment homely, after my cloth," he said, "that the better of my parish may not be misled by my sumptuousness. I would live quietly, without great noise, my poor roof low and near the ground, not subject to be overblown with unlooked-for storms, while the sun seems most shining."[1]

Being the deadly enemy of the States and their leaders, it was a matter of course that he should be bitter against Maurice. That young Prince, bold, enterprising, and determined, as he was, did not ostensibly meddle with political affairs more than became his years; but he accepted the counsels of the able statesmen in whom his father had trusted. Riding, hunting, and hawking, seemed to be his chief delight at the Hague, in the intervals of military occupations. He rarely made his appearance in the state-council during the winter, and referred public matters to the States-General, to the States of Holland, to Barneveld, Buys, and Hohenlo.[2] Superficial observers like George Gilpin regarded him as a cipher; others, like Robert Cecil, thought him an unmannerly schoolboy; but Willoughby, although considering him insolent and conceited, could not deny his ability. The peace partisans among the burghers—a very small faction—were furious against him, for they knew that Maurice of Nassau represented war. They accused of deep designs against the liberties of their country the youth who was ever ready to risk his life in their defence. A burgomaster from Friesland, who had come across the Zuyder Zee to intrigue against the States' party, was full of spleen at being obliged to dance attendance

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, $\frac{23 \text{ Jan.}}{2 \text{ Feb.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Gilpin to Walsingham, $\frac{4}{14}$ Feb 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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for a long time at the Hague. He complained that Count Maurice, green of years, and seconded by greener counsellors, was meditating the dissolution of the state-council, the appointment of a new board from his own creatures, the overthrow of all other authority, and the assumption of the sovereignty of Holland and Zeeland, with absolute power. "And when this is done," said the rueful burgomaster, "he and his turbulent fellows may make what terms they like with Spain, to the disadvantage of the Queen and of us poor wretches."[1]

But there was nothing farther from the thoughts of the turbulent fellows than any negotiations with Spain. Maurice was ambitious enough, perhaps, but his ambition ran in no such direction. Willoughby knew better, and thought that by humouring the petulant young man it might be possible to manage him.

"Maurice is young," he said, "hot-headed, coveting honour. If we do but look at him through our fingers, without much words, but with providence enough, baiting his hook a little to his appetite, there is no doubt but he might be caught and kept in a fish-pool, while in his imagination he may judge it a sea. If not, 'tis likely he will make us fish in troubled waters."[2]

Maurice was hardly the fish for a mill-pond even at that epoch, and it might one day be seen whether or not he could float in the great ocean of events. Meanwhile, he swam his course without superfluous gambols or spoutings.

The commander of her Majesty's forces was not satisfied with the States, nor their generals, nor their politicians. "Affairs are going *a malo in pejus*," he said. "They embrace their liberty as apes their young. To this end are Counts Hollock and Maurice set upon the stage to entertain the popular sort. Her Majesty and my Lord of Leicester are not forgotten. The Counts are in Holland, especially Hollock, for the other is but the cipher. And yet I can assure you *Maurice hath wit and spirit too much for his time.*"[3]

[1] Willoughby to Burghley, $\frac{12}{22}$ Jan. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Ibid.
[3] Same to same, $\frac{16}{23}$ Jan. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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As the troubles of the interregnum increased Willoughby was more dissatisfied than ever with the miserable condition of the Provinces, but chose to ascribe it to the machinations of the States' party, rather than to the ambiguous conduct of Leicester. "These evils," he said, "are especially derived from the childish ambition of the young Count Maurice, from the covetous and furious counsels of the proud Hollanders, now chief of the States-General, and, if with pardon it may be said, from our slackness and coldness to entertain our friends. The provident and wiser sort—weighing what a slender ground the appetite of a young man is, unfurnished with the sinews of war to manage so great a cause—for a good space after my Lord of Leicester's departure, gave him far looking on, to see him play his part on the stage."[1]

Willoughby's spleen caused him to mix his metaphors more recklessly than strict taste would warrant, but his violent expressions painted the relative situation of parties more vividly than could be done by a calm disquisition. Maurice thus playing his part upon the stage—as the general proceeded to observe—"was a skittish horse, becoming by little and little assured of what he had feared, and perceiving the harmlessness thereof; while his companions, finding no safety of neutrality in so great practices, and no overturning nor barricado to stop his rash wilded chariot, followed without fear; and when some of the first had passed the bog, the rest, as the fashion is, never started after. The variable democracy, embracing novelty, began to applaud their prosperity; the base and lewdest sorts of men, to whom there is nothing more agreeable than change of estates, is a better monture to degrees than their merit, took present hold thereof. Hereby Paul Buys, Barneveld, and divers others, who were before mantled with a tolerable affection, though seasoned with a poisoned intention, caught the occasion, and made themselves the Beelzebubs of all these mischiefs, and, for want of better angels, spared not to let fly our golden-

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, $\frac{19 \text{ Feb.}}{1 \text{ Mar.}}$ 1588. S. P. Office MS.

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winged ones in the name of guilders, to prepare the hearts and hands that hold money more dearer than honesty, of which sort, the country troubles and the Spanish practices having suckled up many, they found enough to serve their purpose. As the breach is safely saltable where no defence is made, so they, finding no head, but those scattered arms that were disavowed, drew the sword with Peter, and gave pardon with the Pope, as you shall plainly perceive by the proceedings at Horn. Thus their force, fair words, or corruption, prevailing everywhere, it grew to this conclusion—that the worst were encouraged with their good success, and the best sort assured of no fortune or favour."[1]

Out of all this hubbub of stage-actors, skittish horses, rash wilded chariots, bogs, Beelzebubs, and golden-winged angels, one truth was distinctly audible; that Beelzebub, in the shape of Barneveld, had been getting the upper hand in the Netherlands, and that the Lecestrians were at a disadvantage. In truth those partisans were becoming extremely impatient. Finding themselves deserted by their great protector, they naturally turned their eyes towards Spain, and were now threatening to sell themselves to Philip. The Earl, at his departure, had given them privately much encouragement. But month after month had passed by while they were waiting in vain for comfort. At last the "best"—that is to say, the unhappy Leicestrians—came to Willoughby, asking his advice in their "declining and desperate cause."

"Well nigh a month longer," said that general, "I nourished them with compliments, and assured them that my Lord of Leicester would take care of them."[2] The diet was not fattening. So they began to grumble more loudly than ever, and complained with great bitterness of the miserable condition in which they had been left by the Earl, and expressed their fears lest the Queen likewise meant to abandon them. They protested that their poverty, their powerful foes, and their slow friends, would compel them either to make their peace with the States' party, or "compound with the enemy."

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

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It would have seemed that real patriots, under such circumstances, would hardly hesitate in their choice, and would sooner accept the dominion of "Beelzebub," or even Paul Buys, than that of Philip II. But the Leicestrians of Utrecht and Friesland—patriots as they were—hated Holland worse than they hated the Inquisition. Willoughby encouraged them in that hatred. He assured him of her Majesty's affection for them, complained of the factious proceedings of the States, and alluded to the unfavourable state of the weather, as a reason why—near four months long—they had not received the comfort out of England which they had a right to expect. He assured them that neither the Queen nor Leicester would conclude this honourable action, wherein much had been hazarded, "so rawly and tragically" as they seemed to fear, and warned them, that "if they did join with Holland, it would neither ease nor help them, but draw them into a more dishonourable loss of their liberties; and that, after having wound them in, the Hollanders would make their own peace with the enemy." [1]

It seemed somewhat unfair—while the Queen's government was straining every nerve to obtain a peace from Philip, and while the Hollanders were obstinately deaf to any propositions for treating—that Willoughby should accuse them of secret intentions to negotiate. But it must be confessed that faction has rarely worn a more mischievous aspect than was presented by the politics of Holland and England in the winter and spring of 1588.

Young Maurice was placed in a very painful position. He liked not to be "strangled in the great Queen's embrace;" but he felt most keenly the necessity of her friendship, and the importance to both countries of a close alliance. It was impossible for him, however, to tolerate the rebellion of Sonoy, although Sonoy was encouraged by Elizabeth, or to fly in the face of Barneveld, although Barneveld was detested by Leicester. So with much firmness and courtesy, notwithstanding the extravagant pictures painted by Willoughby,

[1] Willoughby to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

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he suppressed mutiny in Holland, while avowing the most chivalrous attachment to the sovereign of England.

Her Majesty expressed her surprise and her discontent, that, notwithstanding his expressions of devotion to herself, he should thus deal with Sonoy, whose only crime was an equal devotion. "If you do not behave with more moderation in future," she said, "you may believe that we are not a princess of so little courage as not to know how to lend a helping hand to those who are unjustly oppressed. We should be sorry if we had cause to be disgusted with your actions, and if we were compelled to make you a stranger to the ancient good affection which we bore to your late father, and have continued towards yourself."[1]

But Maurice maintained a dignified attitude, worthy of his great father's name. He was not the man to crouch like Leicester, when he could no longer refresh himself in the "shadow of the Queen's golden beams," important as he knew her friendship to be to himself and his country. So he defended himself in a manly letter to the privy council against the censures of Elizabeth.[2] He avowed his displeasure, that, within his own jurisdiction, Sonoy should give a special oath of obedience to Leicester; a thing never done before in the country, and entirely illegal. It would not even be tolerated in England, he said, if a private gentleman should receive a military appointment in Warwickshire or Norfolk without the knowledge of the lord-lieutenant of the shire. He had treated the contumacious Sonoy with mildness during a long period, but without effect. He had abstained from violence towards him, out of reverence to the Queen, under whose sacred name he sheltered himself. Sonoy had not desisted, but had established himself in organized rebellion at Medenblik, declaring that he would drown the whole country, and levy black-mail upon its whole property, if he were not paid one hundred thousand crowns. He had declared that he would crush Hol-

[1] Queen to Maurice of Nassau, $\frac{13}{23}$ Feb. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Maurice of Nassau to Privy Council, $\frac{5}{15}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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land like a glass beneath his feet. Having nothing but religion in his mouth, and protecting himself with the Queen's name, he had been exciting all the cities of North Holland to rebellion, and bringing the poor people to destruction. He had been offered money enough to satisfy the most avaricious soldier in the world, but he stood out for six years' full pay for his soldiers, a demand with which it was impossible to comply. It was necessary to prevent him from inundating the land and destroying the estates of the country gentlemen and the peasants. "This, gentlemen," said Maurice, "is the plain truth; nor do I believe that you will sustain against me a man who was under such vast obligations to my late father, and who requites his debt by daring to speak of myself as a rascal; or that you will countenance his rebellion against a country to which he brought only his cloak and sword, and whence he has filched one hundred thousand crowns. You will not, I am sure, permit a simple captain, by his insubordination, to cause such mischief, and to set on fire this and other Provinces.

"If, by your advice," continued the Count, "the Queen should appoint fitting personages to office here—men who know what honour is, born of illustrious and noble race, or who by their great virtue have been elevated to the honours of the kingdom—to them I will render an account of my actions. And it shall appear that I have more ability and more desire to do my duty to her Majesty than those who render her lip-service only, and only make use of her sacred name to fill their purses, while I and mine have been ever ready to employ our lives, and what remains of our fortunes, in the cause of God, her Majesty, and our country."[1]

Certainly no man had a better right to speak with consciousness of the worth of race than the son of William the Silent, the nephew of Lewis, Adolphus, and Henry of Nassau, who had all laid down their lives for the liberty of their country. But Elizabeth continued to threaten the States-General, through the mouth of Willoughby, with the loss of

[1] Maurice of Nassau to Privy Council, MS. last cited.

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her protection, if they should continue thus to requite her favours with ingratitude and insubordination:[1] and Maurice once more respectfully but firmly replied that Sonoy's rebellion could not and would not be tolerated; appealing boldly to her sense of justice, which was the noblest attribute of kings.[2]

At last the Queen informed Willoughby, that—as the cause of Sonoy's course seemed to be his oath of obedience to Leicester, whose resignation of office had not yet been received in the Netherlands—she had now ordered Councillor Killigrew to communicate the fact of that resignation. She also wrote to Sonoy, requiring him to obey the States and Count Maurice, and to accept a fresh commission from them, or at least to surrender Medenblik, and to fulfil all their orders with zeal and docility.[3]

This act of abdication by Leicester, which had been received on the 22nd of January by the English envoy, Herbert, at the moment of his departure from the Netherlands, had been carried back by him to England, on the ground that its communication to the States at that moment would cause him inconveniently to *postpone his journey*. It never officially reached the States-General until the 31st of March, so that this most dangerous crisis was protracted nearly five months long—certainly without necessity or excuse—and whether through design, malice, wantonness, or incomprehensible carelessness, it is difficult to say.[4]

So soon as the news reached Sonoy, that contumacious chieftain found his position untenable, and he allowed the States' troops to take possession of Medenblik, and with it the important territory of North Holland, of which province

[1] Queen to Willoughby, $\frac{5}{15}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Maurice of Nassau to Queen Elizabeth, 15 March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Queen to Willoughby, $\frac{17}{27}$ March, 1588. Queen to Sonoy, $\frac{5}{15}$ April, 1588, (S. P. Office MSS.)

[4] Bor, III. xxiv. 179, *seq.* 233, *seq.* Van der Kemp, I. 62. Wagenaar, viii. 270. Resol. Holl. 1 April, 1588.

This business of Col. Diedrich Sonoy occupies an enormous space in the archives and chronicles of the day. It has been here reduced to the smallest compass consistent with a purpose of presenting an intelligible account of the politics of Leicester's administration and its consequences.

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Maurice now saw himself undisputed governor. Sonoy was in the course of the summer deprived of all office, and betook himself to England. Here he was kindly received by the Queen, who bestowed upon him a ruined tower, and a swamp among the fens of Lincolnshire. He brought over some of his countrymen, well-skilled in such operations, set himself to draining and dyking, and hoped to find himself at home and comfortable in his ruined tower. But unfortunately, as neither he nor his wife, notwithstanding their English proclivities, could speak a word of the language, they found their social enjoyments very limited. Moreover, as his work-people were equally without the power of making their wants understood, the dyking operations made but little progress. So the unlucky colonel soon abandoned his swamp, and retired to East Friesland, where he lived a morose and melancholy life on a pension of one thousand florins, granted him by the States of Holland, until the year 1597, when he lost his mind, fell into the fire, and thus perished.[1]

And thus, in the Netherlands, through hollow negotiations between enemies and ill-timed bickerings among friends, the path of Philip and Parma had been made comparatively smooth during the spring and early summer of 1588. What was the aspect of affairs in Germany and France?

The adroit capture of Bonn by Martin Schenk had given much trouble. Parma was obliged to detach a strong force, under Prince Chimay,[2] to attempt the recovery of that important place, which—so long as it remained in the power of the States—rendered the whole electorate insecure and a source of danger to the Spanish party. Farnese endeavoured in vain to win back the famous partizan by most liberal offers, for he felt bitterly the mistake he had made in alienating so formidable a freebooter. But the truculent Martin remained obdurate and irascible. Philip, much offended that the news of his decease had proved false, ordered rather than requested the Emperor Rudolph to have a care that nothing was done

[1] Bor, III. 290.
[2] Parma to Philip II. 31 Jan. 1588. (Arch de Sim. MS.)

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in Germany to interfere with the great design upon England.[1] The King gave warning that he would suffer no disturbance from that quarter, but certainly the lethargic condition of Germany rendered such threats superfluous. There were riders enough, and musketeers enough, to be sold to the highest bidder. German food for powder was offered largely in the market to any foreign consumer, for the trade in their subjects' lives was ever a prolific source of revenue to the petty sovereigns—numerous as the days of the year—who owned Germany and the Germans.

The mercenaries who had so recently been making their inglorious campaign in France had been excluded from that country at the close of 1587, and furious were the denunciations of the pulpits and the populace of Paris that the foreign brigands who had been devastating the soil of France, and attempting to oppose the decrees of the Holy Father of Rome, should have made their escape so easily. Rabid Lincestre and other priests and monks foamed with rage, as they execrated and anathematized the devil-worshipper Henry of Valois, in all the churches of that monarch's capital. The Spanish ducats were flying about, more profusely than ever, among the butchers and porters, and fishwomen, of the great city; and Madam League paraded herself in the daylight with still increasing insolence. There was scarcely a pretence at recognition of any authority, save that of Philip and Sixtus. France had become a wilderness—an uncultivated, barbarous province of Spain. Mucio-Guise had been secretly to Rome, had held interviews with the Pope and cardinals, and had come back with a sword presented by his Holiness, its hilt adorned with jewels, and its blade engraved with tongues of fire.[2] And with this flaming sword the avenging messenger of the holy father was to smite the wicked, and to drive them into outer darkness.

And there had been fresh conferences among the chiefs of the sacred League within the Lorraine territory, and it was

[1] Philip II. to Parma, 24 April, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] 'L'Estoile,' 236.

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resolved to require of the Valois an immediate extermination of heresy and heretics throughout the kingdom, the publication of the Council of Trent, and the formal establishment of the Holy Inquisition in every province of France. Thus, while doing his Spanish master's bidding, the great Lieutenant of the league might, if he was adroit enough to outwit Philip, ultimately carve out a throne for himself.

Yet Philip felt occasional pangs of uneasiness lest there should, after all, be peace in France, and lest his schemes against Holland and England might be interfered with from that quarter. Even Farnese, nearer the scene, could not feel completely secure that a sudden reconciliation among contending factions might not give rise to a dangerous inroad across the Flemish border. So Guise was plied more vigourously than ever by the Duke with advice and encouragement, and assisted with such Walloon carabineers as could be spared,[1] while large subsidies and larger promises came from Philip,[2] whose prudent policy was never to pay excessive sums, until the work contracted for was done. "Mucio must do the job long since agreed upon," said Philip to Farnese, "and you and Mendoza must see that he prevents the King of France from troubling me in my enterprize against England."[3] If the unlucky Henry III. had retained one spark of intelligence, he would have seen that his only

[1] Herrera III. iii. 72. 2,000 infantry and 1,000 horse.

[2] Philip to Parma, 27 Nov. 1587. Same to same, 29 Jan. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MSS.)

[3] Philip to Parma, 24 April, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.) Philip II. to Mendoza, 16 Feb. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.)

"A Mucio animad y aconsejad como soleys, lo que se cumple . . . . y lo procurad hazer tiro." Philip II. to Mendoza, 2 June, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas [Paris.] MS.)

"The King was, however, perpetually warning Guise not to allow himself or his confederates "to brag openly of the assistance which they were receiving from Spain, lest the ministers of Henry should *think Philip partial;* but in reality not to waver a hair's breadth in his determination, relying upon the Spanish King and on the Duke of Parma," &c. Philip II. to Mendoza, 16 July, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.)

"The public report that we are assisting Guise," said the king a year before, "is very inconvenient, and must be suppressed. . . . My nephew, the Duke of Parma, has assured Guise that he will assist him, and Guise ought to be grateful. At the same time Longlée has been telling me that his King desired to join me against England. All this was to deceive, and I have answered all with equal deception," &c. Philip II. to Mendoza, 6 July, 1587, MS.

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chance of rescue lay in the arm of the Béarnese, and in an honest alliance with England. Yet so strong was his love for the monks, who were daily raving against him, that he was willing to commit any baseness, in order to win back their affection. He was ready to exterminate heresy and to establish the inquisition, but he was incapable of taking energetic measures of any kind, even when throne and life were in imminent peril. Moreover, he clung to Epernon and the '*politiques*,' in whose swords he alone found protection, and he knew that Epernon and the *politiques* were the objects of horror to Paris and to the League. At the same time he looked imploringly towards England and towards the great Huguenot chieftain, Elizabeth's knight-errant. He had a secret interview with Sir Edward Stafford, in the garden of the Bernardine convent, and importuned that envoy to implore the Queen to break off her negotiations with Philip, and even dared to offer the English ambassador a large reward, if such a result could be obtained. Stafford was also earnestly requested to beseech the Queen's influence with Henry of Navarre, that he should convert himself to Catholicism, and thus destroy the League.

On the other hand, the magniloquent Mendoza, who was fond of describing himself as "so violent and terrible to the French that they wished to be rid of him,"[1] had—as usual—been frightening the poor King, who, after a futile attempt at dignity, had shrunk before the blusterings of the ambassador. "This King," said Don Bernardino, "thought that he could impose upon me and silence me, by talking loud, but as I didn't talk softly to him, he has undeceived himself. . . . . I have had another interview with him, and found him softer than silk, and he made me many caresses, and after I went out, he said that I was a very skilful minister."[2]

[1] "El serlo yo tan terible, violente, y sediçioso, que impido no se estreche este rey muy de veras con V. Majd lo qual se heria si faltasse yo desto puesto." Mendoza to Philip II. 30 Jan. 1583. (Arch. de Sim, [Paris.] MS.)

[2] "Este rey creyo que me espantara hiziera callar con hallar me alto, y con el no respondalle yo baxo, se ha desengañado. Ha tenido despues audiencia, y halle lo mas blando que una seda, y me hizo muchas caricias

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It was the purpose of the League to obtain possession of the King's person, and, if necessary, to dispose of the *politiques* by a general massacre, such as sixteen years before had been so successful in the case of Coligny and the Huguenots. So the populace—more rabid than ever—were impatient that their adored Balafré should come to Paris and begin the holy work.

He came as far as Gonesse to do the job he had promised to Philip, but having heard that Henry had reinforced himself with four thousand Swiss from the garrison of Lagny, he fell back to Soissons. The King sent him a most abject message, imploring him not to expose his sovereign to so much danger, by setting his foot at that moment in the capital. The Balafré hesitated, but the populace raved and roared for its darling. The Queen-Mother urged her unhappy son to yield his consent, and the Montpensier—fatal sister of Guise, with the famous scissors ever at her girdle[1]—insisted that her brother had as good a right as any man to come to the city. Meantime the great chief of the *politiques*, the hated and insolent Epernon, had been appointed governor of Normandy, and Henry had accompanied his beloved minion a part of the way towards Rouen. A plot contrived by the Montpensier to waylay the monarch on his return, and to take him into the safe-keeping of the League, miscarried, for the King re-entered the city before the scheme was ripe. On the other hand, Nicholas Poulain, bought for twenty thousand crowns by the *politiques*, gave the King and his advisers full information of all these intrigues, and, standing in Henry's cabinet, offered, at peril of his life, if he might be confronted with the conspirators—the leaders of the League within the city—to prove the truth of the charges which he had made.[2]

For the whole city was now thoroughly organized. The

que yo le reconoci con las palabras devidas, y despues del salir de hablalle, entiendo que dixo que yo era un ministro bien avisé," &c. Don B. de Mendoza to Don Juan de Idiaquez, 5 April, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.)

[1] 'L'Etoile,' 244.

[2] De Thou, x. L. 89, p. 251, *seq.* Herrera III. 118, *seq.* 'Procès verbal' de Nicolas Poulain, &c. 320-332. Apud 'L'Etoile, Registre Journal de Henry III.'

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number of its districts had been reduced from sixteen to five, the better to bring it under the control of the League; and, while it could not be denied that Mucio had been doing his master's work very thoroughly, yet it was still in the power of the King—through the treachery of Poulain—to strike a blow for life and freedom, before he was quite taken in the trap. But he stood helpless, paralyzed, gazing in dreamy stupor—like one fascinated—at the destruction awaiting him.

At last, one memorable May morning, a traveller alighted outside the gate of Saint Martin, and proceeded on foot through the streets of Paris. He was wrapped in a large cloak, which he held carefully over his face. When he had got as far as the street of Saint Denis, a young gentleman among the passers by, a good Leaguer, accosted the stranger, and, with coarse pleasantry, plucked the cloak from his face, and the hat from his head. Looking at the handsome, swarthy features, marked with a deep scar, and the dark, dangerous eyes which were then revealed, the practical jester at once recognized in the simple traveller the terrible Balafré, and kissed the hem of his garments with submissive rapture. Shouts of "Vive Guise" rent the air from all the bystanders, as the Duke, no longer affecting concealment, proceeded with a slow and stately step toward the residence of Catharine de' Medici.[1] That queen of compromises and of magic had been holding many a conference with the leaders of both parties; had been increasing her son's stupefaction by her enigmatical counsels; had been anxiously consulting her talisman of goat's and human blood, mixed with metals melted under the influence of the star of her nativity, and had been daily visiting the wizard Ruggieri, in whose magic circle—peopled with a thousand fantastic heads—she had held high converse with the world of spirits, and derived much sound advice as to the true course of action to be pursued between her son and Philip, and between the politicians and the League. But, in spite of these various sources of in-

10th May, 1588.

[1] 'L'Etoile,' 250. De Thou, *ubi sup.* 'Recit du Bourgeois de Paris.' MS. Dupuys, cited by Capefigue, 'Hist. de la Réforme,' &c. IV. 378.

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struction, Catharine was somewhat perplexed, now that decisive action seemed necessary—a dethronement and a new massacre impending, and judicious compromise difficult. So after a hurried conversation with Mucio, who insisted on an interview with the King, she set forth for the Louvre, the Duke lounging calmly by the side of her sedan chair, on foot, receiving the homage of the populace, as men, women, and children together, they swarmed around him as he walked, kissing his garments, and rending the air with their shouts.[1] For that wolfish mob of Paris, which had once lapped the blood of ten thousand Huguenots in a single night, and was again rabid with thirst, was most docile and fawning to the great Balafré. It grovelled before him, it hung upon his look, it licked his hand, and, at the lifting of his finger, or the glance of his eye, would have sprung at the throat of King or Queen-Mother, minister, or minion, and devoured them all before his eyes. It was longing for the sign, for much as Paris adored and was besotted with Guise and the League, even more, if possible, did it hate those godless politicians, who had grown fat on extortions from the poor, and who had converted their substance into the daily bread of luxury.

Nevertheless the city was full of armed men, Swiss and German mercenaries, and burgher guards, sworn to fidelity to the throne. The place might have been swept clean, at that moment, of rebels who were not yet armed or fortified in their positions. The Lord had delivered Guise into Henry's hands. "Oh, the madman!" cried Sixtus V., when he heard that the Duke had gone to Paris, "thus to put himself into the clutches of the King whom he had so deeply offended!" And, "Oh, the wretched coward, the imbecile!" he added, when he heard how the King had dealt with his great enemy.[2]

For the monarch was in his cabinet that May morning, irresolutely awaiting the announced visit of the Duke. By his side stood Alphonse Corse, attached as a mastiff to his master, and fearing not Guise nor Leaguer, man nor devil.

[1] De Thou, 'L'Etoile,' *ubi sup.*

[2] De Thou, x. 266.

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"Sire, is the Duke of Guise your friend or enemy?" said Alphonse. The King answered by an expressive shrug.

"Say the word, Sire," continued Alphonse, "and I pledge myself to bring his head this instant, and lay it at your feet."[1]

And he would have done it. Even at the side of Catharine's sedan chair, and in the very teeth of the worshipping mob, the Corsican would have had the Balafré's life, even though he laid down his own.

But Henry—irresolute and fascinated—said it was not yet time for such a blow.[2]

Soon afterward, the Duke was announced. The chief of the League and the last of the Valois met, face to face, but not for the last time. The interview was coldly respectful on the part of Mucio, anxious and embarrassed on that of the King. When the visit, which was merely one of ceremony, was over, the Duke departed as he came, receiving the renewed homage of the populace as he walked to his hotel.

That night precautions were taken. All the guards were doubled around the palace and through the streets. The Hôtel de Ville and the Place de la Grève were made secure, and the whole city was filled with troops. But the Place Maubert was left unguarded, and a rabble rout—all night long—was collecting in that distant spot. Four companies of burgher-guards went over to the League at three o'clock in the morning. The rest stood firm in the cemetery of the Innocents, awaiting the orders of the King. At day-break on the 11th the town was still quiet. There was an awful pause of expectation. The shops remained closed all the morning, the royal troops were drawn up in battle-array, upon the Grève and around the Hôtel de Ville, but they stood motionless as statues, until the populace began taunting them with cowardice, and then laughing them to scorn. For their sovereign lord and master still sat paralyzed in his palace.

11th May, 1588.

[1] 'L'Etoile,' 248. [2] Ibid.

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The mob had been surging through all the streets and lanes, until, as by a single impulse, chains were stretched across the streets, and barricades thrown up in all the principal thoroughfares. About noon the Duke of Guise, who had been sitting quietly in his hotel, with a very few armed followers, came out into the street of the Hotel Montmorency, and walked calmly up and down, arm-in-arm with the Archbishop of Lyons, between a double hedge-row of spectators and admirers, three or four ranks thick. He was dressed in a white slashed doublet and hose, and wore a very large hat.[1] Shouts of triumph resounded from a thousand brazen throats, as he moved calmly about, receiving, at every instant, expresses from the great gathering in the Place Maubert.

"Enough, too much, my good friends," he said, taking off the great hat—("I don't know whether he was laughing in it," observed one who was looking on that day)—"Enough of 'Long live Guise!' Cry 'Long live the King!'"[2]

There was no response, as might be expected, and the people shouted more hoarsely than ever for Madam League and the Balafré. The Duke's face was full of gaiety; there was not a shadow of anxiety upon it in that perilous and eventful moment. He saw that the day was his own.

For now, the people, ripe, ready, mustered, armed, barricaded, awaited but a signal to assault the King's mercenaries, before rushing to the palace. On every house-top missiles were provided to hurl upon their heads. There seemed no escape for Henry or his Germans from impending doom, when Guise, thoroughly triumphant, vouchsafed them their lives.

"You must give me these soldiers as a present, my friends," said he to the populace.

And so the armed Swiss, French, and German troopers and infantry, submitted to be led out of Paris, following with docility the aide-de-camp of Guise, Captain St. Paul, who walked quietly before them, with his sword in its scabbard, and directing their movements with a cane. Sixty of them were slain by the mob, who could not, even at the command

[1] 'L'Etoile,' 250. [2] Ibid.

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of their beloved chieftain, quite forego their expected banquet. But this was all the blood shed on the memorable day of Barricades, when another Bartholomew massacre had been expected.[1]

Meantime, while Guise was making his promenade through the city, exchanging embraces with the rabble, and listening to the coarse congratulations and obscene jests of the porters and fishwomen, the poor King sat crying all day long in the Louvre. The Queen-Mother was with him, reproaching him bitterly with his irresolution and want of confidence in her, and scolding him for his tears. But the unlucky Henry only wept the more as he cowered in a corner.

"These are idle tears," said Catharine. "This is no time for crying. And for myself, though women weep so easily, I feel my heart too deeply wrung for tears. If they came to my eyes they would be tears of blood."[2]

Next day the last Valois walked out of the Louvre, as if for a promenade in the Tuileries, and proceeded straightway to the stalls, where his horse stood saddled. Du Halde, his equerry, buckled his master's spurs on, upside down. "No matter," said Henry, "I am not riding to see my mistress. I have a longer journey before me."[3]

And so, followed by a rabble rout of courtiers, without boots or cloaks, and mounted on sorry hacks—the King of France rode forth from his capital post-haste, and, turning as he left the gates, hurled back impotent imprecations upon Paris and its mob.[4] Thenceforth, for a long interval, there was no king in that country. Mucio had done his work, and

[1] 'L'Estoile.' De Thou, 257-261. Herrera, *ubi sup.*

[2] "La Reyna Madre dizo al Rey quan mal avisado havia sido quexandosele de la poca confiança que tenia de ella, y que nunca la haria descubierto sus secretos, ni procurado su daño para executar semejante resolucion sin su parescer y esto con palabras de tanto sentimiento que el Rey se enternecio llorando, y ella le dizo ser lagrimas perdidas aquellas, por no ser tiempo de llorar; que si bien las mugeres lo hazian tan facilmente, que ella tenia tan zerrado el pecho que no podria llorar, y que si la viniessen a los ojos lagrimas, serian de sangre." Relacion de lo subcedido à Paris desde los 9 hasta 13 de Mayo, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.)

[3] 'L'Estoile,' 252.

[4] L'Estoile, De Thou, Herrera, *ubi sup.* Pasquier, vol. ii., lettre iv., 331-334 (ed. 1723).

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earned his wages, and Philip II. reigned in Paris. The commands of the League were now complied with. Heretics were doomed to extermination. The edict of 19th July, 1588, was published with the most exclusive and stringent provisions that the most bitter Romanist could imagine,[1] and, as a fair beginning, two young girls, daughters of Jacques Forcade, once 'procureur au parlement,' were burned in Paris, for the crime of Protestantism.[2] 19th July, 1588.

The Duke of Guise was named Generalissimo of the Kingdom (26th August, 1588). Henry gave in his submission to the Council of Trent, the edicts, the Inquisition, and the rest of the League's infernal machinery, and was formally reconciled to Guise, with how much sincerity time was soon to show.[3]

Meantime Philip, for whom and at whose expense all this work had been done by the hands of the faithful Mucio, was constantly assuring his royal brother of France, through envoy Longlée, at Madrid, of his most affectionate friendship, and utterly repudiating all knowledge of these troublesome and dangerous plots. Yet they had been especially organized —as we have seen—by himself and the Balafré, in order that France might be kept a prey to civil war, and thus rendered incapable of offering any obstruction to his great enterprise against England. Any complicity of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, or of the Duke of Parma, who were important agents in all these proceedings, with the Duke of Guise, was strenuously and circumstantially denied; and the Balafré, on the day of the barricades, sent Brissac to Elizabeth's envoy, Sir Edward Stafford, to assure him as to his personal safety, and as to the deep affection with which England and its Queen were regarded by himself and all his

[1] The King bound himself by oath to extirpate heresy, to remove all persons suspected of that crime from office, and never to lay down arms so long as a single heretic remained. By secret articles, two armies against the Huguenots were agreed upon, one under the Duke of Mayenne, the other under some general to be appointed by the King. The Council of Trent was forthwith to be proclaimed, and by a refinement of malice the League stipulated that all officers appointed in Paris by the Duke of Guise on the day after the barricades should resign their powers, and be immediately reappointed by the King himself. De Thou, x. l. 86, pp. 324-325.

[2] Duplessis Mornay, iv. 246. 'L'Estoile,' 258.

[3] De Thou, *ubi sup.*

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friends. Stafford had also been advised to accept a guard for his house of embassy. His reply was noble.

"I represent the majesty of England," he said, "and can take no safeguard from a subject of the sovereign to whom I am accredited."

To the threat of being invaded, and to the advice to close his gates, he answered, "Do you see these two doors? Know then, if I am attacked, I am determined to defend myself to the last drop of my blood, to serve as an example to the universe of the law of nations, violated in my person. Do not imagine that I shall follow your advice. The gates of an ambassador shall be open to all the world."

Brissac returned with this answer to Guise, who saw that it was hopeless to attempt making a display in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, but gave private orders that the ambassador should not be molested.[1]

Such were the consequences of the day of the barricades—and thus the path of Philip was cleared of all obstructions on the part of France. His Mucio was now generalissimo. Henry was virtually deposed. Henry of Navarre, poor and good-humoured as ever, was scarcely so formidable at that moment as he might one day become. When the news of the day of barricades was brought at night to that cheerful monarch, he started from his couch. "Ha," he exclaimed with a laugh, "but they havn't yet caught the Béarnese!"[2]

And it might be long before the League would catch the Béarnese; but, meantime, he could render slight assistance to Queen Elizabeth.

In England there had been much fruitless negotiation between the government of that country and the commissioners from the States-General. There was perpetual altercation on the subject of Utrecht, Leyden, Sonoy, and the other causes of contention; the Queen—as usual—being imperious and choleric, and the envoys, in her opinion, very insolent. But the

[1] De Thou, x. 264-266.

[2] "Etant couché sur son lit vert il se leva, et tout gaiment dit ces mots: 'Ils ne tiennent encore le Béarnois.'" 'L'Estoile,' 252.

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principal topic of discussion was the peace-negotiations, which the States-General, both at home and through their delegation in England, had been doing their best to prevent ; steadily refusing her Majesty's demand that commissioners, on their part, should be appointed to participate in the conferences at Ostend. Elizabeth promised that there should be as strict regard paid to the interests of Holland as to those of England, in case of a pacification, and that she would never forget her duty to them, to herself, and to the world, as the protectress of the reformed religion. The deputies, on the other hand, warned her that peace with Spain was impossible ; that the intention of the Spanish court was to deceive her, while preparing her destruction and theirs ; that it was hopeless to attempt the concession of any freedom of conscience from Philip II. ; and that any stipulations which might be made upon that, or any other subject, by the Spanish commissioners, would be tossed to the wind. In reply to the Queen's loud complaints that the States had been trifling with her, and undutiful to her, and that they had kept her waiting seven months long for an answer to her summons to participate in the negotiations, they replied, that up to the 15th October of the previous year, although there had been flying rumours of an intention on the part of her Majesty's government to open those communications with the enemy, it had, "nevertheless been earnestly and expressly, and with high words and oaths, denied that there was any truth in those rumours." Since that time the States had not once only, but many times, in private letters, in public documents, and in conversations with Lord Leicester and other eminent personages, deprecated any communications whatever with Spain, asserting uniformly their conviction that such proceedings would bring ruin on their country, and imploring her Majesty not to give ear to any propositions whatever.[1]

And not only were the envoys, regularly appointed by the States-General, most active in England, in their attempts to

[1] Bor, III. xxiv. 223.

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prevent the negotiations, but delegates from the Netherland churches were also sent to the Queen, to reason with her on the subject, and to utter solemn warnings that the cause of the reformed religion would be lost for ever, in case of a treaty on her part with Spain. When these clerical envoys reached England the Queen was already beginning to wake from her delusion; although her commissioners were still—as we have seen—hard at work, pouring sand through their sieves at Ostend, and although the steady protestations of the Duke of Parma, and the industrious circulation of falsehoods by Spanish emissaries, had even caused her wisest statesmen, for a time, to participate in that delusion.

For it is not so great an impeachment on the sagacity of the great Queen of England, as it would now appear to those who judge by the light of subsequent facts, that she still doubted whether the armaments, notoriously preparing in Spain and Flanders, were intended against herself; and that —even if such were the case—she still believed in the possibility of averting the danger by negotiation.

So late as the beginning of May, even the far-seeing and anxious Walsingham could say, that in England "they were doing nothing but honouring St. George, of whom the Spanish Armada seemed to be afraid. We hear," he added, "that they will not be ready to set forward before the midst of May, but I trust *that it will be May come twelvemonths.* The King of Spain *is too old and too sickly to fall to conquer kingdoms.* If he be well counselled, his best course will be to settle his own kingdoms in his own hands."[1]

And even much later, in the middle of July—when the mask was hardly maintained—even then there was no certainty as to the movements of the Armada; and Walsingham believed, just ten days before the famous fleet was to appear off Plymouth, that it had dispersed and returned to

[1] Walsingham to Sir Ed. Norris, $\frac{22 \text{ April}}{2 \text{ May}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) "By the middle of July," says Stowe, "it was said by some of honourable rank and great judgment, that the whole fleet of the invasion was a Popish brag and a French tale." 750

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Spain, never to re-appear.[1] As to Parma's intentions, they were thought to lie rather in the direction of Ostend than of England; and Elizabeth, on the 20th July, was more anxious for that city than for her own kingdom. "Mr. Ned, I am persuaded," she wrote to Norris, "that if the Spanish fleet break, the Prince of Parma's enterprise for England will fall to the ground, and then are you to look to Ostend. Haste your works."[2]

All through the spring and early summer, Stafford, in Paris, was kept in a state of much perplexity as to the designs of Spain—so contradictory were the stories circulated, and so bewildering the actions of men known to be hostile to England. In the last days of April he intimated it as a common opinion in Paris, that these naval preparations of Philip were an elaborate farce; "that the great elephant would bring forth but a mouse; that the great processions, prayers, and pardons, at Rome, for the prosperous success of the Armada against England, would be of no effect; that the King of Spain was laughing in his sleeve at the Pope, that he could make such a fool of him; and that such an enterprise was a thing the King never durst think of in deed, but only in show to feed the world."[3]

Thus, although furnished with minute details as to these armaments, and as to the exact designs of Spain against his country, by the ostentatious statements of the Spanish ambassador in Paris himself, the English envoy was still inclined to believe that these statements were a figment, expressly intended to deceive. Yet he was aware that Lord Westmoreland, Lord Paget, Sir Charles Paget, Morgan, and other English refugees, were constantly meeting with Mendoza, that they

[1] Walsingham to E. Norris, $\frac{9}{19}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"And for the navy of Spain, we have lately received advertisements that by reason of their great wants, as well of mariners, as of necessary provisions, but especially through the infection fallen among their men, they are forced to return, and have dispersed themselves." (!!)

[2] Leicester to E. Norris. MS. by Queen Elizabeth (?) $\frac{10}{20}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Sir E. Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{12}{22}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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were told to get themselves in readiness, and to go down—as well appointed as might be—to the Duke of Parma; that they had been "sending for their tailor to make them apparel, and to put themselves in equipage;" that, in particular, Westmoreland had been assured of being restored by Philip to his native country in better condition than before. The Catholic and Spanish party in Paris were however much dissatisfied with the news from Scotland, and were getting more and more afraid that King James would object to the Spaniards getting a foot-hold in his country, and that "the Scots would soon be playing them a Scottish trick."[1]

Stafford was plunged still more inextricably into doubt by the accounts from Longlée in Madrid.[2] The diplomatist, who had been completely convinced by Philip as to his innocence of any participation in the criminal enterprise of Guise against Henry III., was now almost staggered by the unscrupulous mendacity of that monarch with regard to any supposed designs against England. Although the Armada was to be ready by the 15th May, Longlée was of opinion—notwithstanding many bold announcements of an attack upon Elizabeth—that the real object of the expedition was America. There had recently been discovered, it was said, "a new country, more rich in gold and silver than any yet found, but so full of stout people that they could not master them."[3] To reduce these stout people beyond the Atlantic, therefore, and to get possession of new gold mines, was the real object at which Philip was driving, and Longlée and Stafford were both very doubtful whether it were worth the Queen's while to exhaust her finances in order to protect herself against an imaginary invasion. Even so late *as the middle of July, six to one was offered* on the Paris exchange that the Spanish fleet would never be seen in the English seas, and those that

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{24 \text{ April}}{4 \text{ May}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Depêches de Longlée envoyé de Henri III. en Espagne, Mars, Avril, Mai, 1588. Fonds St. Germain. (Bib. Imp. de France, MS.)

[3] Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{24 \text{ April}}{4 \text{ May}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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offered the bets were known to be well-wishers to the Spanish party.[1]

Thus sharp diplomatists and statesmen like Longlée, Stafford, and Walsingham, were beginning to lose their fear of the great bugbear by which England had so long been haunted. It was therefore no deep stain on the Queen's sagacity that that she, too, was willing to place credence in the plighted honour of Alexander Farnese, the great prince who prided himself on his sincerity, and who, next to the King his master, adored the virgin Queen of England.

The deputies of the Netherland churches had come, with the permission of Count Maurice and of the States General; but they represented more strongly than any other envoys could do, the English and the monarchical party. They were instructed especially to implore the Queen to accept the sovereignty of their country; to assure her that the restoration of Philip—who had been a wolf instead of a shepherd to his flock—was an impossibility, that he had been solemnly and for ever deposed, that under her sceptre only could the Provinces ever recover their ancient prosperity; that ancient and modern history alike made it manifest that a free republic could never maintain itself, but that it must, of necessity, run its course through sedition, bloodshed, and anarchy, until liberty was at last crushed by an absolute despotism; that equality of condition, the basis of democratic institutions, could never be made firm; and that a fortunate exception, like that of Switzerland, whose historical and political circumstances were peculiar, could never serve as a model to the Netherlands, accustomed as those Provinces had ever been to a monarchical form of government; and that the antagonism of aristocratic and democratic elements in the States had already produced discord, and was threatening destruction to the whole country. To avert such dangers the splendour of royal authority was necessary, according to the venerable commands of Holy Writ; and therefore the Nether-

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{3}{13}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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land churches acknowledged themselves the foster-children of England, and begged that in political matters also the inhabitants of the Provinces might be accepted as the subjects of her Majesty. They also implored the Queen to break off these accursed negotiations with Spain, and to provide that henceforth in the Netherlands the reformed religion might be freely exercised, *to the exclusion of any other.*"[1]

Thus it was very evident that these clerical envoys, although they were sent by permission of the States, did not come as the representatives of the dominant party. For that 'Beelzebub,' Barneveld, had different notions from theirs as to the possibility of a republic, and as to the propriety of tolerating other forms of worship than his own. But it was for such pernicious doctrines, on religious matters in particular, that he was called Beelzebub, Pope John, a papist in disguise, and an atheist; and denounced, as leading young Maurice and the whole country to destruction.

On the basis of these instructions, the deputies drew up a memorial of pitiless length, filled with astounding parallels between their own position and that of the Hebrews, Assyrians, and other distinguished nations of antiquity. They brought it to Walsingham on the 12th July, 1588, and the much-enduring man heard it read from beginning to end. He expressed his approbation of its sentiments, but said it was too long. It must be put on one sheet of paper, he said, if her Majesty was expected to read it.

12 July, 1588.

"Moreover," said the Secretary of State, "although your arguments are full of piety, and your examples from Holy Writ very apt, I must tell you the plain truth. Great princes are not always so zealous in religious matters as they might be. Political transactions move them more deeply, and they depend too much on worldly things. However there is no longer much danger, for our envoys will return from Flanders in a few days."[2]

[1] Instructions from the Churches of the Netherlands for the Deputies to the Queen of England, apud Bor, III. 255-259.

[2] 'Report of the Deputies,' in Bor, III. 259.

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"But," asked a deputy, "if the Spanish fleet does not succeed in its enterprise, will the peace-negotiations be renewed?"

"By no means," said Walsingham; "the Queen can never do that, consistently with her honour. They have scattered infamous libels against her—so scandalous, that you would be astounded should you read them. Arguments drawn from honour are more valid with princes than any other."

He alluded to the point in their memorial touching the free exercise of the reformed religion in the Provinces.

"'Tis well and piously said," he observed; "but princes and great lords are not always very earnest in such matters. I think that her Majesty's envoys will not press for the free exercise of the religion so very much; not more than for two or three years. By that time—should our negotiations succeed—the foreign troops will have evacuated the Netherlands on condition that the States-General shall settle the religious question."[1]

"But," said Daniel de Dieu, one of the deputies, "*the majority of the States is Popish.*"

"Be it so," replied Sir Francis; "nevertheless they will sooner permit the exercise of the reformed religion than take up arms and begin the war anew."

He then alluded to the proposition of the deputies to exclude all religious worship but that of the reformed church—all false religion—as they expressed themselves.

"Her Majesty," said he, "is well disposed to permit some exercise of their religion to the Papists. So far as regards my own feelings, if we were now in the beginning of the reformation, and the papacy were still entire, I should willingly concede such exercise; but now that the Papacy has been overthrown, I think it would not be safe to give such permission. When we were disputing, at the time of the pacification of Ghent, whether the Popish religion should be partially permitted, the Prince of Orange *was of the affirmative opinion;*

[1] 'Report of the Deputies,' in Bor, last cited.

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but I, who was then at Antwerp, entertained the contrary conviction."

"But," said one of the deputies—pleased to find that Walsingham was more of their way of thinking on religious toleration than the great Prince of Orange had been, or than Maurice and Barneveld then were—"but her Majesty will, we hope, follow the advice of her good and faithful counsellors."

"To tell you the truth," answered Sir Francis, "great princes are not always inspired with a sincere and upright zeal;"—it was the third time he had made this observation—"although, so far as regards the maintenance of the religion in the Netherlands, that is a matter of necessity. Of that there is no fear, since otherwise all the pious would depart, and none would remain but Papists, and, what is more, enemies of England. Therefore the Queen is aware that the religion must be maintained."[1]

He then advised the deputies to hand in the memorial to her Majesty, without any long speeches, for which there was then no time or opportunity; and it was subsequently arranged that they should be presented to the Queen as she would be mounting her horse at St. James's to ride to Richmond.

Accordingly on the 15th July, as her Majesty came forth at the gate, with a throng of nobles and ladies—some about to accompany her and some bidding her adieu—the deputies fell on their knees before her. Notwithstanding the advice of Walsingham, Daniel de Dieu was bent upon an oration.

15 July, 1588.

"Oh illustrious Queen!" he began, "the churches of the United Netherlands——"

He had got no further, when the Queen, interrupting, exclaimed, "Oh! I beg you—at another time—I cannot now listen to a speech. Let me see the memorial."

Daniel de Dieu then humbly presented that document,

[1] 'Report of the Deputies.' Bor, *ubi sup.*

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which her Majesty graciously received, and then, getting on horseback, rode off to Richmond.[1]

The memorial was in the nature of an exhortation to sustain the religion, and to keep clear of all negotiations with idolaters and unbelievers; and the memorialists supported themselves by copious references to Deuteronomy, Proverbs, Isaiah, Timothy, and Psalms, relying mainly on the case of Jehosaphat, who came to disgrace and disaster through his treaty with the idolatrous King Ahab. With regard to any composition with Spain, they observed, in homely language, that a burnt cat fears the fire; and they assured the Queen that, by following their advice, she would gain a glorious and immortal name, like those of David, Ezekiel, Josiah, and others, whose fragrant memory, even as precious incense from the apothecary's, endureth to the end of the world.[2]

It was not surprising that Elizabeth, getting on horseback on the 15th July, 1588, with her head full of Tilbury Fort and Medina Sidonia, should have as little relish for the affairs of Ahab and Jehosophat, as for those melting speeches of Diomede and of Turnus, to which Dr. Valentine Dale on his part was at that moment invoking her attention.

On the 20th July, the deputies were informed by Leicester that her Majesty would grant them an interview, and that they must come into his quarter of the palace and await her arrival. July 20, 1588.

Between six and seven in the evening she came into the throne-room, and the deputies again fell on their knees before her.[3]

She then seated herself—the deputies remaining on their knees on her right side and the Earl of Leicester standing at her left—and proceeded to make many remarks touching her earnestness in the pending negotiations to provide for their religious freedom. It seemed that she must have received a hint from Walsingham on the subject.

[1] 'Report of the Deputies,' 259, 260-262.

[2] 'Memorial from the United Churches,' &c., apud Bor, III. 260-262, *seq.*

[3] Bor, III. 262, 263.

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"I shall provide," she said, "for the maintenance of the reformed worship."

De Dieu.—"The enemy will never concede it."

The Queen.—"I think differently."

De Dieu.—"There is no place within his dominions where he has permitted the exercise of the pure religion. He has never done so."

The Queen.—"He conceded it in the pacification of Ghent."

De Dieu.—"But he did not keep his agreement. Don John had concluded with the States, but said he was not held to his promise, in case he should repent; and the King wrote afterwards to our States, and said that he was no longer bound to his pledge."

The Queen.—"That is quite another thing."

De Dieu.—"He has very often broken his faith."

The Queen.—"He shall no longer be allowed to do so. If he does not keep his word, that is my affair, not yours. It is my business to find the remedy. Men would say, see in what a desolation the Queen of England has brought this poor people. As to the freedom of worship, I should have proposed three or four years' interval—leaving it afterwards to the decision of the States."

De Dieu.—"But the majority of the States is Popish."

The Queen.—"I mean the States-General, not the States of any particular Province."

De Dieu.—"The greater part of the States-General is Popish."

The Queen.—"I mean the three estates—the clergy, the nobles, and the cities." The Queen—as the deputies observed—here fell into an error. She thought that prelates of the reformed Church, as in England, had seats in the States-General. Daniel de Dieu explained that they had no such position.

The Queen.—"Then how were you sent hither?"

De Dieu.—"We came with the consent of Count Maurice of Nassau."

The Queen.—"And of the States?"

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De Dieu.—"We came with their knowledge."

The Queen.—"Are you sent only from Holland and Zeeland? Is there no envoy from Utrecht and the other Provinces?"

Helmichius.—"We two," pointing to his colleague Sossingius, "are from Utrecht."

The Queen.—"What? Is this young man also a minister?" She meant Helmichius, who had a very little beard, and looked young.

Sossingius.—"He is not so young as he looks."

The Queen.—"Youths are sometimes as able as old men."

De Dieu.—"I have heard our brother preach in France more than fourteen years ago."

The Queen.—"He must have begun young. How old were you when you first became a preacher?"

Helmichius.—"Twenty-three or twenty-four years of age."

The Queen.—"It was with us, at first, considered a scandal that a man so young as that should be admitted to the pulpit. Our antagonists reproached us with it in a book, called 'Scandale de l'Angleterre,' saying that we had none but school-boys for ministers. I understand that you pray for me as warmly as if I were your sovereign princess. I think I have done as much for the religion as if I were your Queen."

Helmichius.—"We are far from thinking otherwise. We acknowledge willingly your Majesty's benefits to our churches."

The Queen.—"It would else be ingratitude on your part."

Helmichius.—"But the King of Spain will never keep any promise about the religion."

The Queen.—"He will never come so far: he does nothing but make a noise on all sides. Item, I don't think he has much confidence in himself."

De Dieu.—"Your Majesty has many enemies. The Lord hath hitherto supported you, and we pray that he may continue to uphold your Majesty."

The Queen.—"I have indeed many enemies; but I make no great account of them. Is there anything else you seek?"

De Dieu.—"There is a special point: it concerns our, or

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rather your Majesty's, city of Flushing. We hope that Russelius—(so he called Sir William Russell)—may be continued in its government, although he wishes his discharge."

"Aha!" said the Queen, laughing and rising from her seat, "I shall not answer you; I shall call some one else to answer you."

She then summoned Russell's sister, Lady Warwick.

"If you could speak French," said the Queen to that gentlewoman, "I should bid you reply to these gentlemen, who beg that your brother may remain in Flushing, so very agreeable has he made himself to them."

The Queen was pleased to hear this good opinion of Sir William, and this request that he might continue to be governor of Flushing, because he had uniformly supported the Leicester party, and was at that moment in high quarrel with Count Maurice and the leading members of the States.

As the deputies took their leave, they requested an answer to their memorial, which was graciously promised.[1]

Three days afterwards, 23rd July, Walsingham gave them a written answer to their memorial—conceived in the same sense as had been the expressions of her Majesty and her counsellors. Support to the Netherlands and stipulations for the free exercise of their religion were promised; but it was impossible for these deputies of the churches to obtain a guarantee from England that the Popish religion should be excluded from the Provinces, in case of a successful issue to the Queen's negotiation with Spain.[2]

23 July, 1588.

And thus during all those eventful days—*the last weeks of July and the first weeks of August*—the clerical deputation remained in England, indulging in voluminous protocols and lengthened conversations with the Queen and the principal members of her government. It is astonishing, in that breathless interval of history, that so much time could be found for quill-driving and oratory.

Nevertheless, both in Holland and England, there had been

[1] 'Report of the Deputies of the Netherland Churches,' in Bor, III. 262, *seq.*
[2] 'Report,' &c. *ubi sup.*

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other work than protocolling. One throb of patriotism moved the breast of both nations. A longing to grapple, once for all, with the great enemy of civil and religious liberty inspired both. In Holland, the States-General and all the men to whom the people looked for guidance, had been long deprecating the peace-negotiations. Extraordinary supplies—more than had ever been granted before—were voted for the expenses of the campaign; and Maurice of Nassau, fitly embodying the warlike tendencies of his country and race, had been most importunate with Queen Elizabeth that she would accept his services and his advice.[1] Armed vessels of every size, from the gun-boat to the galleon of 1200 tons—then the most imposing ship in those waters—swarmed in all the estuaries and rivers, and along the Dutch and Flemish coast, bidding defiance to Parma and his armaments; and offers of a large contingent from the fleets of Joost de Moor and Justinus de Nassau, to serve under Seymour and Howard, were freely made by the States-General.

It was decided early in July, by the board of admiralty, presided over by Prince Maurice, that the largest square-rigged vessels of Holland and Zeeland should cruise between England and the Flemish coast, outside the banks; that a squadron of lesser ships should be stationed within the banks; and that a fleet of sloops and fly-boats should hover close in shore, about Flushing and Rammekens. All the war-vessels of the little republic were thus fully employed. But, besides this arrangement, Maurice was empowered to lay an embargo—under what penalty he chose and during his pleasure—on all square-rigged vessels over 300 tons, in order that there might be an additional supply in case of need. Ninety ships of war under Warmond, admiral, and Van der Does, vice-admiral of Holland; and Justinus de Nassau, admiral, and Joost de Moor, vice-admiral of Zeeland; together with fifty merchant-vessels of the best and strongest, equipped and armed for active service, composed a formidable fleet.[2]

[1] Bor, III. 318, 319.

[2] So soon as the Sonoy difficulty by which so much mischief had been created should be terminated, Maurice

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The States-General, a month before, had sent twenty-five or thirty good ships, under Admiral Rosendael, to join Lord Henry Seymour, then cruising between Dover and Calais. A tempest drove them back, and their absence from Lord Henry's fleet being misinterpreted by the English, the States were censured for ingratitude and want of good faith. But the injustice of the accusation was soon made manifest, for these vessels, reinforcing the great Dutch fleet outside the banks, did better service than they could have done in the straits. A squadron of strong well-armed vessels, having on board, in addition to their regular equipment, a picked force of twelve hundred musketeers, long accustomed to this peculiar kind of naval warfare, with crews of grim Zeelanders, who had faced Alva and Valdez in their day, now kept close watch over Farnese, determined that he should never thrust his face out of any haven or nook on the coast so long as they should be in existence to prevent him.[1]

And in England the protracted diplomacy at Ostend, ill-timed though it was, had not paralyzed the arm or chilled the heart of the nation. When the great Queen, arousing herself from the delusion in which the falsehoods of Farnese and of Philip had lulled her, should once more represent—as no man or woman better than Elizabeth Tudor could represent—the defiance of England to foreign insolence; the resolve of a whole people to die rather than yield; there was a thrill of joy through the national heart. When the enforced restraint was at last taken off, there was one bound towards the enemy. Few more magnificent spectacles have been seen in history than the enthusiasm which pervaded the

announced his intention to the Queen, "a combattre l'ennemi par mer et par terre, pour l'empecher qu' il ne prenne terre." "Je supplie V. M.," he continued, "de commander à M. l'admiral Howard de tenir correspondance avec moi, comme aussi je ferai avec Sa Seign^le." Maurice de Nassau to the Queen, $\frac{20}{30}$ April, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"Ne pouvant, pour mon devoir vous celer qu'un des plus grands *empechements que je trouve en nos affaires de pardeça est cette negotiation de paix* qui engendre de telles confusions que les forces ne peuvent être employées par mer et par terre si tôt et si bien que je desirerai. Je ferai toute fois toute diligence d'être prest assez à temps pour rompre les desseins du Duc de Parma," &c. Same to same, same date.

[1] Bor, III. xxiii. 319-321.

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country as the great danger, so long deferred, was felt at last to be closely approaching. The little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday. Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world; England, in comparison, but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited.

For, during all the months of suspense, the soldiers and sailors, and many statesmen of England, had deprecated, even as the Hollanders had been doing, the dangerous delays of Ostend. Elizabeth was not embodying the national instinct, when she talked of peace, and shrank penuriously from the expenses of war. There was much disappointment, even indignation, at the slothfulness with which the preparations for defence went on, during the period when there was yet time to make them. It was feared with justice that England, utterly unfortified as were its cities, and defended only by its little navy without, and by untaught enthusiasm within, might, after all, prove an easier conquest than Holland and Zeeland, every town in whose territory bristled with fortifications. If the English ships—well-trained and swift sailors as they were—were unprovided with spars and cordage, beef and biscuit, powder and shot, and the militia-men, however enthusiastic, were neither drilled nor armed, was it so very certain, after all, that successful resistance would be made to the great Armada, and to the veteran pikemen and musketeers of Farnese, seasoned on a hundred battle-fields, and equipped as for a tournament? There was generous confidence and chivalrous loyalty on the part of Elizabeth's naval and military commanders; but there had been deep regret and disappointment at her course.

Hawkins was anxious, all through the winter and spring, to cruise with a small squadron off the coast of Spain. With a dozen vessels he undertook to "distress anything that went through the seas." The cost of such a squadron, with eighteen hundred men, to be relieved every four months, he estimated at

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two thousand seven hundred pounds sterling the month, or a shilling a day for each man; and it would be a very unlucky month, he said, in which they did not make captures to three times that amount; for they would see nothing that would not be presently their own. "We might have peace, but not with God," said the pious old slave-trader; "but rather than serve Baal, let us die a thousand deaths. Let us have open war with these Jesuits, and every man will contribute, fight, devise, or do, for the liberty of our country."[1]

And it was open war with the Jesuits for which those stout-hearted sailors longed. All were afraid of secret mischief. The diplomatists — who were known to be flitting about France, Flanders, Scotland, and England—were birds of ill omen. King James was beset by a thousand bribes and expostulations to avenge his mother's death; and although that mother had murdered his father, and done her best to disinherit himself, yet it was feared that Spanish ducats might induce him to be true to his mother's revenge, and false to the reformed religion.[2] Nothing of good was hoped for from France. "For my part," said Lord Admiral Howard, "I have made of the French King, the Scottish King, and the King of Spain, a trinity that I mean never to trust to be saved by, and I would that others were of my opinion."[3]

The noble sailor, on whom so much responsibility rested, yet who was so trammelled and thwarted by the timid and parsimonious policy of Elizabeth and of Burghley, chafed and shook his chains like a captive. "Since England was England," he exclaimed, "there was never such a stratagem and mask to deceive her as this treaty of peace. I pray God that

[1] Hawkins to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{11}$ Feb. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] "En hora buena ayen llegado el Conde de Morton y Coronel Semple," says Philip, speaking of one of the hundred attempts of the Scotch Catholics employed by him to bring about a co-operation on the part of James with the Spanish designs upon England, "aunque segun los avisos que embiastes de Inglatierra menos frutos haran que se prometian, pues tienen hereses al Rey tan de su mano. Pero bien es que hagaos las diligencias que se pueden, tentando si la sangre de su madre le estimola a la vengança," &c. Philip II. to Mendoza, 21 June, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas [in the Arch. de l'Empire, at Paris], MS.)

[3] Howard to Walsingnam, $\frac{27 \text{ Jan}}{6 \text{ Feb}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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we do not curse for this a long grey beard with a white head witless, that will make all the world think us heartless. You know whom I mean."[1] And it certainly was not difficult to understand the allusion to the pondering Lord-Treasurer.—"*Opus est aliquo Dædalo*, to direct us out of the maze,"[2] said that much puzzled statesman; but he hardly seemed to be making himself wings with which to lift England and himself out of the labyrinth. The ships were good ships, but there was intolerable delay in getting a sufficient number of them as ready for action as was the spirit of their commanders.

"Our ships do show like gallants here," said Winter; "it would do a man's heart good to behold them. Would to God the Prince of Parma were on the seas with all his forces, and we in sight of them. You should hear that we would make his enterprise very unpleasant to him."[3]

And Howard, too, was delighted not only with his own little flag-ship the *Ark-Royal*—"the odd ship of the world for all conditions,"—but with all of his fleet that could be mustered. Although wonders were reported, by every arrival from the south, of the coming Armada, the Lord-Admiral was not appalled. He was perhaps rather imprudent in the defiance he flung to the enemy. "Let me have the four great ships and twenty hoys, with but twenty men a-piece, and each with but two iron pieces, and her Majesty shall have a good account of the Spanish forces; and I will make the King wish his galleys home again. Few as we are, if his forces be not hundreds, we will make good sport with them."[4]

But those four great ships of her Majesty, so much longed for by Howard, were not forthcoming. He complained that the Queen was "keeping them to protect Chatham Church withal, when they should be serving their turn abroad."[5] The Spanish fleet was already reported as numbering from 210 sail, with 36,000 men,[6] to 400 or 500 ships, and 80,000

[1] Howard to Walsingham, MS. last cited.

[2] Burghley to Willoughby, $\frac{6}{16}$ Feb. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Sir Will. Winter to Hawkins, $\frac{28\text{ Feb.}}{9\text{ Mar.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Howard to Burghley, $\frac{29\text{ Feb.}}{10\text{ Mar.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[5] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{11}{21}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[6] Ibid.

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soldiers and mariners;[1] and yet Drake was not ready with his squadron. "The fault is not in him," said Howard, "but I pray God her Majesty do not repent her slack dealing. We must all lie together, for we shall be stirred very shortly with heave ho! I fear ere long her Majesty will be sorry she hath believed some so much as she hath done."[2]

Howard had got to sea, and was cruising all the stormy month of March in the Channel with his little unprepared squadron, expecting at any moment—such was the profound darkness which enveloped the world at that day—that the sails of the Armada might appear in the offing. He made a visit to the Dutch coast, and was delighted with the enthusiasm with which he was received. Five thousand people a day came on board his ships, full of congratulation and delight; and he informed the Queen that she was not more assured of the Isle of Sheppey than of Walcheren.[3]

Nevertheless time wore on, and both the army and navy of England were quite unprepared, and the Queen was more reluctant than ever to incur the expense necessary to the defence of her kingdom. At least one of those galleys, which, as Howard bitterly complained, seemed destined to defend Chatham Church, was importunately demanded; but it was already Easter-Day (17th April), and she was demanded in vain. "Lord! when should she serve," said the Admiral, "if not at such a time as this? Either she is fit now to serve, or fit for the fire. I hope never in my time to see so great a cause for her to be used. I dare say her Majesty will look that men should fight for her, and I know they will at this time. The King of Spain doth not keep any ship at home, either of his own or any other, that he can get for money. Well, well, I must pray heartily for peace," said Howard with increasing spleen, "for I see the support of an honourable war will never appear. Sparing and war have no affinity together."[4]

[1] Drake to the Queen, $\frac{28 \text{ April}}{8 \text{ May}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{11}{21}$ March, 1588, MS.

[3] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{9}{19}$ March, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Same to same, $\frac{7}{17}$ April, 1588. S. P. Office (MS.)

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In truth Elizabeth's most faithful subjects were appalled at the ruin which she seemed by her mistaken policy to be rendering inevitable. "I am sorry," said the Admiral, "that her Majesty is so careless of this most dangerous time. I fear me much, and with grief I think it, that she relieth on a hope that will deceive her, and greatly endanger her, and then it will not be her money nor her jewels that will help; for as they will do good in time, so they will help nothing for the redeeming of time." [1]

The preparations on shore were even more dilatory than those on the sea. We have seen that the Duke of Parma, once landed, expected to march directly upon London; and it was notorious that there were no fortresses to oppose a march of the first general in Europe and his veterans upon that unprotected and wealthy metropolis. An army had been enrolled—a force of 86,016 foot, and 13,831 cavalry; but it was an army on paper merely. Even of the 86,000, only 48,000 were set down as trained; and it is certain that the training had been of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description.[2] Leicester was to be commander-in-chief; but we have already seen that nobleman measuring himself, not much to his advantage, with Alexander Farnese, in the Isle of Bommel, on the sands of Blankenburg, and at the gates of Sluys. His army was to consist of 27,000 infantry, and 2000 horse; yet at midsummer it had not reached half that number. Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon was to protect the Queen's person with another army of 36,000; but this force was purely an imaginary one; and the lord-lieutenant of each county was to do his best with the militia. But men were perpetually escaping out of the general service, in order to make themselves retainers for private noblemen, and be kept at their expense. "You shall hardly believe," said Leicester, "how many new liveries be gotten within these six weeks, and no man fears the penalty. It would be better that every

[1] Howard to Walsingham, MS. last cited.
[2] Murden, 608-613. 'Hardwicke Papers,' I. 576. Lingard, viii. 273. Camden, iii. 405. Stowe, 750.

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nobleman did as Lord Dacres, than to take away from the principal service such as are set down to serve."[1]

Of enthusiasm and courage, then, there was enough, while of drill and discipline, of powder and shot, there was a deficiency. No braver or more competent soldier could be found than Sir Edward Stanley—the man whom we have seen in his yellow jerkin, helping himself into Fort Zutphen with the Spanish soldier's pike—and yet Sir Edward Stanley gave but a sorry account of the choicest soldiers of Chester and Lancashire, whom he had been sent to inspect. "I find them not," he said, "according to your expectation, nor mine own liking. They were appointed two years past to have been trained six days by the year or more, at the discretion of the muster-master, but, as yet, they *have not been trained one day*, so that they have benefited nothing, nor yet know their leaders. There is now promise of amendment, which, I doubt, will be very slow, in respect to my Lord Derby's absence."[2]

My Lord Derby was at that moment, and for many months afterwards, assisting Valentine Dale in his classical prolusions on the sands of Bourbourg. He had better have been mustering the train-bands of Lancashire. There was a general indisposition in the rural districts to expend money and time in military business, until the necessity should become imperative. Professional soldiers complained bitterly of the canker of a long peace. "For our long quietness, which it hath pleased God to send us," said Stanley, "they think their money very ill bestowed which they expend on armour or weapon, for that they be in hope they shall never have occasion to use it, so they may pass muster, as they have done heretofore. I want greatly powder, for there is little or none at all."[3]

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{24 \text{ July}}{3 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Edward Stanley to the Privy Council, $\frac{28 \text{ Feb.}}{9 \text{ March}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid.

All the spring, Sir John Norris was doing what he could to exercise the soldiers in London. The captains of the Artillery-Garden had been tolerably well drilled for several years, but the rank and file were ignorant enough of the art of war. "There has been a general muster of men fit to bear arms here," said a resident of London in April, "and

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The day was fast approaching when all the power in England would be too little for the demand. But matters had not very much mended even at midsummer. It is true that Leicester, who was apt to be sanguine—particularly in matters under his immediate control—spoke of the handful of recruits assembled at his camp in Essex, as "soldiers of a year's experience, rather than a month's camping;" but in this opinion he differed from many competent authorities, and was somewhat in contradiction to himself. Nevertheless he was glad that the Queen had determined to visit him, and encourage his soldiers.

$\frac{5}{15}$ July, 1588.

"I have received in secret," he said, "those news that please me, that your Majesty doth intend to behold the poor and bare company that lie here in the field, most willingly to serve you, yea, most ready to die for you. You shall, dear Lady, behold as goodly, loyal, and as able men as any prince Christian can show you, and yet but a handful of your own, in comparison of the rest you have. What comfort not only these shall receive who shall be the happiest to behold yourself I cannot express; but assuredly it will give no small comfort to the rest, that shall be overshined with the beams of so gracious and princely a party, for what your royal Majesty shall do to these will be accepted as done to all. Good sweet Queen, alter not your purpose, if God give you health. It will be your pain for the time, but your pleasure to behold such people. And surely the place must content you, being as fair a soil and as goodly a prospect as may be seen or found, as this extreme weather hath made trial, which

there have not been found ten thousand sufficient men. This will seem strange to you, but it is as true as the Gospel of St. John. There is a great want of powder, and no hope of supply, except that which can be manufactured in England." Avis de Londres, Avril, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

The encouragement given to the peace-party in the metropolis by the Ostend negotiations was acting like a poison. "The people here are anxious for peace," wrote a secret correspondent of the Spanish government; "and if the Duke of Parma gives the least hope in the world of it, they will all throw down their arms." Much encouragement, too, was given to Philip by the alleged disloyalty of many inhabitants of London. "There is an infinity of fellows here," said the writer, "who desire the sacking of London not less than the Spaniards themselves do, and are doing all they can to advance the Catholic cause." Avisos de Londres, 21-25-28 Mayo, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, [Paris] MS.)

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doth us little annoyance, it is so firm and dry a ground. Your usher also liketh your lodging—a proper, secret, cleanly house. Your camp is a little mile off, and your person will be as sure as at St. James's, for my life."[1]

But notwithstanding this cheerful view of the position expressed by the commander-in-chief, the month of July had passed, and the *early days of August* had already arrived; and yet the camp was not formed, nor anything more than that mere handful of troops mustered about Tilbury, to defend the road from Dover to London. The army at Tilbury never exceeded sixteen or seventeen thousand men.[2]

The whole royal navy—numbering about thirty-four vessels in all—of different sizes, ranging from 1100 and 1000 tons to 30, had at last been got ready for sea. Its aggregate tonnage was 11,820;[3] not half so much as at the present moment—in the case of one marvellous merchant-steamer—*floats upon a single keel.*

These vessels carried 837 guns and 6279 men. But the navy was reinforced by the patriotism and liberality of English merchants and private gentlemen. The city of London having been requested to furnish 15 ships of war and 5000 men, asked two days for deliberation, and then gave 30 ships and 10,000 men[4] of which number 2710 were seamen. Other cities, particularly Plymouth, came forward with proportionate liberality, and private individuals, nobles, merchants, and men of humblest rank, were enthusiastic in volunteering into the naval service, to risk property and life in defence of the country. By midsummer there had been a total force of 197 vessels manned, and partially equipped, with an aggregate of 29,744 tons, and 15,785 seamen. Of this fleet a very large number were mere coasters of less than 100 tons each; scarcely ten ships were above 500, and but one above 1000 tons—the *Triumph*, Captain Frobisher, of 1100 tons, 42 guns, and 500 sailors.[5]

Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High-Admiral of Eng-

[1] Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{5}{15}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Stowe, 750.
[3] Barrow, 266, 267.
[4] Stowe, 743. Compare estimates in Barrow, 268.
[5] Ibid.

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land, distinguished for his martial character, public spirit, and admirable temper, rather than for experience or skill as a seaman, took command of the whole fleet, in his "little odd ship for all conditions," the *Ark-Royal*, of 800 tons, 425 sailors, and 55 guns.

Next in rank was Vice-Admiral Drake, in the *Revenge*, of 500 tons, 250 men and 40 guns. Lord Henry Seymour, in the *Rainbow*, of precisely the same size and strength, commanded the inner squadron, which cruised in the neighbourhood of the French and Flemish coast.

The Hollanders and Zeelanders had undertaken to blockade the Duke of Parma still more closely, and pledged themselves that he should never venture to show himself upon the open sea at all. The mouth of the Scheldt, and the dangerous shallows off the coast of Newport and Dunkirk, swarmed with their determined and well-seasoned craft, from the flybooter or filibuster of the rivers, to the larger armed vessels, built to confront every danger, and to deal with any adversary.

Farnese, on his part, within that well-guarded territory, had, for months long, scarcely slackened in his preparations, day or night. Whole forests had been felled in the land of Waas to furnish him with transports and gun-boats, and with such rapidity, that—according to his enthusiastic historiographer—each tree seemed by magic to metamorphose itself into a vessel at the word of command.[1] Shipbuilders, pilots, and seamen, were brought from the Baltic, from Hamburgh, from Genoa. The whole surface of the obedient Netherlands, whence wholesome industry had long been banished, was now the scene of a prodigious baleful activity. Portable bridges for fording the rivers of England, stockades for entrenchments, rafts and oars, were provided in vast numbers, and Alexander dug canals and widened natural streams to facilitate his operations.[2] These wretched Provinces, crippled, impoverished, languishing for peace, were forced to contribute out of their poverty, and to find strength even in their ex-

[1] Strada, II. ix. 542.
[2] Strada, *ubi sup.* Parma to Philip, 21 Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Meteren, xv. 270.

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haustion, to furnish the machinery for destroying their own countrymen, and for hurling to perdition their most healthful neighbour.

And this approaching destruction of England—now generally believed in—was like the sound of a trumpet throughout Catholic Europe. Scions of royal houses, grandees of azure blood, the bastard of Philip II., the bastard of Savoy, the bastard of Medici, the Margrave of Burghaut, the Archduke Charles, nephew of the Emperor, the Princes of Ascoli and of Melfi, the Prince of Morocco, and others of illustrious name, with many a noble English traitor, like Paget, and Westmoreland, and Stanley, all hurried to the camp of Farnese, as to some famous tournament, in which it was a disgrace to chivalry if their names were not enrolled. The roads were trampled with levies of fresh troops from Spain, Naples, Corsica, the States of the Church, the Milanese, Germany, Burgundy.

Blas Capizucca was sent in person to conduct reinforcements from the north of Italy. The famous Terzio of Naples, under Carlos Pinelo, arrived 3500 strong—the most splendid regiment ever known in the history of war. Every man had an engraved corslet and musket-barrel, and there were many who wore gilded armour, while their waving plumes and festive caparisons made them look like holiday-makers, rather than real campaigners, in the eyes of the inhabitants of the various cities through which their road led them to Flanders.[1] By the end of April the Duke of Parma saw himself at the head of 60,000 men, at a monthly expense of 454,315 crowns or dollars.[2] Yet so rapid was the progress of disease—incident to northern climates—among those southern soldiers, that we shall find the number wofully diminished before they were likely to set foot upon the English shore.

Thus great preparations, simultaneously with pompous

[1] Carnero, 'Guerras de Flandes' (1625), p. 222.

[2] 'Relacion Particular,' &c. 29th April, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.) Compare Strada, II. ix. 540.

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negotiations, had been going forward month after month, in England, Holland, Flanders. Nevertheless, winter, spring, two-thirds of summer, had passed away, and on the 29th July, 1588, there remained the same sickening uncertainty, which was the atmosphere in which the nations had existed for a twelvemonth.

Howard had cruised for a few weeks between England and Spain, without any results, and, on his return, had found it necessary to implore her Majesty, as late as July, to "trust no more to Judas' kisses, but to her sword, not her enemy's word."[1]

[1] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{23 \text{ June}}{3 \text{ July}}$, 1588, in Barrow, 284.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Philip Second in his Cabinet — His System of Work and Deception — His vast but vague Schemes of Conquest — The Armada sails — Description of the Fleet — The Junction with Parma unprovided for — The Gale off Finisterre — Exploits of David Gwynn — First Engagements in the English Channel — Considerable Losses of the Spaniards — General Engagement near Portland — Superior Seamanship of the English — Both Fleets off Calais — A Night of Anxiety — Project of Howard and Winter — Impatience of the Spaniards — Fire-Ships sent against the Armada — A great Galeasse disabled — Attacked and captured by English Boats — General Engagement of both Fleets — Loss of several Spanish Ships — Armada flies, followed by the English — English insufficiently provided — Are obliged to relinquish the Chase — A great Storm disperses the Armada — Great Energy of Parma — Made fruitless by Philip's Dulness — England readier at Sea than on Shore — The Lieutenant-General's Complaints — His Quarrels with Norris and Williams — Harsh Statements as to the English Troops — Want of Organization in England — Royal Parsimony and Delay — Quarrels of English Admirals — England's narrow Escape from great Peril — Various Rumours as to the Armada's Fate — Philip for a long Time in Doubt — He believes himself victorious — Is tranquil when undeceived.

It is now time to look in upon the elderly letter-writer in the Escorial, and see how he was playing his part in the drama.

His counsellors were very few. His chief advisers were rather like private secretaries than cabinet ministers; for Philip had been withdrawing more and more into seclusion and mystery as the webwork of his schemes multiplied and widened. He liked to do his work, assisted by a very few confidential servants. The Prince of Eboli, the famous Ruy Gomez, was dead. So was Cardinal Granvelle. So were Erasso and Delgado. His midnight council—*junta de noche*—for thus, from its original hour of assembling, and the air of secrecy in which it was enwrapped, it was habitually called—was a triumvirate. Don Juan de Idiaquez was chief secretary of state and of war; the Count de Chinchon was minister for the household, for Italian affairs, and for the kingdom of Aragon; Don Cristoval de Moura, the monarch's chief favourite, was at the head of the finance department, and administered the affairs of Portugal and Castile.[1]

[1] Herrera, III. ii. 43-45, and 138.

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The president of the council of Italy, after Granvelle's death, was Quiroga, cardinal of Toledo, and inquisitor-general.[1] Enormously long letters, in the King's name, were prepared chiefly by the two secretaries, Idiaquez and Moura. In their hands was the vast correspondence with Mendoza and Parma, and Olivarez at Rome, and with Mucio, in which all the stratagems for the subjugation of Protestant Europe were slowly and artistically contrived. Of the great conspiracy against human liberty, of which the Pope and Philip were the double head, this midnight triumvirate was the chief executive committee.

These innumerable despatches, signed by Philip, were not the emanations of his own mind. The King had a fixed purpose to subdue Protestantism and to conquer the world; but the plans for carrying the purpose into effect were developed by subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. It was enough for him to ponder wearily over schemes which he was supposed to dictate, and to give himself the appearance of supervising what he scarcely comprehended. And his work of supervision was often confined to pettiest details. The handwriting of Spain and Italy at that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip's scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing-school, and the whole margin of a fairly penned despatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him for comment and signature by Idiaquez or Moura, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which, when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of astounding triviality.[2]

Thus a most important despatch—in which the King, with his own hand, was supposed to be conveying secret intelligence to Mendoza concerning the Armada, together with minute directions for the regulation of Guise's conduct at the me-

[1] Ibid.

[2] No man who has had personal experience in the Archives of Simancas, or who has studied with his own eyes the great collection of documents originally belonging to that depository, and now preserved in the Archives of the Empire at Paris, will assert that the description in the text is exaggerated. The paragraphs written in the King's own hand are almost illegible, and evidently written with great difficulty. When deciphered, they are found to be always awkward, generally ungrammatical, and very often puerile.

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morable epoch of the barricades—contained but a single comment from the monarch's own pen. "The Armada has been in Lisbon about a month—*quassi un mes*"—wrote the secretary. "There is but one *s* in *quasi*," said Philip.[1]

Again, a despatch of Mendoza to the King contained the intelligence that Queen Elizabeth was, at the date of the letter, residing at St. James's. Philip, who had no objection to display his knowledge of English affairs—as became the man who had already been almost sovereign of England, and meant to be entirely so—supplied a piece of information in an apostille to this despatch. "St. James is a house of recreation," he said, "which was once a monastery. There is a park between it, and the palace which is called Huytal; but *why it is called Huytal*, I am sure I don't know."[2] His researches in the English language had not enabled him to recognize the adjective and substantive out of which the abstruse compound White-Hall (*Huyt-al*), was formed.

On another occasion, a letter from England containing important intelligence concerning the number of soldiers enrolled in that country to resist the Spanish invasion, the quantity of gunpowder and various munitions collected, with other details of like nature, furnished besides a bit of information of less vital interest. "In the windows of the Queen's presence-chamber they have discovered a *great quantity of lice*, all clustered together," said the writer.

Such a minute piece of statistics could not escape the microscopic eye of Philip. So, disregarding the soldiers and the gunpowder, he commented *only* on this last-mentioned clause of the letter; and he did it cautiously too, as a King surnamed the Prudent should:—

[1] Philip II. to Mendoza, 2 June, 1588. A. 56. 152. (Arch. de Simancas. [Paris.] MS.) "Ha un S in quasi."

[2] "La reyna se avia retirado a San Gemes, que es a las espaldas de Huytal, la cassa de Londres, y para guarda de su persona decian haver señalada 4 mil hombres, y mil cavalleros que estuviessen siempre con ella, y a causa da estar tan medrosos los de Londres, llevaron a Don Pedro de Valdez y a todos los de mas que se tomaron en carros a Londres para que viesse el pueblo que avian tomado presos españoles con vos de ser deshecha toda la armada de V. Md," &c.

Note in Philip's hand: "Casa de plazer que fue monasterio—es un parque entre ella y el palacio que se llama Huytal, y no sé porque yo." Mendoza to Philip II. 20 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas. [Paris.] MS.)

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"But perhaps they were fleas," wrote Philip.[1]

Such examples—and many more might be given—sufficiently indicate the nature of the man on whom such enormous responsibilities rested, and who had been, by the adulation of his fellow-creatures, elevated into a god. And we may cast a glance upon him as he sits in his cabinet—buried among those piles of despatches—and receiving methodically, at stated hours, Idiaquez, or Moura, or Chincon, to settle the affairs of so many millions of the human race; and we may watch exactly the progress of that scheme, concerning which so many contradictory rumours were circulating in Europe. In the month of April a Walsingham could doubt, even in August an ingenuous comptroller could disbelieve, the reality of the great project, and the Pope himself, even while pledging himself to assistance, had been systematically deceived. He had supposed the whole scheme rendered futile by the exploit of Drake at Cadiz, and had declared that "the Queen of England's distaff was worth more than Philip's sword, that the King was a poor creature, that he would never be able to come to a resolution, and that even if he should do so, it would be too late;"[2] and he had subsequently been doing his best, through his nuncio in France, to persuade the Queen to embrace the Catholic religion, and thus save herself from the impending danger. Henry III. had even been urged by the Pope to send a special ambassador to her for this purpose—as if the persuasions of the wretched Valois were likely to be effective with Elizabeth Tudor—and Burghley had, by means of spies in Rome, who pretended to be Catholics, given

[1] "En les fenetres de la chambre de presence en la cour de la Reyne on a trouvé fort grand nombre de poulx qui se sont coulés ensemble." There is a Spanish translation appended to this document, and on the margin, in Philip's hand, is written: "Gran numero de piojos o quiza pulgos." Avisos de Londres, 1 April, 1586. (Arch. de Simancas [Paris], MS.)

[2] Un Vandini, gran vanquero de Roma, que tiene correspondencia con este Rey X^mo y intelligencia con muchos Cat^cos le ha escrito haver dicho el Papa quando supo lo que Draques avia hecho en Cales, que Su Magd (Philip II.) era persona de poco, que nunca se acaveva de resolver, y quando lo hiziesse no seria en tiempo—han aqui no solo solemnizado pero publicado añadiendo que valia mas la rueca de la Reyna de Inglaterra que la espada del Rey de España," &c. &c. Mendoza to Idiaquez, 16 July, 1587. (Arch. de Simancas [Paris], MS.)

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out intimations that the Queen was seriously contemplating such a step.[1] Thus the Pope, notwithstanding Cardinal Allan, the famous million, and the bull, was thought by Mendoza to be growing lukewarm in the Spanish cause, and to be urging upon the "Englishwoman" the propriety of converting herself, even at the late hour of May, 1588.[2]

But Philip, for years, had been maturing his scheme, while reposing entire confidence—beyond his own cabinet doors—upon none but Alexander Farnese; and the Duke—alone of all men—was perfectly certain that the invasion would, this year, be attempted.

The captain-general of the expedition was the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a man of considerable naval experience, and of constant good fortune, who, in thirty years, had never sustained a defeat.[3] He had however shown no desire to risk one, when Drake had offered him the memorable challenge in the year 1587, and perhaps his reputation of the invincible captain had been obtained by the same adroitness on previous occasions. He was no friend to Alexander Farnese, and was much disgusted when informed of the share allotted to the Duke in the great undertaking.[4] A course of reproach and perpetual reprimand was the treatment to which he was, in consequence, subjected, which was not more conducive to the advancement of the expedition than it was to the health of the captain-general. Early in January the Cardinal Archduke was sent to Lisbon to lecture him, with instructions to turn a deaf ear to all his remonstrances, to deal with him

[1] "Me he visto con el nuncio, y me ha dicho que Su Santid, avia meses, que pidio a este Rey embiasse a la de Inglaterra lo bien que le estaria hazerse Catolica, y esto por tener Su Sd avisos poder venir en ello con semejantes persuasiones que este Rey escrivio a su embaxre que tiene en Inglaterra le avisasse si estava en esta disposicion la Reyna, el qual respondio el Tesorero Cecil por medio ne espiones que tenia en Roma fingiendo ser Catolicos avia hecho llegar esta voz a Su Sd para ganar tiempo y entibiar le en persuadir la empresa a V. Magd. y que agora de nuevo Su Sd avia significado al Cardl de Joyosa que seria muy bien que este Rey embiasse un embaxre extrado para hazer este officio con la Ynglesa," &c. &c. Mendoza to Philip II. 8 May, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas [Paris], MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Herrera, III. iii. 70.

[4] Las Advertencias de Su Magd para el Marques de Santa Cruz, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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peremptorily, to forbid his writing letters on the subject to his Majesty, and to order him to accept his post or to decline it without conditions, in which latter contingency he was to be informed that his successor was already decided upon.[1]

This was not the most eligible way perhaps for bringing the captain-general into a cheerful mood; particularly as he was expected to be ready *in January* to sail to the Flemish coast.[2] Nevertheless the Marquis expressed a hope to accomplish his sovereign's wishes; and great had been the bustle in all the dockyards of Naples, Sicily, and Spain; particularly in the provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Andalusia, and in the four great cities of the coast. War-ships of all dimensions, tenders, transports, soldiers, sailors, sutlers, munitions of war, provisions, were all rapidly concentrating in Lisbon as the great place of rendezvous; and Philip confidently believed, and as confidently informed the Duke of Parma, that he might be expecting the Armada at any time after the end of January.[3]

Perhaps in the history of mankind there has never been a vast project of conquest conceived and matured in so protracted and yet so desultory a manner, as was this famous Spanish invasion. There was something almost puerile in the whims rather than schemes of Philip for carrying out his purpose. It was probable that some resistance would be offered, at least by the navy of England, to the subjugation of that country, and the King had enjoyed an opportunity, the preceding summer, of seeing the way in which English sailors did their work. He had also appeared to understand the necessity of covering the passage of Farnese from the Flemish ports into the Thames, by means of the great Spanish fleet from Lisbon. Nevertheless he never seemed to be aware that Farnese could not invade England quite by himself, and was perpetually expecting to hear that he had done so.

"Holland and Zeeland," wrote Alexander to Philip, "have

[1] MS. last cited.

[2] Orden de Su Magd que se embio al Sor Cardl Archiduque. Enero, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Herrera, III. iii. 90, 91.

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been arming with their accustomed promptness ; England has made great preparations. I have done my best to make the impossible possible ; but your letter told me to wait for Santa Cruz, and to expect him very shortly. If, on the contrary, you had told me to make the passage without him, I would have made the attempt, although we had every one of us perished. Four ships of war could sink every one of my boats. Nevertheless I beg to be informed of your Majesty's final order. If I am seriously expected to make the passage without Santa Cruz, I am ready to do it, although I should go all alone in a cock-boat."[1]

But Santa Cruz at least was not destined to assist in the conquest of England ; for, worn out with fatigue and vexation, goaded by the reproaches and insults of Philip, Santa Cruz was dead.[2] He was replaced in the chief command of the fleet by the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a grandee of vast wealth, but with little capacity and less experience. To the iron marquis it was said that a golden duke[3] had succeeded ; but the duke of gold did not find it easier to accomplish impossibilities than his predecessor had done. Day after day, throughout the months of winter and spring, the King had been writing that the fleet was just on the point of sailing, and as frequently he had been renewing to Alexander Farnese the intimation that perhaps, after all, he might find an opportunity of crossing to England, without waiting for its arrival.[4] And Alexander, with the same regularity, had been informing his master that the troops in the Netherlands had been daily dwindling from sickness and other causes, till at last, instead of the 30,000 effective infantry, with which it had been originally intended to make the enterprise, he had not more than 17,000 in the month of April.[5] The 6000 Spaniards, whom he was to receive from the fleet of Medina Sidonia, would therefore be the very mainspring of his army.[6] After

[1] "Aunque huviesse de passar solo en una zabra." Parma to Philip, 21st Dec. 1587. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Strada, II. ix. 549. Philip to Parma, 18 Feb. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Strada, *ubi sup.*

[4] Philip to Parma, 6 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[5] Parma to Philip, 20 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[6] "El nierve principal." (Ibid.)

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leaving no more soldiers in the Netherlands than were absolutely necessary for the defence of the obedient Provinces against the rebels, he could only take with him to England 23,000 men, even after the reinforcements from Medina. "When we talked of taking England by surprise," said Alexander, "we never thought of less than 30,000. Now that she is alert and ready for us, and that it is certain we must fight by sea and by land, 50,000 would be few."[1] He almost ridiculed the King's suggestion that a feint might be made by way of besieging some few places in Holland or Zeeland. The whole matter in hand, he said, had become as public as possible, and the only efficient blind was the peace-negotiation; for many believed, as the English deputies were now treating at Ostend, that peace would follow.[2]

At last, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th May, 1588, the fleet, which had been waiting at Lisbon more than a month for favourable weather, set sail from that port, after having been duly blessed by the Cardinal Archduke Albert, viceroy of Portugal.[3]

There were rather more than one hundred and thirty ships in all, divided into ten squadrons.[4] There was the squadron of Portugal, consisting of ten galleons, and commanded by the captain-general, Medina Sidonia. In the squadron of Castile were fourteen ships of various sizes, under General Diego Flores de Valdez. This officer was one of the most experienced naval officers in the Spanish service, and was subsequently ordered, in consequence, to sail with the generalissimo in his flag-ship.[5] In the squadron of Andalusia were ten galleons and other vessels, under General Pedro de Valdez. In the squadron of Biscay were ten galleons and lesser ships, under General Juan Martinez de Recalde, upper admiral of

[1] Parma to Philip, 31 Jan. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Same to same, 20 March, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[3] Philip II. to Mendoza, 24 April, 1588, and 2 June, 1588. (Arch. de Simancas [Paris], MSS.) Bor, III. 321, 322.

[4] Herrera, III. iii. 93, *seq.* Philip II. to Parma, 13 May, 1588, says 150, but there were many small vessels and transports equipped, which never left Spain. The number of effective ships of all kinds was probably less than 140.

[5] Herrera, *ubi sup.*

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the fleet. In the squadron of Guipuzcoa were ten galleons, under General Miguel de Oquendo. In the squadron of Italy were ten ships, under General Martin de Bertendona. In the squadron of Urcas, or store-ships, were twenty-three sail, under General Juan Gomez de Medina. The squadron of tenders, caravels, and other vessels, numbered twenty-two sail, under General Antonio Hurtado de Mendoza. The squadron of four galeasses was commanded by Don Hugo de Moncada. The squadron of four galeras, or galleys, was in charge of Captain Diego de Medrado.

Next in command to Medina Sidonia was Don Alonzo de Leyva, captain-general of the light horse of Milan. Don Francisco de Bobadilla was marshal-general of the camp. Don Diego de Pimentel was marshal of the camp to the famous Terzio or legion of Sicily.[1]

The total tonnage of the fleet was 59,120: the number of guns was 3165. Of Spanish troops there were 19,295 on board: there were 8252 sailors and 2088 galley-slaves. Besides these, there was a force of noble volunteers, belonging to the most illustrious houses of Spain, with their attendants, amounting to nearly 2000 in all. There was also Don Martin Alaccon, administrator and vicar-general of the Holy Inquisition, at the head of some 290 monks of the mendicant orders, priests and familiars.[2] The grand total of those embarked was about 30,000. The daily expense of the fleet was estimated by Don Diego de Pimentel at 12,000 ducats a-day, and the daily cost of the combined naval and military force under Farnese and Medina Sidonia was stated at 30,000 ducats.[3]

The size of the ships ranged from 1200 tons to 300. The galleons, of which there were about sixty, were huge round-stemmed clumsy vessels, with bulwarks three or four feet thick, and built up at stem and stern, like castles. The galeasses—of which there were four—were a third larger than the ordinary

[1] Herrera, *ubi sup.* Compare Strada, II. ix. 546, *seq.* Bor, III. xxv. 317, *seq.* Meteren, xv. 270. Camden, III. 410, *seq.* Carnero, 226. Coloma, f. 5, *seq.* Barrow, 266-270.

[2] Meteren, *ubi sup.*

[3] Examination of Don Diego de Pimentel before the council of Holland; apud Bor. III. 325, *seq.*

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galley, and were rowed each by three hundred galley-slaves. They consisted of an enormous towering fortress at the stern, a castellated structure almost equally massive in front, with seats for the rowers amidships. At stem and stern and between each of the slaves' benches were heavy cannon. These galeasses were floating edifices, very wonderful to contemplate. They were gorgeously decorated. There were splendid state-apartments, cabins, chapels, and pulpits in each, and they were amply provided with awnings, cushions, streamers, standards, gilded saints, and bands of music.[1] To take part in an ostentatious pageant, nothing could be better devised. To fulfil the great objects of a war-vessel—to sail and to fight—they were the worst machines ever launched upon the ocean. The four galleys were similar to the galeasses in every respect except that of size, in which they were by one-third inferior.

All the ships of the fleet—galeasses, galleys, galleons, and hulks—were so encumbered with top-hamper, so overweighted in proportion to their draught of water, that they could bear but little canvas, even with smooth seas and light and favourable winds. In violent tempests, therefore, they seemed likely to suffer. To the eyes of the 16th century these vessels seemed enormous. A ship of 1300 tons was then a monster rarely seen, and a fleet, numbering from 130 to 150 sail, with an aggregate tonnage of 60,000, seemed sufficient to conquer the world, and to justify the arrogant title, by which it had baptized itself, of the Invincible.

Such was the machinery which Philip had at last set afloat, for the purpose of dethroning Elizabeth and establishing the inquisition in England. One hundred and forty ships, eleven thousand Spanish veterans, as many more recruits, partly Spanish, partly Portuguese, 2000 grandees, as many galley-slaves, and three hundred barefooted friars and inquisitors.

The plan was simple. Medina Sidonia was to proceed straight from Lisbon to Calais roads: there he was to wait for the Duke of Parma, who was to come forth from Newport,

[1] Strada, II. ix. 546. Meteren, xv. 270.

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Sluys, and Dunkerk, bringing with him his 17,000 veterans, and to assume the chief command of the whole expedition. They were then to cross the channel to Dover, land the army of Parma, reinforced with 6000 Spaniards from the fleet, and with these 23,000 men Alexander was to march at once upon London. Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, guard the entrance of the harbours against any interference from the Dutch and English fleets, and—so soon as the conquest of England had been effected—he was to proceed to Ireland.[1] It had been the wish of Sir William Stanley that Ireland should be subjugated first, as a basis of operations against England; but this had been overruled. The intrigues of Mendoza and Farnese, too, with the Catholic nobles of Scotland, had proved, after all, unsuccessful. King James had yielded to superior offers of money and advancement held out to him by Elizabeth, and was now, in Alexander's words, a confirmed heretic.[2]

There was no course left, therefore, but to conquer England at once. A strange omission had however been made in the plan from first to last. The commander of the whole expedition was the Duke of Parma: on his head was the whole responsibility. Not a gun was to be fired—if it could be avoided—until he had come forth with his veterans to make his junction with the Invincible Armada off Calais. Yet there was no arrangement whatever to enable him to come forth—not the slightest provision to effect that junction. It would almost seem that the letter-writer of the Escorial had been quite ignorant of the existence of the Dutch fleets off Dunkerk, Newport, and Flushing, although he had certainly received information enough of this formidable obstacle to his plan.

"Most joyful I shall be," said Farnese—writing on one of the days when he had seemed most convinced by Valentine Dale's arguments, and driven to despair by his postulates—"to see myself with these soldiers on English ground, where,

[1] Letters of Philip and of Parma already cited. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[2] Parma to Philip II. 8 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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with God's help, I hope to accomplish your Majesty's demands."[1] He was much troubled however to find doubts entertained at the last moment as to his 6000 Spaniards; and certainly it hardly needed an argument to prove that the invasion of England with but 17,000 soldiers was a somewhat hazardous scheme. Yet the pilot Moresini had brought him letters from Medina Sidonia, in which the Duke expressed hesitation about parting with these 6000 veterans, unless the English fleet should have been previously destroyed, and had also again expressed his hope that Parma would be punctual to the rendezvous.[2] Alexander immediately combated these views in letters to Medina and to the King. He avowed that he would not depart one tittle from the plan originally laid down. The 6000 men, and more if possible, were to be furnished him, and the Spanish Armada was to protect his own flotilla, and to keep the channel clear of enemies. No other scheme was possible, he said, for it was clear that his collection of small flat-bottomed river-boats and hoys could not even make the passage, except in smooth weather. They could not contend with a storm, much less with the enemy's ships, which would destroy them utterly in case of a meeting, without his being able to avail himself of his soldiers—who would be so closely packed as to be hardly moveable—or of any human help. The preposterous notion that he should come out with his flotilla to make a junction with Medina off Calais, was over and over again denounced by Alexander with vehemence and bitterness, and most boding expressions were used by him as to the probable result, were such a delusion persisted in.[3]

Every possible precaution therefore but one had been taken. The King of France—almost at the same instant in which Guise had been receiving his latest instructions from the Escorial for dethroning and destroying that monarch—had been assured by Philip of his inalienable affection; had been informed of the object of this great naval expedition—which was not by any means, as Mendoza had stated to Henry, an

[1] Parma to Philip, 22 June, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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enterprise against France or England, but only a determined attempt to clear the sea, once for all, of these English pirates who had done so much damage for years past on the high seas—and had been requested, in case any Spanish ship should be driven by stress of weather into French ports, to afford them that comfort and protection to which the vessels of so close and friendly an ally were entitled.[1]

Thus there was bread, beef, and powder enough—there were monks and priests enough—standards, galley-slaves, and inquisitors enough; but there were no light vessels in the Armada, and no heavy vessels in Parma's fleet. Medina could not go to Farnese, nor could Farnese come to Medina. The junction was likely to be difficult, and yet it had never once entered the heads of Philip or his counsellors to provide for that difficulty. The King never seemed to imagine that Farnese, with 40,000 or 50,000 soldiers in the Netherlands, a fleet of 300 transports, and power to dispose of very large funds for one great purpose, could be kept in prison by a fleet of Dutch skippers and corsairs.

With as much sluggishness as might have been expected from their clumsy architecture, the ships of the Armada consumed nearly three weeks in sailing from Lisbon to the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre. Here they were overtaken by a tempest, and were scattered hither and thither, almost at the mercy of the winds and waves;[2] for those unwieldy hulks

[1] "Hableys antes al Rey de mi parte, y conviniendo hablarle, le direys que el atrevimiento de los corsarios ingleses me ha obligado a dessear limpiar dellos la mar, este verano, y que assi he mandado hazer una armada para este effecto, en la qual avra cuydado de hazer todo el buen tratamiento que es razon a sus buenos subditos que toparen, de que le he querido dar parte y pedir le como tambien lo hareys en mi nombre, y si algunos baxeles de mi armada aportaran con temporal a sus puertos, ordene que sean tratados conforme a la buena paz y hermandad que entre nosotros hay, quitandole por aqui la sospecha destas fuerzas, y *grangeandole para lo que se pretende*, y este oficio bastara por agora, sin llegar a mas particularidades," &c. Philip II. to Mendoza, 24 April, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] A. 56, 148, MS.)

This letter reached Mendoza in Paris just before that envoy, according to his master's instructions, was assisting Guise to make his memorable stroke of the 'barricades.'

There is another letter of the same purport nearly three months later. Philip II. to Mendoza, 18 July, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] A. 56, 159, MS.)

[2] Herrera, Strada, Bor, Meteren, Camden. Carnero, Coloma, Barrow, *ubi sup.*

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were ill adapted to a tempest in the Bay of Biscay. There were those in the Armada, however, to whom the storm was a blessing. David Gwynn, a Welsh mariner, had sat in the Spanish hulks a wretched galley-slave—as prisoner of war—for more than eleven years, hoping, year after year, for a chance of escape from bondage.[1] He sat now among the rowers of the great galley, the *Vasana*, one of the humblest instruments by which the subjugation of his native land to Spain and Rome was to be effected.

Very naturally, among the ships which suffered most in the gale were the four huge unwieldy galleys—a squadron of four under Don Diego de Medrado—with their enormous turrets at stem and stern, and their low and open waists. The chapels, pulpits, and gilded Madonnas proved of little avail in a hurricane. The *Diana*, largest of the four, went down with all hands; the *Princess* was labouring severely in the trough of the sea, and the *Vasana* was likewise in imminent danger. So the master of this galley asked the Welsh slave, who had far more experience and seamanship than he possessed himself, if it were possible to save the vessel. Gwynn saw an opportunity for which he had been waiting eleven years. He was ready to improve it. He pointed out to the captain the hopelessness of attempting to overtake the Armada. They should go down, he said, as the *Diana* had already done, and as the *Princess* was like at any moment to do, unless they took in every rag of sail, and did their best with their oars to gain the nearest port. But in order that the rowers might exert themselves to the utmost, it was necessary that the soldiers, who were a useless incumbrance on deck, should go below. Thus only could the ship be properly handled. The captain, anxious to save his ship and his life, consented. Most of the soldiers were sent beneath the hatches: a few were ordered to sit on the benches among the slaves. Now there had been a secret understanding for many days among these unfortunate men, nor were they wholly without weapons. They had been accustomed to make toothpicks and other trifling articles for

[1] Bor, iii. 322, *seq.*

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sale out of broken sword-blades and other refuse bits of steel. There was not a man among them who had not thus provided himself with a secret stiletto.[1]

At first Gwynn occupied himself with arrangements for weathering the gale. So soon however as the ship had been made comparatively easy, he looked around him, suddenly threw down his cap, and raised his hand to the rigging. It was a preconcerted signal. The next instant he stabbed the captain to the heart, while each one of the galley-slaves killed the soldier nearest him; then, rushing below, they surprised and overpowered the rest of the troops, and put them all to death.[2]

Coming again upon deck, David Gwynn descried the fourth galley of the squadron, called the *Royal*, commanded by Commodore Medrado in person, bearing down upon them, before the wind. It was obvious that the *Vasana* was already an object of suspicion.

"Comrades," said Gwynn, "God has given us liberty, and by our courage we must prove ourselves worthy of the boon."[3]

As he spoke there came a broadside from the galley *Royal* which killed nine of his crew. David, nothing daunted, laid his ship close alongside of the *Royal*, with such a shock that the timbers quivered again. Then at the head of his liberated slaves, now thoroughly armed, he dashed on board the galley, and, after a furious conflict, in which he was assisted by the slaves of the *Royal*, succeeded in mastering the vessel, and putting all the Spanish soldiers to death. This done, the combined rowers, welcoming Gwynn as their deliverer from an abject slavery which seemed their lot for life, willingly accepted his orders. The gale had meantime abated, and the two galleys, well conducted by the experienced and intrepid Welshman, made their way to the coast of France, and landed at Bayonne on the 31st, dividing among them the property found on board the two galleys. Thence, by land, the fugitives, four hundred and sixty-six in number—Frenchmen,

[1] Bor, iii. 322, *seq.* [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

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Spaniards, Englishmen, Turks, and Moors, made their way to Rochelle. Gwynn had an interview with Henry of Navarre, and received from that chivalrous king a handsome present. Afterwards he found his way to England, and was well commended by the Queen. The rest of the liberated slaves dispersed in various directions."[1]

This was the first adventure of the invincible Armada. Of the squadron of galleys, one was already sunk in the sea, and two of the others had been conquered by their own slaves. The fourth rode out the gale with difficulty, and joined the rest of the fleet, which ultimately re-assembled at Coruña; the ships having, in distress, put in at first at Vivera, Ribadeo, Gijon, and other northern ports of Spain.[2] At the Groyne—as the English of that day were accustomed to call Coruña—they remained a month, repairing damages and recruiting; and on the 22nd of July[3] (N.S.) the Armada set sail. Six days later, the Spaniards took soundings, thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands, and on Friday, the 29th of July, off the Lizard,[4] they had the first glimpse of the land of promise presented them by Sixtus V., of which they had at last come to take possession.

On the same day and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them. Almost at that very instant intelligence had been brought from the court to the Lord-Admiral at Plymouth, that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, was not likely to make its appearance that year; and orders had consequently been given to disarm the four largest ships, and send

[1] Bor, Meteren, xv. 272. Compare Camden, iv. 410, who had heard, however, nothing but the name of Gwynn, and who speaks of the "*treachery* of the Turkish rowers." (!)

[2] Herrera, III. iii. 94.

[3] Medina Sidonia from his galleon San Martin to Parma, 25 July, 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

The dates in the narrative will be always given according to the New Style, then already adopted by Spain, Holland, and France, although not by England. The dates thus given are, of course, ten days later than they appear in contemporary English records.

[4] Herrera, *ubi sup.*

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them into dock.[1] Even Walsingham, as already stated, had participated in this strange delusion.[2]

Before Howard had time to act upon this ill-timed suggestion—even had he been disposed to do so—he received authentic intelligence that the great fleet was off the Lizard. Neither he nor Francis Drake were the men to lose time in such an emergency, and before that Friday night was spent, sixty of the best English ships had been warped out of Plymouth harbour.[3]

On Saturday, 30th July, the wind was very light at south-west, with a mist and drizzling rain,[4] but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze.[5]

By nine o'clock, 31st July, about two miles from Looe,[6] on the Cornish coast, the fleets had their first meeting. There were 136 sail of the Spaniards, of which ninety were large ships, and sixty-seven of the English.[7] It was a solemn moment. The long-expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant, in honour of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden Duke, stood in his private shot-proof fortress,[8] on the deck of his great galleon the *Saint Martin*, surrounded by generals of infantry, and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as he did himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other

[1] Meteren, xv. 272. Camden, III. 410. Murdin, 615-621. The ships were the 'Triumph,' 'White Bear,' 'Elizabeth Jonas,' and 'Victory.' Lingard, viii. 280.

[2] Walsingham to Sir Ed. Norris, $\frac{9}{19}$ July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) See page 42, note 4.

[3] Herrera, *ubi sup.* Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{21}{31}$ July, 1588, in Barrow, 288.

[4] Herrera, 101.

[5] Ibid. Howard to Walsingham, *ubi sup.*

[6] R. Tomson to ——, $\frac{20 \text{ July}}{9 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[7] Ibid.

[8] Meteren, xv. 274.

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hand—with a few exceptions, light, swift, and easily handled—could sail round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave-gangs. The superior seamanship of free Englishmen, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins—from infancy at home on blue water—was manifest in the very first encounter. They obtained the weather-gage at once, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect, easily escaping at will out of range of the sluggish Armada, which was incapable of bearing sail in pursuit, although provided with an armament which could sink all its enemies at close quarters. "We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon," said Hawkins.[1]

Medina Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and the whole fleet did its utmost, which was little, to offer general battle. It was in vain. The English, following at the heels of the enemy, refused all such invitations, and attacked only the rear-guard of the Armada, where Recalde commanded. That admiral, steadily maintaining his post, faced his nimble antagonists, who continued to teaze, to maltreat, and to elude him, while the rest of the fleet proceeded slowly up the Channel closely followed by the enemy. And thus the running fight continued along the coast, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships, until the battle had drifted quite out of reach of the town.

Already in this first "small fight" the Spaniards had learned a lesson, and might even entertain a doubt of their invincibility. But before the sun set there were more serious disasters. Much powder and shot had been expended by the Spaniards to very little purpose, and so a master-gunner on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship was reprimanded for careless ball-practice. The gunner, who was a Fleming, enraged with his captain, laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and threw himself into the sea.[2] Two decks blew up. The

[1] Hawkins to Walsingham, $\frac{31 \text{ July}}{9 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Report of certain Mariners, Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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great castle at the stern rose into the clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of treasure, and nearly two hundred men.[1] The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew. So Medina Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and wore with his flag-ship, to defend Oquendo, who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But the Spaniards, not being so light in hand as their enemies, involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuvre; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved, and taken to other ships.[2]

Meantime Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his fore-mast close to the deck, and the wreck had fallen against his main-mast. He lay crippled and helpless, the Armada was slowly deserting him, night was coming on, the sea was running high, and the English, ever hovering near, were ready to grapple with him. In vain did Don Pedro fire signals of distress. The captain-general, even as though the unlucky galleon had not been connected with the Catholic fleet—calmly fired a gun to collect his scattered ships, and abandoned Valdez to his fate. "He left me comfortless in sight of the whole fleet," said poor Pedro, "and greater inhumanity and unthankfulness I think was never heard of among men."[3]

Yet the Spaniard comported himself most gallantly. Frobisher, in the largest ship of the English fleet, the *Triumph*, of 1100 tons, and Hawkins in the *Victory*, of 800, cannonaded him at a distance, but, night coming on, he was able to resist; and it was not till the following morning that he surrendered to the *Revenge*.[4]

[1] Herrera, III. iii. 100-102. Camden, III. 412. Bor, III. 323.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Valdez to Philip ("Englished"), 31 Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Compare Herrera, Bor, Camden, *ubi sup.*

[4] MS. letter of Valdez before cited. Bor, Camden, *ubi sup.* Meteren, xv. 272. Herrera, III. iii. 100-102, who

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Drake then received the gallant prisoner on board his flag-ship—much to the disgust and indignation of Frobisher and Hawkins, thus disappointed of their prize- and ransom-money [1]—treated him with much courtesy, and gave his word of honour that he and his men should be treated fairly like good prisoners of war. This pledge was redeemed, for it was not the English, as it was the Spanish custom, to convert captives into slaves, but only to hold them for ransom. Valdez responded to Drake's politeness by kissing his hand, embracing him, and overpowering him with magnificent compliments.[2] He was then sent on board the Lord-Admiral, who received him with similar urbanity, and expressed his regret that so distinguished a personage should have been so coolly deserted by the Duke of Medina. Don Pedro then returned to the *Revenge*, where, as the guest of Drake, he was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August, on which day he was sent to London with some other officers,[3] Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.[4]

Here certainly was no very triumphant beginning for the Invincible Armada. On the very first day of their being in presence of the English fleet—then but sixty-seven in number, and vastly their inferior in size and weight of metal—they had lost the flag-ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general-admiral, 450 officers and men, and some 100,000 ducats of treasure. They had been out-manœuvred, out-sailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, and they had been unable to inflict a single blow in return. Thus the "small fight" had been a cheerful one for the opponents of the Inquisition, and the English were proportionably encouraged.

draws entirely from the journal of a Spanish officer in the Armada, and who calls the two famous English naval commanders, Frobesquerio and Avesnisio.

Many English names look almost as strangely in their Spanish dress as these two familiar ones of Frobisher and Hawkins. Thus Dr. Bartholomew Clerk is called, for some mysterious reason, Dr. Quiberich; Col. Patton becomes Col. Reyton; while Lord High Admiral Howard, of Effingham, figures in the chronicles as Carlos Haurat, Count of Contuberland. Herrera, III. p. 49.

[1] See page 525, note [1].

[2] Meteren, Bor, *ubi sup.*

[3] Drake to Walsingham, $\frac{31 \text{ July}}{10 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588, in Barrow, p. 303.

[4] Ibid.

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On Monday, 1st of August, Medina Sidonia placed the rear-guard—consisting of the galeasses, the galleons *St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. James*, and the *Florence* and other ships, forty-three in all—under command of Don Antonio de Leyva. He was instructed to entertain the enemy—so constantly hanging on the rear—to accept every chance of battle, and to come to close quarters whenever it should be possible. The Spaniards felt confident of sinking every ship in the English navy, if they could but once come to grappling; but it was growing more obvious every hour that the giving or withholding battle was entirely in the hands of their foes. Meantime—while the rear was thus protected by Leyva's division—the vanguard and main body of the Armada, led by the captain-general, would steadily pursue its way, according to the royal instructions, until it arrived at its appointed meeting-place with the Duke of Parma. Moreover, the Duke of Medina—dissatisfied with the want of discipline and of good seamanship hitherto displayed in his fleet—now took occasion to send a serjeant-major, with written sailing directions, on board each ship in the Armada, with express orders to hang every captain, without appeal or consultation, who should leave the position assigned him; and the hangmen were sent with the sergeant-majors to ensure immediate attention to these arrangements.[1] Juan Gil was at the same time sent off in a sloop to the Duke of Parma, to carry the news of the movements of the Armada, to request information as to the exact spot and moment of the junction, and to beg for pilots acquainted with the French and Flemish coasts. "In case of the slightest gale in the world," said Medina, "I don't know how or where to shelter such large ships as ours."[2]

Disposed in this manner, the Spaniards sailed leisurely along the English coast with light westerly breezes, watched closely by the Queen's fleet, which hovered at a moderate

[1] Herrera, III. iii. 105. "Sin replica ni consulta," &c.

[2] "Con el menor temporal del mundo non se sabe donde se pueden abrigar naos tan grandes." Medina Sidonia to Parma, 2 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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distance to windward, without offering, that day, any obstruction to their course.

By five o'clock on Tuesday morning, 2nd of August, the Armada lay between Portland Bill and St. Albans' Head, when the wind shifted to the north-east, and gave the Spaniards the weather-gage.[1] The English did their best to get to windward, but the Duke, standing close into the land with the whole Armada, maintained his advantage. The English then went about, making a tack seaward, and were soon afterwards assaulted by the Spaniards. A long and spirited action ensued. Howard in his little *Ark-Royal*—"the odd ship of the world for all conditions"—was engaged at different times with Bertendona, of the Italian squadron, with Alonzo de Leyva in the *Ratta*, and with other large vessels. He was hard pressed for a time, but was gallantly supported by the *Nonpareil*, Captain Tanner; and after a long and confused combat, in which the *St. Mark*, the *St. Luke*, the *St. Matthew*, the *St. Philip*, the *St. John*, the *St. James*, the *St. John Baptist*, the *St. Martin*, and many other great galleons, with saintly and apostolic names, fought pell-mell with the *Lion*, the *Bear*, the *Bull*, the *Tiger*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Revenge*, the *Victory*, the *Triumph*, and other of the more profanely-baptized English ships, the Spaniards were again baffled in all their attempts to close with, and to board, their ever-attacking, ever-flying adversaries. The cannonading was incessant. "We had a sharp and a long fight," said Hawkins.[2] Boat-loads of men and munitions were perpetually arriving to the English, and many high-born volunteers—like Cumberland, Oxford, Northumberland, Raleigh, Brooke, Dudley, Willoughby, Noel, William Hatton, Thomas Cecil, and others—could no longer restrain their impatience, as the roar of battle sounded along the coasts of Dorset, but flocked merrily on board the ships of Drake, Hawkins,

Tues., 2 Aug. 1588.

[1] Declaration of the Proceedings of the two Fleets, July 19-31 (O. S), 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Herrera, III. iii. 106.

[2] Hawkins to Walsingham, $\frac{31 \text{ July}}{10 \text{ Aug}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Herrera, III. iii. 106-108. Bor, III. 323. Meteren, xv. 273. Camden, III. 412, 413.

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Howard, and Frobisher, or came in small vessels which they had chartered for themselves, in order to have their share in the delights of the long-expected struggle.[1]

The action, irregular, desultory, but lively, continued nearly all day, and until the English had fired away most of their powder and shot.[2] The Spaniards, too, notwithstanding their years of preparation, were already short of light metal, and Medina Sidonia had been daily sending to Parma for a supply of four, six, and ten pound balls.[3] So much lead and gunpowder had never before been wasted in a single day; for there was no great damage inflicted on either side. The artillery-practice was certainly not much to the credit of either nation.

"If her Majesty's ships had been manned with a full supply of good gunners," said honest William Thomas, an old artilleryman, "it would have been the woefullest time ever the Spaniard took in hand, and the most noble victory ever heard of would have been her Majesty's. But our sins were the cause that so much powder and shot were spent, so long time in fight, and in comparison so little harm done. It were greatly to be wished that her Majesty were no longer deceived in this way."[4]

Yet the English, at any rate, had succeeded in displaying their seamanship, if not their gunnery, to advantage. In vain the unwieldly hulks and galleons had attempted to grapple with their light-winged foes, who pelted them, braved them, damaged their sails and gearing, and then danced lightly off into the distance; until at last, as night fell, the wind came out from the west again, and the English regained and kept the weather-gage.

The Queen's fleet, now divided into four squadrons, under

[1] Herrera, Bor, Meteren, Camden, *ubi sup.*

[2] MS. Letter of Hawkins last cited.

[3] Medina Sidonia to Parma, 2 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.) Herrera, III. iii. 108.

[4] William Thomas, master gunner of Flushing (who much complained that the loss of its charter by the worshipful corporation of gunners, founded by Henry VIII., had caused its decay, and much mischief in consequence), to Burghley, $\frac{30 \text{ Sept.}}{10 \text{ Oct.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, amounted to near one hundred sail, exclusive of Lord Henry Seymour's division, which was cruising in the Straits of Dover. But few of all this number were ships of war however, and the merchant vessels, although zealous and active enough, were not thought very effective. "If you had seen the simple service done by the merchants and coast ships," said Winter, "you would have said we had been little holpen by them, otherwise than that they did make a show."[1]

All night the Spaniards, holding their course towards Calais, after the long but indecisive conflict had terminated, were closely pursued by their wary antagonists. On Wednesday, 3rd of August, there was some slight cannonading, with but slender results; and on Thursday, the 4th, both fleets were off Dunnose, on the Isle of Wight. The great hulk *Santaña* and a galleon of Portugal having been somewhat damaged the previous day, were lagging behind the rest of the Armada, and were vigorously attacked by the *Triumph* and a few other vessels. Don Antonio de Leyva, with some of the galeasses and large galleons, came to the rescue, and Frobisher, although in much peril, maintained an unequal conflict, within close range, with great spirit.[2]

3 Aug., Wed.
4 Aug., Thurs.
1588.

Seeing his danger, the Lord Admiral in the *Ark-Royal*, accompanied by the *Golden Lion*, the *White Bear*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Victory*, and the *Leicester*, bore boldly down into the very midst of the Spanish fleet, and laid himself within three or four hundred yards of Medina's flag-ship, the *St. Martin*, while his comrades were at equally close quarters with Vice-Admiral Recalde and the galleons of Oquendo, Mexia, and Almanza. It was the hottest conflict which had yet taken place.[3] Here at last was thorough English work. The two great fleets, which were there to subjugate and to defend the realm of Elizabeth, were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm

[1] Sir W. Winter to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Declaration of the Proceedings, &c. MS. before cited. Bor, Herrera, Meteren, Camden, *ubi sup.*

[3] Ibid.

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together—all England on the lee. Broadside after broadside of great guns, volley after volley of arquebusry from maintop and rigging, were warmly exchanged, and much damage was inflicted on the Spaniards, whose gigantic ships were so easy a mark to aim at, while from their turreted heights they themselves fired for the most part harmlessly over the heads of their adversaries. The leaders of the Armada, however, were encouraged, for they expected at last to come to even closer quarters, and there were some among the English who were mad enough to wish to board.

But so soon as Frobisher, who was the hero of the day, had extricated himself from his difficulty, the Lord-Admiral—having no intention of risking the existence of his fleet, and with it perhaps of the English crown, upon the hazard of a single battle, and having been himself somewhat damaged in the fight—gave the signal for retreat, and caused the *Ark-Royal* to be towed out of action. Thus the Spaniards were frustrated of their hopes, and the English, having inflicted much punishment at comparatively small loss to themselves, again stood off to windward, and the Armada continued its indolent course along the cliffs of Freshwater and Blackgang.[1]

On Friday, 5th August, the English, having received men and munitions from shore, pursued their antagonists at a moderate distance; and the Lord-Admiral, profiting by the pause—for it was almost a flat calm—sent for Martin Frobisher, John Hawkins, Roger Townsend, Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Edmund Sheffield, and on the deck of the *Royal Ark* conferred the honour of knighthood on each for his gallantry in the action of the previous day.[2] Medina Sidonia, on his part, was again despatching messenger after messenger to the Duke of Parma, asking for small shot, pilots, and forty fly-boats, with which to pursue the teasing English clippers.[3] The Catholic Armada, he said, being so large and heavy, was quite in the

Frid., 5 Aug. 1588

[1] Declaration, &c., MS. before cited.
[2] Camden, III. 414. Bor, III. 323, 324.
[3] Medina Sidonia to Parma, 4 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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power of its adversaries, who could assault, retreat, fight, or leave off fighting, while he had nothing for it but to proceed, as expeditiously as might be, to his rendezvous in Calais roads.

And in Calais roads the great fleet—sailing slowly all next day in company with the English, without a shot being fired on either side—at last dropped anchor on Saturday afternoon, August 6th. Sat., 6 Aug. 1588.

Here then the Invincible Armada had arrived at its appointed resting-place. Here the great junction of Medina Sidonia with the Duke of Parma was to be effected, and now at last the curtain was to rise upon the last act of the great drama so slowly and elaborately prepared.

That Saturday afternoon, Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron of sixteen lay between Dungeness and Folkestone, waiting the approach of the two fleets. He spoke several coasting-vessels coming from the west; but they could give him no information—strange to say—either of the Spaniards or of his own countrymen.[1] Seymour, having hardly three days' provision in his fleet, thought that there might be time to take in supplies, and so bore into the Downs. Hardly had he been there half an hour, when a pinnace arrived from the Lord-Admiral, with orders for Lord Henry's squadron to hold itself in readiness. There was no longer time for victualling, and very soon afterwards the order was given to make sail and bear for the French coast. The wind was however so light, that the whole day was spent before Seymour with his ships could cross the channel. At last, towards seven in the evening, he saw the great Spanish Armada drawn up in a half-moon, and riding at anchor—the ships very near each other—a little to the eastward of Calais, and very near the shore.[2] The English, under Howard, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, were slowly following, and—so soon as Lord Henry, arriving from the opposite shore, had made

[1] Sir. W. Winter to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug., 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

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his junction with them—the whole combined fleet dropped anchor likewise very near Calais, and within one mile and a half of the Spaniards. That invincible force had at last almost reached its destination. It was now to receive the cooperation of the great Farnese, at the head of an army of veterans, disciplined on a hundred battle-fields, confident from countless victories, and arrayed, as they had been with ostentatious splendour, to follow the most brilliant general in Christendom on his triumphal march into the capital of England. The long-threatened invasion was no longer an idle figment of politicians, maliciously spread abroad to poison men's minds as to the intentions of a long-enduring but magnanimous, and on the whole friendly sovereign. The mask had been at last thrown down, and the mild accents of Philip's diplomatists and their English dupes, interchanging protocols so decorously month after month on the sands of Bourbourg, had been drowned by the peremptory voice of English and Spanish artillery, suddenly breaking in upon their placid conferences. It had now become supererogatory to ask for Alexander's word of honour whether he had ever heard of Cardinal Allan's pamphlet, or whether his master contemplated hostilities against Queen Elizabeth.

Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

Farther along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous

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cruising-ground between Dunkerk and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, de Moor, and Rosendael, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, or Gravelines, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunkerk, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma,[1] so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

It was a pompous spectacle, that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not, by daybreak, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch—would that swarm of nimble, lightly-handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes—be able to cope with their great antagonist now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins, be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zeelanders, cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows, dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible 'Holofernese,' with his invincible legions, was resolved to come forth?

So soon as he had cast anchor, Howard despatched a pinnace to the *Vanguard*, with a message to Winter to come on

[1] Bor, III. 321, *seq.* Meteren, xv. 272, 273.

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board the flag-ship.[1] When Sir William reached the *Ark*, it was already nine in the evening. He was anxiously consulted by the Lord-Admiral as to the course now to be taken. Hitherto the English had been teasing and perplexing an enemy, on the retreat, as it were, by the nature of his instructions. Although anxious to give battle, the Spaniard was forbidden to descend upon the coast until after his junction with Parma. So the English had played a comparatively easy game, hanging upon their enemy's skirts, maltreating him as they doubled about him, cannonading him from a distance, and slipping out of his reach at their pleasure. But he was now to be met face to face, and the fate of the two free commonwealths of the world was upon the issue of the struggle, which could no longer be deferred.

Winter, standing side by side with the Lord-Admiral on the deck of the little *Ark-Royal*, gazed for the first time on those enormous galleons and galleys with which his companion was already sufficiently familiar.

"Considering their hugeness," said he, "'twill not be possible to remove them but by a device."[2]

Then remembering, in a lucky moment, something that he had heard four years before of the fire ships sent by the Antwerpers against Parma's bridge—the inventor of which, the Italian Gianibelli, was at that very moment constructing fortifications on the Thames[3] to assist the English against his old enemy Farnese—Winter suggested that some stratagem of the same kind should be attempted against the Invincible Armada.[4] There was no time nor opportunity to prepare such submarine volcanoes as had been employed on that memorable occasion; but burning ships at least might be sent among the fleet. Some damage would doubtless be thus inflicted by the fire, and perhaps a panic, suggested by the memories of Antwerp and by the knowledge that the famous Mantuan wizard

[1] Winter to Walsingham, MS. already cited.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Meteren, xv. 272.
[4] Thus distinctly stated by Sir Wm. Winter, in his admirable letter of $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. (MS. already cited.)

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was then a resident of England, would be still more effective. In Winter's opinion, the Armada might at least be compelled to slip its cables, and be thrown into some confusion if the project were fairly carried out.

Howard approved of the device, and determined to hold, next morning, a council of war for arranging the details of its execution.[1]

While the two sat in the cabin, conversing thus earnestly, there had well nigh been a serious misfortune. The ship, *White Bear*, of 1000 tons burthen, and three others of the English fleet, all tangled together, came drifting with the tide against the *Ark*. There were many yards carried away, much tackle spoiled, and for a time there was great danger, in the opinion of Winter, that some of the very best ships in the fleet would be crippled and quite destroyed on the eve of a general engagement. By alacrity and good handling, however, the ships were separated, and the ill-consequences of an accident—such as had already proved fatal to several Spanish vessels—were fortunately averted.[2]

Next day, Sunday, 7th August, the two great fleets were still lying but a mile and a half apart, calmly gazing at each other, and rising and falling at their anchors as idly as if some vast summer regatta were the only purpose of that great assemblage of shipping. Nothing as yet was heard of Farnese. Thus far, at least, the Hollanders had held him at bay, and there was still breathing-time before the catastrophe. So Howard hung out his signal for council early in the morning, and very soon after Drake and Hawkins, Seymour, Winter, and the rest, were gravely consulting in his cabin.[3]

Sun., 7 Aug. 1588.

[1] Winter's Letter, MS.

It has been stated by many writers—Camden, III. 415, Meteren, xv. 273, and others—that this project of the fire-ships was directly commanded by the Queen. Others attribute the device to the Lord Admiral (Bor, III. 324), or to Drake (Strada, ix. 559), while Coloma (I. 7) prefers to regard the whole matter as quite a trifling accident, "harto pequeño accidente;" but there is no doubt that the merit of the original suggestion belongs exclusively to Winter. To give the glory of the achievement to her Majesty, who knew nothing of it whatever, was a most gratuitous exhibition of loyalty.

[2] Winter's Letter, MS.

[3] Ibid.

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It was decided that Winter's suggestion should be acted upon, and Sir Henry Palmer was immediately despatched in a pinnace to Dover, to bring off a number of old vessels fit to be fired, together with a supply of light wood, tar, rosin, sulphur, and other combustibles, most adapted to the purpose.[1] But as time wore away, it became obviously impossible for Palmer to return that night, and it was determined to make the most of what could be collected in the fleet itself.[2] Otherwise it was to be feared that the opportunity might be for ever lost. Parma, crushing all opposition, might suddenly appear at any moment upon the channel; and the whole Spanish Armada, placing itself between him and his enemies, would engage the English and Dutch fleets, and cover his passage to Dover. It would then be too late to think of the burning ships.

On the other hand, upon the decks of the Armada, there was an impatience that night which increased every hour. The governor of Calais, M. de Gourdon, had sent his nephew on board the flag-ship of Medina Sidonia, with courteous salutations, professions of friendship, and bountiful refreshments. There was no fear—now that Mucio was for the time in the ascendency—that the schemes of Philip would be interfered with by France. The governor, had, however, sent serious warning of the dangerous position in which the Armada had placed itself. He was quite right. Calais roads were no safe anchorage for huge vessels like those of Spain and Portugal; for the tides and cross-currents to which they were exposed were most treacherous.[3] It was calm enough at the moment, but a westerly gale might, in a few hours, drive the whole fleet hopelessly among the sand-banks of the dangerous Flemish coast. Moreover, the Duke, although tolerably well furnished with charts and pilots for the English coast, was comparatively unprovided against the dangers which might beset him off Dunkerk, Newport, and Flushing. He had sent messengers, day after day, to Farnese, begging for assistance

[1] Winter's Letter, MS. [2] Ibid. [3] Herrera, III. iii. 108.

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of various kinds, but, above all, imploring his instant presence on the field of action.[1] It was the time and place for Alexander to assume the chief command. The Armada was ready to make front against the English fleet on the left, while on the right, the Duke, thus protected, might proceed across the channel and take possession of England.

And the impatience of the soldiers and sailors on board the fleet was equal to that of their commanders. There was London almost before their eyes—a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth. And there were men in those galleons who remembered the sack of Antwerp, eleven years before—men who could tell, from personal experience, how helpless was a great commercial city, when once in the clutch of disciplined brigands—men who, in that dread 'fury of Antwerp,' had enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's life-time, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms, before each others' eyes, until the number of inhabitants butchered in the blazing streets rose to many thousands; and the plunder from palaces and warehouses was counted by millions, before the sun had set on the 'great fury.' Those Spaniards, and Italians, and Walloons, were now thirsting for more gold, for more blood; and as the capital of England was even more wealthy and far more defenceless than the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands had been, so it was resolved that the London 'fury' should be more thorough and more productive than the 'fury' of Antwerp, at the memory of which the world still shuddered. And these professional soldiers had been taught to consider the English as a pacific, delicate, effeminate race, dependent on good living, without experience of war, quickly fatigued and discouraged,[2] and even more easily to be plundered and butchered than were the excellent burghers of Antwerp.

[1] Medina Sidonia to Parma, 2 Aug. 1588, 4 Aug. 1588, 5 Aug. 1588. Parma to Philip II., 7 Aug. 1588, 8 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MSS.)

[2] Examination of Don Diego de Pimentel, in Bor, III. 325, 326.

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And so these southern conquerors looked down from their great galleons and galeasses upon the English vessels. More than three quarters of them were merchantmen. There was no comparison whatever between the relative strength of the fleets. In number they were about equal — being each from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty strong—but the Spaniards had twice the tonnage of the English, four times the artillery, and nearly three times the number of men.

Where was Farnese? Most impatiently the Golden Duke paced the deck of the *Saint Martin*. Most eagerly were thousands of eyes strained towards the eastern horizon to catch the first glimpse of Parma's flotilla. But the day wore on to its close, and still the same inexplicable and mysterious silence prevailed. There was utter solitude on the waters in the direction of Gravelines and Dunkerk—not a sail upon the sea in the quarter where bustle and activity had been most expected. The mystery was profound, for it had never entered the head of any man in the Armada that Alexander could not come out when he chose.[1]

And now to impatience succeeded suspicion and indignation; and there were curses upon sluggishness and upon treachery. For in the horrible atmosphere of duplicity, in which all Spaniards and Italians of that epoch lived, every man suspected his brother, and already Medina Sidonia suspected Farnese of playing him false. There were whispers of collusion between the Duke and the English commissioners at Bourbourg. There were hints that Alexander was playing his own game, that he meant to divide the sovereignty of the Netherlands with the heretic Elizabeth, to desert his great trust, and to effect, if possible, the destruction of his master's Armada, and the downfall of his master's sovereignty in the north. Men told each other, too, of a vague rumour, concerning which Alexander might have received information, and in which many believed, that Medina Sidonia was the bearer of secret orders to throw Farnese into bondage, so soon as he

[1] Examination, &c., last cited.

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should appear, to send him a disgraced captive back to Spain for punishment, and to place the baton of command in the hand of the Duke of Pastrana, Philip's bastard by the Eboli.[1] Thus, in the absence of Alexander, all was suspense and suspicion. It seemed possible that disaster instead of triumph was in store for them through the treachery of the commander-in-chief. Four and twenty hours and more, they had been lying in that dangerous roadstead, and although the weather had been calm and the sea tranquil, there seemed something brooding in the atmosphere.

As the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud-masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible.[2] Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quicksands of Flanders under their lee.

At an hour past midnight, it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practiced eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterwards the sea became suddenly luminous, and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide.[3]

There were men in the Armada who had been at the siege of Antwerp only three years before. They remembered with horror the devil-ships of Gianibelli, those floating volcanoes, which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, and which had shattered the bridge and floating forts of Farnese, as though they had been toys of glass. They knew, too, that the famous engineer was at that moment in England.

In a moment one of those horrible panics, which spread with such contagious rapidity among large bodies of men, seized upon the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the

[1] Strada, II. x. 567, 568.
[2] Strada, II. x. 560.
[3] Winter's Letter, MS. already cited. Compare Herrera, III. iii. 108. Meteren, xv. 273. Bor, III. 324, *seq.* Strada, II. x. 560, 561. Camden, III. 415.

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fleet—"the fire-ships of Antwerp, the fire-ships of Antwerp!" and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galeasse to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other. Two others[1] were set on fire by the flaming vessels, and were consumed. Medina Sidonia, who had been warned, even before his departure from Spain,[2] that some such artifice would probably be attempted, and who had even, early that morning, sent out a party of sailors in a pinnace[3] to search for indications of the scheme, was not surprised or dismayed. He gave orders—as well as might be—that every ship, after the danger should be passed, was to return to its post, and await his further orders.[4] But it was useless, in that moment of unreasonable panic to issue commands. The despised Mantuan, who had met with so many rebuffs at Philip's court, and who—owing to official incredulity—had been but partially successful in his magnificent enterprise at Antwerp, had now, by the mere terror of his name, inflicted more damage on Philip's Armada than had hitherto been accomplished by Howard and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, combined.

So long as night and darkness lasted, the confusion and uproar continued. When the Monday morning dawned, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving towards the Flemish coast. The threatened gale had not yet begun to blow, but there were fresh squalls from the W.S.W., which, to such awkward sailers as the Spanish vessels, were difficult to contend with. On the other hand, the English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North

Monday, Aug. 8. 1588.

[1] This fact, mentioned by no historian, distinctly appears from Winter's Letter, so often cited. "We perceived that there were *two* great fires more than ours (previously stated by him as six in number), and far greater and huger than any our fired vessels could make."

[2] "Advertido va el duque del intento de Drake quanto al quemar los navios." Philip II. to Mendoza, 21st June, 1588. (Archives de Simancas [Paris], MS.)

[3] Herrera, III. iii. 108. [4] Ibid.

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Sea. In the immediate neighbourhood of Calais, the flagship of the squadron of galeasses, commanded by Don Hugo de Moncada, was discovered using her foresail and oars, and endeavouring to enter the harbour. She had been damaged by collision with the *St. John of Sicily* and other ships, during the night's panic, and had her rudder quite torn away.[1] She was the largest and most splendid vessel in the Armada—the show-ship of the fleet, "the very glory and stay of the Spanish navy;"[2] and during the previous two days she had been visited and admired by great numbers of Frenchmen from the shore.

Lord Admiral Howard bore down upon her at once, but as she was already in shallow water, and was rowing steadily towards the town, he saw that the *Ark* could not follow with safety. So he sent his long-boat to cut her out, manned with fifty or sixty volunteers, most of them "as valiant in courage as gentle in birth"[3]—as a partaker in the adventure declared. The *Margaret and Joan* of London, also following in pursuit, ran herself a-ground, but the master despatched his pinnace with a body of musketeers, to aid in the capture of the galeasse.[4]

That huge vessel failed to enter the harbour, and stuck fast upon the bar. There was much dismay on board, but Don Hugo prepared resolutely to defend himself. The quays of Calais and the line of the French shore were lined with thousands of eager spectators, as the two boats—rowing steadily toward a galeasse, which carried forty brass pieces of artillery, and was manned with three hundred soldiers and four hundred and fifty slaves—seemed rushing upon their own destruction. Of these daring Englishmen, patricians and plebeians together, in two open pinnaces, there were not more than one hundred in number, all told. They soon laid themselves close to the *Capitana*, far below her lofty sides, and called on Don Hugo to surrender. The answer was a

[1] 'Declaration of the Proceedings of the two Fleets,' MS. already cited.

[2] R. Tomson to ——, $\frac{\text{10 July}}{\text{9 Aug.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

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smile of derision from the haughty Spaniard, as he looked down upon them from what seemed an inaccessible height. Then one Wilton, coxswain of the *Delight*, of Winter's squadron, clambered up to the enemy's deck and fell dead the same instant.[1] Then the English volunteers opened a volley upon the Spaniards. "They seemed safely ensconced in their ships," said bold Dick Tomson, of the *Margaret and Joan*, "while we in our open pinnaces, and far under them, had nothing to shroud and cover us." Moreover the numbers were seven hundred and fifty to one hundred. But the Spaniards, still quite disconcerted by the events of the preceding night, seemed under a spell. Otherwise it would have been an easy matter for the great galeasse to annihilate such puny antagonists in a very short space of time.[2]

The English pelted the Spaniards quite cheerfully, however, with arquebus-shot, whenever they showed themselves above the bulwarks, picked off a considerable number, and sustained a rather severe loss themselves, Lieutenant Preston, of the *Ark-Royal*, among others, being dangerously wounded. "We had a pretty skirmish for half-an-hour," said Tomson. At last Don Hugo de Moncada, furious at the inefficiency of his men, and leading them forward in person, fell back on his deck with a bullet through both eyes.[3] The panic was instantaneous, for, meantime, several other English boats—some with eight, ten, or twelve men on board—were seen pulling towards the galeasse; while the dismayed soldiers at once leaped overboard on the land side, and attempted to escape by swimming and wading to the shore. Some of them succeeded, but the greater number were drowned. The few who remained—not more than twenty in all[4]—hoisted two handkerchiefs upon two rapiers as a signal of truce.[5] The English, accepting it as a signal of defeat, scrambled

[1] Winter to Walsingham, MS. before cited.

[2] Tomson's Letter, MS. Compare Herrera, III. iii. 108. Bor, III. 324, 325. Meteren, xv. 273. Camden, III. 415. Strada, II. ix. 561. Coloma, I. 7, 8.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Coloma, *ubi sup.*

[5] Tomson's Letter, MS. before cited.

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with great difficulty up the lofty sides of the *Capitana*, and, for an hour and a half, occupied themselves most agreeably in plundering the ship and in liberating the slaves.[1]

It was their intention, with the flood-tide, to get the vessel off, as she was but slightly damaged, and of very great value. But a serious obstacle arose to this arrangement. For presently a boat came along-side, with young M. de Gourdon and another French captain, and hailed the galeasse. There was nobody on board who could speak French but Richard Tomson. So Richard returned the hail, and asked their business.[2] They said they came from the governor.

"And what is the governor's pleasure?" asked Tomson, when they had come up the side.

"The governor has stood and beheld your fight, and rejoiced in your victory," was the reply; "and he says that for your prowess and manhood you well deserve the pillage of the galeasse. He requires and commands you, however, not to attempt carrying off either the ship or its ordnance; for she lies a-ground under the battery of his castle, and within his jurisdiction, and does of right appertain to him."

This seemed hard upon the hundred volunteers, who, in their two open boats, had so manfully carried a ship of 1200 tons, 40 guns, and 750 men; but Richard answered diplomatically.

"We thank M. de Gourdon," said he, "for granting the pillage to mariners and soldiers who had fought for it, and we acknowledge that without his good-will we cannot carry away anything we have got, for the ship lies on ground directly under his batteries and bulwarks. Concerning the ship and ordnance, we pray that he would send a pinnace to my Lord Admiral Howard, who is here in person hard by, from whom he will have an honourable and friendly answer, which we shall all obey."

With this the French officers, being apparently content, were about to depart; and it is not impossible that

[1] Bor, III. 325.

[2] Tomson's Letter, MS. before cited.

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the soft answer might have obtained the galeasse and the ordnance, notwithstanding the arrangement which Philip II. had made with his excellent friend Henry III. for aid and comfort to Spanish vessels in French ports. Unluckily, however, the inclination for plunder being rife that morning, some of the Englishmen hustled their French visitors, plundered them of their rings and jewels, as if they had been enemies, and then permitted them to depart. They rowed off to the shore, vowing vengeance, and within a few minutes after their return the battery of the fort was opened upon the English, and they were compelled to make their escape as they could with the plunder already secured, leaving the galeasse in the possession of M. de Gourdon.[1]

This adventure being terminated, and the pinnaces having returned to the fleet, the Lord-Admiral, who had been lying off and on,[2] now bore away with all his force in pursuit of the Spaniards. The Invincible Armada, already sorely crippled, was standing N.N.E. directly before a fresh topsail-breeze from the S.S.W. The English came up with them soon after nine o'clock A.M. off Gravelines, and found them sailing in a half-moon, the admiral and vice-admiral in the centre, and the flanks protected by the three remaining galeasses and by the great galleons of Portugal.[3]

Seeing the enemy approaching, Medina Sidonia ordered his whole fleet to luff to the wind, and prepare for action.[4] The wind shifting a few points, was now at W.N.W., so that the English had both the weather-gage and the tide in their favour. A general combat began at about ten, and it was soon obvious to the Spaniards that their adversaries were intending warm work. Sir Francis Drake in the *Revenge*, followed by Frobisher in the *Triumph*, Hawkins in the *Victory*, and some smaller vessels, made the first attack upon the Spanish flagships. Lord Henry in the *Rainbow*, Sir Henry Palmer in the *Antelope*, and others, engaged with three of the largest

[1] Tomson's Letter, MS. before cited. Compare Herrera, Bor, Meteren, Camden, Strada, Coloma, *ubi sup.*

[2] Winter's Letter, MS. before cited.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Herrera, III. iii. 110.

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galleons of the Armada, while Sir William Winter in the *Vanguard*, supported by most of his squadron, charged the starboard wing.[1]

The portion of the fleet thus assaulted fell back into the main body. Four of the ships ran foul of each other,[2] and Winter, driving into their centre, found himself within musket-shot of many of their most formidable ships.

"I tell you, on the credit of a poor gentleman," he said, "that there were five hundred discharges of demi-cannon, culverin, and demi-culverin, from the *Vanguard;* and when I was farthest off in firing my pieces, I was not out of shot of their harquebus, and most time within speech, one of another."[3]

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but, on the contrary, it was the intention of the Captain-General to return to his station off Calais, if it were within his power. Nevertheless the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely refused the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves along-side. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada, which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action, not an English ship was destroyed, and not a hundred men were killed.[4] On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through, and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a north-west wind still drifting them towards the fatal sand-banks of Holland, they laboured heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard,

[1] Herrera, last cited. Winter's Letter, MS. Lord H. Seymour to the Queen, in Barrow, 305.

[2] Winter's Letter, MS.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Herrera, III. iii. 110.

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Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even master-gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely;[1] for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The Captain-General himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva, Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galeasses, were in the thickest of the fight, and one after the other each of those huge ships was disabled. Three sank before the fight was over, many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks towards a hostile shore, and, before five o'clock in the afternoon, at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.[2]

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged—according to a Spanish eye-witness—and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The Captain-General was a bad sailor, but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese, through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number, as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee-shore, and the pilots, one and all, assured him

[1] "God hath mightily preserved her Majesty's forces with the least losses that ever hath been heard of, being within the compass of so great volleys of shot, both small and great. I verily believe there is not threescore men lost of her Majesty's forces." Captain J. Fenner to Walsingham, $\frac{4}{14}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bor, III. 327. Herrera, *ubi sup.* 'Declaration of the Proceedings,' MS. Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{7}{17}$ Aug. 1588. Drake to the Queen, $\frac{8}{18}$ Aug. 1588, in Barrow, 306-310.

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that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimentel in the *St. Matthew*—who refused to leave his disabled ship—and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon, the *St. Philip*, was fast driving, a helpless wreck, towards Zeeland, the Armada bore away N.N.E. into the open sea, leaving those, who could not follow, to their fate.[1]

The *St. Matthew*, in a sinking condition, hailed a Dutch fisherman, who was offered a gold chain to pilot her into Newport. But the fisherman, being a patriot, steered her close to the Holland fleet, where she was immediately assaulted by Admiral Van der Does, to whom, after a two hours' bloody fight, she struck her flag.[2] Don Diego, marshal of the camp to the famous legion of Sicily, brother of the Marquis of Tavera, nephew of the Viceroy of Sicily, uncle to the Viceroy of Naples, and numbering as many titles, dignities, and high affinities as could be expected of a grandee of the first class, was taken, with his officers, to the Hague.[3] "I was the means," said Captain Borlase, "that the best sort were saved, and the rest were cast overboard and slain at our entry. He fought with us two hours, and hurt divers of our men, but at last yielded."[4]

John Van der Does, his captor, presented the banner of the *Saint Matthew* to the great church of Leyden, where—such was its prodigious length—it hung from floor to ceiling without being entirely unrolled;[5] and there it hung, from generation to generation, a worthy companion to the Spanish flags which had been left behind when Valdez abandoned the siege of that heroic city fifteen years before.

The galleon *St. Philip*, one of the four largest ships in the Armada, dismasted and foundering, drifted towards Newport, where camp-marshal Don Francisco de Toledo hoped in vain for succour. La Motte made a feeble attempt at rescue, but some vessels from the Holland fleet, being much more

[1] Herrera, III. iii. 109. Meteren, xv. 273, 274. Bor, III. 325. Camden, III. 415, 416.

[2] Bor, *ubi sup.*

[3] Ibid.

[4] Borlase to Walsingham, $\frac{3}{13}$ Aug 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[5] Bor, Meteren, *ubi sup.*

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active, seized the unfortunate galleon, and carried her into Flushing. The captors found forty-eight brass cannon and other things of value on board, but there were some casks of Ribadavia wine which was more fatal to her enemies than those pieces of artillery had proved. For while the rebels were refreshing themselves, after the fatigues of the capture, with large draughts of that famous vintage, the *St. Philip*, which had been bored through and through with English shot, and had been rapidly filling with water, gave a sudden lurch, and went down in a moment, carrying with her to the bottom three hundred of those convivial Hollanders.[1]

A large Biscay galleon, too, of Recalde's squadron, much disabled in action, and now, like many others, unable to follow the Armada, was summoned by Captain Cross, of the *Hope*, 48 guns, to surrender. Although foundering, she resisted, and refused to strike her flag. One of her officers attempted to haul down her colours, and was run through the body by the captain, who, in his turn, was struck dead by a brother of the officer thus slain. In the midst of this quarrel the ship went down with all her crew.[2]

Six hours and more, from ten till nearly five, the fight had lasted—a most cruel battle, as the Spaniard declared. There were men in the Armada who had served in the action of Lepanto,[3] and who declared that famous encounter to have been far surpassed in severity and spirit by this fight off Gravelines. "Surely every man in our fleet did well," said Winter, "and the slaughter the enemy received was great."[4]

[1] Coloma, I. 8vo. Compare Meteren, Bor, *ubi sup. et al.*

[2] Meteren, xv. 273vo, who relates the anecdote on the authority of some sailors who made their escape by jumping overboard, and who were picked up just before she sank. 'Declaration of the Proceedings,' &c. MS.

[3] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{8}{18}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) "Some make little account," says the Lord Admiral, "of the Spanish forces by sea, but, I do warrant you, all the world never saw such a force as their's was. And some Spanish there we have taken that were in the fight of Lepanto, do say, that the worst of our four fights that we have had with them did exceed far the fight they had there; and they say that at some of our fights we had twenty times as much great shot there played than they had there."

"It was a most cruel battle" (crudelissima batalla) says Herrera, from the journal of a Spaniard present, III. 108.

[4] Winter's Letter, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. 1588. MS. before cited.

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Nor would the Spaniards have escaped even worse punishment, had not, most unfortunately, the penurious policy of the Queen's government rendered her ships useless at last, even in this supreme moment. They never ceased cannonading the discomfited enemy until the ammunition was exhausted. "When the cartridges were all spent," said Winter, "and the munitions in some vessels gone altogether, we ceased fighting, but followed the enemy, who still kept away."[1] And the enemy—although still numerous, and seeming strong enough, if properly handled, to destroy the whole English fleet—fled before them. There remained more than fifty Spanish vessels, above six hundred tons in size, besides sixty hulks and other vessels of less account; while in the whole English navy were but thirteen ships of or above that burthen. "Their force is wonderful great and strong," said Howard, "but we pluck their feathers by little and little."[2]

For Medina Sidonia had now satisfied himself that he should never succeed in boarding those hard-fighting and swift-sailing craft, while, meantime, the horrible panic of Sunday night and the succession of fights throughout the following day, had completely disorganized his followers. Crippled, riddled, shorn, but still numerous, and by no means entirely vanquished, the Armada was flying with a gentle breeze before an enemy who, to save his existence, could not have fired a broadside.

"Though our powder and shot was well nigh spent," said the Lord-Admiral, "we put on a brag countenance and gave them chase, as though we had wanted nothing."[3] And the brag countenance was successful, for that "one day's service had much appalled the enemy,"[4] as Drake observed; and still the Spaniards fled with a freshening gale all through the Monday night. "A thing greatly to be regarded," said Fenner, of the *Nonpariel*, "is that the Almighty had stricken them with a wonderful fear. 8 Aug., 1588.

[1] Winter's Letter, MS. last cited.

[2] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{29 \text{ July}}{8 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Same to same, $\frac{7}{17}$ Aug. 1588, in Barrow, 306, 307.

[4] Drake to Walsingham, in Barrow, 301.

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I have hardly seen any of their companies succoured of the extremities which befell them after their fights, but they have been left at utter ruin, while they bear as much sail as ever they possibly can." [1]

On Tuesday morning, 9th August, the English ships were off the Isle of Walcheren, at a safe distance from the shore. Tues., Aug. 9, 1588. "The wind is hanging westerly," said Richard Tomson, of the *Margaret and Joan*, "and we drive our enemies apace, much marvelling in what port they will direct themselves. Those that are left alive are so weak and heartless that they could be well content to lose all charges and to be at home, both rich and poor." [2]

"In my conscience," said Sir William Winter, "I think the Duke would give his dukedom to be in Spain again." [3]

The English ships, one hundred and four in number,[4] being that morning half-a-league to windward, the Duke gave orders for the whole Armada to lay to and await their approach. But the English had no disposition to engage, for at that moment the instantaneous destruction of their enemies seemed inevitable. Ill-managed, panic-struck, staggering before their foes, the Spanish fleet was now close upon the fatal sands of Zeeland. Already there were but six and a-half fathoms of water, rapidly shoaling under their keels, and the pilots told Medina that all were irretrievably lost, for the freshening north-wester was driving them steadily upon the banks. The English, easily escaping the danger, hauled their wind, and paused to see the ruin of the proud Armada accomplished before their eyes. Nothing but a change of wind at the instant could save them from perdition. There was a breathless shudder of suspense, and then there came the change. Just as the foremost ships were about to ground on the Ooster Zand, the wind suddenly veered to the south-west, and the Spanish ships quickly squaring their sails to the new impulse, stood out once more into the open sea.[5]

[1] Fenner to Walsingham, $\frac{4}{14}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[2] Tomson's Letters, MS. before cited.
[3] Winter's Letter, MS. before cited.
[4] Herrera, 110.
[5] Ibid. Camden, III. 416.

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All that day the galleons and galeasses, under all the canvas which they dared to spread, continued their flight before the south-westerly breeze, and still the Lord-Admiral, maintaining the brag countenance, followed, at an easy distance, the retreating foe. At 4 p.m., Howard fired a signal gun, and ran up a flag of council. Winter could not go, for he had been wounded in action, but Seymour and Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and the rest were present, and it was decided that Lord Henry should return, accompanied by Winter and the rest of the inner squadron, to guard the Thames mouth against any attempt of the Duke of Parma, while the Lord-Admiral and the rest of the navy should continue the pursuit of the Armada.[1]

Very wroth was Lord Henry at being deprived of his share in the chase. "The Lord-Admiral was altogether desirous to have me strengthen him," said he, "and having done so to the utmost of my good-will and the venture of my life, and to the distressing of the Spaniards, which was thoroughly done on the Monday last, I now find his Lordship jealous and loath to take part of the honour which is to come. So he has used his authority to command me to look to our English coast, threatened by the Duke of Parma. I pray God my Lord-Admiral do not find the lack of the *Rainbow* and her companions, for I protest before God I vowed I would be as near or nearer with my little ship to encounter our enemies as any of the greatest ships in both armies."[2]

There was no insubordination, however, and Seymour's squadron, at twilight of Tuesday evening, August 9th—according to orders, so that the enemy might not see their departure—bore away for Margate.[3] But although Winter and Seymour were much disappointed at their enforced return, there was less enthusiasm among the sailors of the fleet. Pursuing the Spaniards without powder or fire, and without beef and bread to eat, was not thought amusing by the English crews. Howard had not three days' supply of food in his

[1] Winter's Letter, MS.
[2] Lord H. Seymour to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{2}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[3] Winter's Letter, MS.

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lockers, and Seymour and his squadron had not food for one day. Accordingly, when Seymour and Winter took their departure, "they had much ado," so Winter said, "with the staying of many ships that would have returned with them, besides their own company."[1] Had the Spaniards, instead of being panic-struck, but turned on their pursuers, what might have been the result of a conflict with starving and unarmed men?[2]

Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, with the rest of the fleet, followed the Armada through the North Sea from Tuesday night (9th August) till Friday (the 12th), and still, the strong south-wester swept the Spaniards before them, uncertain whether to seek refuge, food, water, and room to repair damages, in the realms of the treacherous King of Scots, or on the iron-bound coasts of Norway. Medina Sidonia had however quite abandoned his intention of returning to England, and was only anxious for a safe return to Spain. So much did he dread that northern passage, unpiloted, around the grim Hebrides, that he would probably have surrendered, had the English overtaken him and once more offered battle. He was on the point of hanging out a white flag—as they approached him for the last time—but yielded to the expostulations of the ecclesiastics on board the *Saint Martin*, who thought, no doubt, that they had more to fear from England than from the sea, should they be carried captive to that country, and who persuaded him that it would be a sin and a disgrace to surrender before they had been once more attacked.[3]

On the other hand, the Devonshire skipper, Vice-Admiral Drake, now thoroughly in his element, could not restrain his hilarity, as he saw the Invincible Armada of the man whose beard he had so often singed, rolling through the German

[1] Winter's Letter, MS.

[2] "Had the English been well furnished with victuals and munition," says Stowe, "they would in the pursuit have brought the Spaniards to their mercy. On the other hand, had the Spaniards but two days longer continued fight, they must have driven the English to retreat, for want of shot and powder, leaving the Spaniards masters of the field," 719.

[3] Meteren, xv. 274, on the authority of certain Dutch fishermen, who had been impressed on board the *San Martin*. Reyd, viii. 147.

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Ocean, in full flight from the country which was to have been made, that week, a Spanish province. Unprovided as were his ships, he was for risking another battle, and it is quite possible that the brag countenance might have proved even more successful than Howard thought.

"We have the army of Spain before us," wrote Drake, from the *Revenge*, "and hope with the grace of God to wrestle a pull with him. There never was any thing pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's Port among his orange trees."[1]

But Howard decided to wrestle no further pull. Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, 12th of August, as far as the latitude of 56° 17′ the Lord Admiral called a council. It was then decided, in order to save English lives and ships, to put into the Frith of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the Isles of Scotland."[2] But the next day, as the wind shifted to the north-west, another council decided to take advantage of the change, and bear away for the North Foreland, in order to obtain a supply of powder, shot, and provisions.[4] Friday, 12 Aug. 1588.

Up to this period, the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais, neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their manœuvres by storms of heavy seas. But on the following Sunday, 14th of August, there was a change. The wind shifted again to the south-west, and, during the whole of that day and the Monday, blew a tremendous gale.[5] "'Twas a more violent storm,"

[1] Drake to Walsingham, $\frac{31 \text{ July}}{10 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588, in Barrow, 304.

[2] Bor, III. 326.

[3] Fenner to Walsingham, $\frac{4}{14}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{7}{17}$ Aug. 1588, in Barrow, 306.

[4] Fenner's Letter, MS. last cited.

[5] Ibid.

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said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year."[1] The retreating English fleet was scattered, many ships were in peril, "among the ill-favoured sands off Norfolk," but within four or five days all arrived safely in Margate roads.[2]

Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet, which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish vice-royalty.

Through the remainder of the month of August there was a succession of storms. On the 2nd September a fierce southwester drove Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with one of the great galeasses, two large Venetian ships, the *Ratta* and the *Balauzara*, and thirty-six other vessels, upon the Irish coast, where nearly every soul on board perished, while the few who escaped to the shore—notwithstanding their religious affinity with the inhabitants—were either butchered in cold blood, or sent coupled in halters from village to village, in order to be shipped to England.[3] A few ships were driven on the English coast; others went ashore near Rochelle.

Of the four galeasses and four galleys, one of each returned

[1] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{8}{18}$ Aug. 1586. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Ibid.

[3] Drake, in Stowe, 750, *seq.* Barrow, 319. Meteren, xv. 274. Bor, III 326, 327.

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to Spain. Of the ninety-one great galleons and hulks, fifty-eight were lost and thirty-three returned.[1] Of the tenders and zabras, seventeen were lost and eighteen returned. Of one hundred and thirty-four vessels, which sailed from Coruña in July, but fifty-three,[2] great and small, made their escape to Spain, and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The invincible Armada had not only been vanquished but annihilated.

Of the 30,000 men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than 10,000 ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October, and, as Philip for a moment believed, "with the greater part of the Armada," although the King soon discovered his mistake.[3] Recalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, Manriquez, either perished at sea, or died of exhaustion immediately after their return. Pedro de Valdez, Vasco de Silva, Alonzo de Sayas, Piemontel, Toledo, with many other nobles, were prisoners in England and Holland. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning, so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published, forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitted himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, and was immediately hanged by express command of Philip. Thus—as men said—one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions.[4]

This was the result of the invasion, so many years preparing, and at an expense almost incalculable. In the year 1588 alone, the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions of ducats,

[1] Meteren and Bor, *ubi sup.*

[2] Ibid. Compare Strada, II. ix. 563, who sets before his readers the "absurd discrepancy" between the English-Dutch and the Spanish accounts of these losses. According to the Spaniards, thirty-three vessels were lost or captured, and 10,000 men were missing. According to their enemies, only 10,000 men and about sixty ships escaped. Meteren's account, xv. 274, is minute, and seems truthful, and is followed in the text.

[3] Philip II. to Parma, 10 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[4] Reyd, viii. 148.

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and there was at least as large a sum on board the Armada itself, although the Pope refused to pay his promised million.[1] And with all this outlay, and with the sacrifice of so many thousand lives, nothing had been accomplished, and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous.[2]

"Beaten and shuffled together from the Lizard to Calais, from Calais driven with squibs from their anchors, and chased out of sight of England about Scotland and Ireland," as the Devonshire skipper expressed himself, it must be confessed that the Spaniards presented a sorry sight. "Their invincible and dreadful navy," said Drake, "with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailing about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."[3]

Meanwhile Farnese sat chafing under the unjust reproaches heaped upon him, as if he, and not his master, had been responsible for the gigantic blunders of the invasion.[4]

"As for the Prince of Parma," said Drake, "I take him to be as a bear robbed of her whelps."[5] The Admiral was quite right. Alexander was beside himself with rage. Day after day, he had been repeating to Medina Sidonia and to Philip that his flotilla and transports could scarcely live in any but the smoothest sea, while the supposition that they could serve a warlike purpose he pronounced absolutely ludicrous. He had always counselled the seizing of a place like Flushing, as a basis of operations against England, but had been over-

[1] Philip to Parma, 10 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] The wits of Rome were very severe upon Philip. "S'il y a aucun," said a Pasquil stuck up in that city, "qui sache des nouvelles de l'armée d'Espagne, perdue en mer depuis trois semaines ou environ, et qui puisse apprendre ce qu' elle est devenue, qu' il en vienne a revelation, et s' addresse au palais St. Pierre ou le St. Père lui fera donner son vin." 'L'Etoile,' 263.

[3] Drake, in Stowe, before cited.

[4] "It seems the Duke of Parma is in a great chafe," said Seymour, "to see his ships in durance at Dunkirk, also to find such discomfiture of the Spanish fleet hard by his nose. I can say no more, but God doth show his mighty hand for protecting this little island." Seymour to Walsingham, Aug. $\frac{7}{17}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[5] Drake to Walsingham, $\frac{10}{20}$ Aug 1588, in Barrow, 310.

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ruled; and he had at least reckoned upon the Invincible Armada to clear the way for him, before he should be expected to take the sea.[1]

With prodigious energy and at great expense he had constructed or improved internal water-communications from Ghent to Sluys, Newport, and Dunkerk. He had thus transported all his hoys, barges, and munitions for the invasion, from all points of the obedient Netherlands to the sea-coast, without coming within reach of the Hollanders and Zeelanders, who were keeping close watch on the outside. But those Hollanders and Zeelanders, guarding every outlet to the ocean, occupying every hole and cranny of the coast, laughed the invaders of England to scorn, braving them, jeering them, daring them to come forth, while the Walloons and Spaniards shrank before such amphibious assailants, to whom a combat on the water was as natural as upon dry land. Alexander, upon one occasion, transported with rage, selected a band of one thousand musketeers, partly Spanish, partly Irish, and ordered an assault upon those insolent boatmen. With his own hand—so it was related—he struck dead more than one of his own officers who remonstrated against these commands; and then the attack was made by his thousand musketeers upon the Hollanders, and every man of the thousand was slain.[2]

He had been reproached for not being ready, for not having embarked his men; but he had been ready for a month, and his men could be embarked in a single day. "But it was impossible," he said, "to keep them long packed up on board vessels, so small that there was no room to turn about in: the people would sicken, would rot, would die."[3] So soon as he had received information of the arrival of the fleet before Calais—which was on the 8th August—he had proceeded the

[1] Parma's Letters to Philip, before cited *passim*. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

[2] Bor, III. 323, 324. Strada, II. ix. 562. Reyd, viii. 147.

[3] "Porque los baxeles son tan pequeños que no hay plaza para revolverse. La gente se enfermeria, pudriera, y perderia." Parma to Philip, 8 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Simancas, MS.)

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same night to Newport and embarked 16,000 men, and before dawn he was at Dunkerk, where the troops stationed in that port were as rapidly placed on board the transports.[1] Sir William Stanley, with his 700 Irish kernes, were among the first shipped for the enterprise.[2] Two days long these regiments lay heaped together, like sacks of corn, in the boats—as one of their officers described it[3]—and they lay cheerfully, hoping that the Dutch fleet would be swept out of the sea by the Invincible Armada, and patiently expecting the signal for setting sail to England. Then came the Prince of Ascoli, who had gone ashore from the Spanish fleet at Calais, accompanied by serjeant-major Gallinato and other messengers from Medina Sidonia, bringing the news of the fire-ships and the dispersion and flight of the Armada.[4]

"God knows," said Alexander, "the distress in which this event has plunged me, at the very moment when I expected to be sending your Majesty my congratulations on the success of the great undertaking. But these are the works of the Lord, who can recompense your Majesty by giving you many victories, and the fulfilment of your Majesty's desires, when He thinks the proper time arrived. Meantime let Him be praised for all, and let your Majesty take great care of your health, which is the most important thing of all."[5]

Evidently the Lord did not think the proper time yet arrived for fulfilling his Majesty's desires for the subjugation of England, and meanwhile the King might find what comfort he could in pious commonplaces and in attention to his health.

But it is very certain that, of all the high parties concerned, Alexander Farnese was the least reprehensible for the overthrow of Philip's hopes. No man could have been more judicious—as it has been sufficiently made evident in the course of this narrative—in arranging all the details of the great enterprise, in pointing out all the obstacles, in providing for all emergencies. No man could have been more minutely

[1] Parma to Philip, 10 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] Meteren, xv. 273, 274.
[3] Strada, II. x. 559, 562.
[4] Parma to Philip, 10 Aug. MS. last cited.
[5] Ibid.

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faithful to his master, more treacherous to all the world beside. Energetic, inventive, patient, courageous, and stupendously false, he had covered Flanders with canals and bridges, had constructed flotillas, and equipped a splendid army, as thoroughly as he had puzzled Comptroller Croft. And not only had that diplomatist and his wiser colleagues been hoodwinked, but Elizabeth and Burghley, and, for a moment, even Walsingham, were in the dark, while Henry III. had been his passive victim, and the magnificent Balafré a blind instrument in his hands. Nothing could equal Alexander's fidelity but his perfidy. Nothing could surpass his ability to command but his obedience. And it is very possible that had Philip followed his nephew's large designs, instead of imposing upon him his own most puerile schemes, the result for England, Holland, and, all Christendom might have been very different from the actual one. The blunder against which Farnese had in vain warned his master, was the stolid ignorance in which the King and all his counsellors chose to remain of the Holland and Zeeland fleet. For them Warmond and Nassau, and Van der Does and Joost de Moor, did not exist, and it was precisely these gallant sailors, with their intrepid crews, who held the key to the whole situation.

To the Queen's glorious naval commanders, to the dauntless mariners of England, with their well-handled vessels, their admirable seamanship, their tact and their courage, belonged the joys of the contest, the triumph, and the glorious pursuit; but to the patient Hollanders and Zeelanders, who, with their hundred vessels, held Farnese, the chief of the great enterprise, at bay, a close prisoner with his whole army in his own ports, daring him to the issue, and ready—to the last plank of their fleet and to the last drop of their blood—to confront both him and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, an equal share of honour is due. The safety of the two free commonwealths of the world in that terrible contest was achieved by the people and the mariners of the two states combined.

Great was the enthusiasm certainly of the English people as the volunteers marched through London to the place of

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rendezvous, and tremendous were the cheers when the brave Queen rode on horseback along the lines of Tilbury. Glowing pictures are revealed to us of merry little England, arising in its strength, and dancing forth to encounter the Spaniards, as if to a great holiday. "It was a pleasant sight," says that enthusiastic merchant-tailor John Stowe, "to behold the cheerful countenances, courageous words, and gestures, of the soldiers, as they marched to Tilbury, dancing, leaping wherever they came, as joyful at the news of the foe's approach as if lusty giants were to run a race. And Bellona-like did the Queen infuse a second spirit of loyalty, love, and resolution, into every soldier of her army, who, ravished with their sovereign's sight, prayed heartily that the Spaniards might land quickly, and when they heard they were fled, began to lament."[1]

But if the Spaniards had not fled, if there had been no English navy in the Channel, no squibs at Calais, no Dutchmen off Dunkerk, there might have been a different picture to paint. No man who has studied the history of those times, can doubt the universal and enthusiastic determination of the English nation to repel the invaders. Catholics and Protestants felt alike on the great subject. Philip did not flatter himself with assistance from any English Papists, save exiles and renegades like Westmoreland, Paget, Throgmorton, Morgan, Stanley, and the rest. The bulk of the Catholics, who may have constituted half the population of England, although malcontent, were not rebellious; and notwithstanding the precautionary measures taken by government against them, Elizabeth proudly acknowledged their loyalty.[2]

[1] Stowe, 749.

[2] "Said it was their intention to occupy the whole kingdom of England—to keep the English Queen a prisoner, but to treat her as a Queen, until the King should otherwise ordain. Said that they had understood that there were many Catholics in England, but that they made not much account of them, knowing that the Queen had taken care that they should not give any assistance, and believing that most of them would have fought for their native land," &c., &c. Answers of Don Diego de Pimentel to Interrogations before Adrian van der Myle, John van Olden-Barneveld, Admiral Villers, and Famars, in Bor, III. xxiii. 325, 326.

"This invasion, tending to the reducing of this realm to the subjection of a stranger—a matter so greatly misliked generally by the subjects of this realm of all sorts and of all reli-

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But loyalty, courage, and enthusiasm, might not have sufficed to supply the want of numbers and discipline. According to the generally accepted statement of contemporary chroniclers, there were some 75,000 men under arms: 20,000 along the southern coast, 23,000 under Leicester, and 33,000 under Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon, for the special defence of the Queen's person.[1]

But it would have been very difficult, in the moment of danger, to bring anything like these numbers into the field. A drilled and disciplined army—whether of regulars or of militia-men—had no existence whatever. If the merchant-vessels, which had been joined to the royal fleet, were thought by old naval commanders to be only good to make a show, the volunteers on land were likely to be even less effective than the marine militia, so much more accustomed than they to hard work. Magnificent was the spirit of the great feudal lords as they rallied round their Queen. The Earl of Pembroke offered to serve at the head of three hundred horse and five hundred footmen, armed at his own cost, and all ready to "hazard the blood of their hearts" in defence of her person. "Accept hereof most excellent sovereign," said the Earl, "from a person desirous to live no longer than he may see your Highness enjoy your blessed estate, maugre the beards of all confederated leaguers."[2]

The Earl of Shrewsbury, too, was ready to serve at the head of his retainers, to the last drop of his blood. "Though I be old," he said, "yet shall your quarrel make me young again. Though lame in body, yet lusty in heart to lend your greatest enemy one blow, and to stand near your defence, every way wherein your Highness shall employ me."[3]

But there was perhaps too much of this feudal spirit. The

gions, yea, by no small number of them that are known to be addicted to the Romish religion—who are resolutely bent to withstand the same with the employment of their goods and hazard of their lives," &c. Queen to the Commissioners at Bourbourg (signed, but staid by her Majesty's order), July $\frac{17}{27}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Camden, III. 405.

[2] Pembroke to the Queen, $\frac{28 \text{ July}}{7 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Shrewsbury to the Queen, $\frac{9}{19}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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lieutenant-general complained bitterly that there was a most mischievous tendency among all the militia-men to escape from the Queen's colours, in order to enrol themselves as retainers to the great lords.[1] This spirit was not favourable to efficient organization of a national army. Even had the commander-in-chief been a man of genius and experience it would have been difficult for him, under such circumstances, to resist a splendid army, once landed, and led by Alexander Farnese, but even Leicester's most determined flatterers hardly ventured to compare him in military ability with that first general of his age. The best soldier in England was unquestionably Sir John Norris, and Sir John was now marshal of the camp to Leicester. The ancient quarrel between the two had been smoothed over, and—as might be expected—the Earl hated Norris more bitterly than before, and was perpetually vituperating him, as he had often done in the Netherlands. Roger Williams, too, was entrusted with the important duties of master of the horse, under the lieutenant-general, and Leicester continued to bear the grudge towards that honest Welshman, which had begun in Holland. These were not promising conditions in a camp, when an invading army was every day expected; nor was the completeness or readiness of the forces sufficient to render harmless the quarrels of the commanders.

The Armada had arrived in Calais roads on Saturday afternoon, the 6th August. If it had been joined on that day, or the next—as Philip and Medina Sidonia fully expected—by the Duke of Parma's flotilla, the invasion would have been made at once. If a Spanish army had ever landed in England at all, that event would have occurred on the 7th August. The weather was not unfavourable, the sea was smooth, and the circumstances under which the catastrophe of the great drama was that night accomplished, were a profound mystery to every soul in England. For aught that Leicester, or Burghley, or Queen Elizabeth, knew at the time, the army of

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{24 \text{ July}}{3 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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Farnese might, on Monday, have been marching upon London. Now, on that Monday morning, the army of Lord Hunsdon was not assembled at all, and Leicester, with but four thousand men under his command, was just commencing his camp at Tilbury.[1] The "Bellona-like" appearance of the Queen on her white palfrey, with truncheon in hand, addressing her troops in that magnificent burst of eloquence which has so often been repeated, was not till eleven days afterwards, August $\frac{9}{19}$;[2] not till the great Armada, shattered and tempest-tossed, had been, a week long, dashing itself against the cliffs of Norway and the Faröes, on its forlorn retreat to Spain.

Leicester, courageous, self-confident, and sanguine as ever, could not restrain his indignation at the parsimony with which his own impatient spirit had to contend. "Be you assured," said he, *on the 3rd August, when the Armada was off the Isle of Wight*, "if the Spanish fleet arrive safely in the narrow seas, the Duke of Parma will join presently with all his forces, and lose no time in invading this realm. Therefore I beseech you, my good Lords, let no man, by hope or other abuse, prevent your speedy providing defence against this mighty enemy now knocking at our gate."[3]

For even at this supreme moment doubts were entertained at court as to the intentions of the Spaniards.

Next day he informed Walsingham that his four thousand men had arrived. "They be as forward men and willing to meet the enemy as I ever saw," said he.[4] He could not say as much in praise of the commissariat. "Some want the captains showed," he observed, "for these men arrived without one meal of victuals, so that, on their arrival, they had not

4 Aug. 1588.

[1] "I have a most apt place to begin our camp in, not far from the fort, at a place called West Tilbury." Leicester to Privy Council, $\frac{24 \text{ July}}{3 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"I did peruse and make choice of the ground for the encamping of the soldiers. Yesterday went to Chelmsford to order all the soldiers hither this day." Same to Walsingham, $\frac{25 \text{ July}}{4 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Lingard, viii. 285.

[3] Leicester to Privy Council, $\frac{24 \text{ July}}{3 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] Same to Walsingham, $\frac{25 \text{ July}}{4 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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one barrel of beer nor loaf of bread—enough after twenty miles' march to have discouraged them, and brought them to mutiny. I see many causes to increase my former opinion of the dilatory wants you shall find upon all sudden hurley burleys. In no former time was ever so great a cause, and albeit her Majesty hath appointed an army to resist her enemies if they land, yet how hard a matter it will be to gather men together, I find it now. If it will be five days to gather these countrymen, judge what it will be to look in short space for those that dwell forty, fifty, sixty miles off."[1]

He had immense difficulty in feeding even this slender force. "I made proclamation," said he, "two days ago, in all market towns, that victuallers should come to the camp and receive money for their provisions, but there is not one victualler come in to this hour. I have sent to all the justices of peace about it from place to place. I speak it that timely consideration be had of these things, and that they be not deferred till the worst come. Let her Majesty *not defer the time*, upon any supposed hope, *to assemble a convenient force of horse and foot about her*. Her Majesty cannot be strong enough too soon, and if her navy had not been strong and abroad as it is, what care had herself and her whole realm been in by this time! And what care she will be in if her forces be not only assembled, but an army presently dressed to withstand the mighty enemy that is to approach her gates."

"God doth know, I speak it not to bring her to charges. I would she had less cause to spend than ever she had, and her coffers fuller than ever they were; but I will prefer her life and safety, and the defence of the realm, before all sparing of charges in the present danger."[2]

Thus, on the 5th August, no army had been assembled—not even the body-guard of the Queen—and Leicester, with four thousand men, unprovided with a barrel of beer or a loaf of bread, was about commencing his entrenched camp at

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{26 \text{ July}}{5 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) [2] Ibid.

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Tilbury. On the 6th August the Armada was in Calais roads, expecting Alexander Farnese to lead his troops upon London !

Norris and Williams, on the news of Medina Sidonia's approach, had rushed to Dover, much to the indignation of Leicester, just as the Earl was beginning his entrenchments at Tilbury. "I assure you I am angry with Sir John Norris and Sir Roger Williams," he said. "I am here cook, caterer, and huntsman. I am left with no one to supply Sir John's place as marshal, but, for a day or two, am willing to work the harder myself. I ordered them both to return this day early, which they faithfully promised. Yet, on arriving this morning, I hear nothing of either, and have nobody to marshal the camp either for horse or foot. This manner of dealing doth much mislike me in them both. I am ill-used. 'Tis now four o'clock, but here's not one of them. If they come not this night, I assure you I will not receive them into office, nor bear such loose careless dealing at their hands. If you saw how weakly I am assisted you would be sorry to think that we here should be the front against the enemy that is so mighty, if he should land here. And seeing her Majesty hath appointed me her lieutenant-general, I look that respect be used towards me, such as is due to my place."[1]

Thus the ancient grudge between Leicester and the Earl of Sussex's son was ever breaking forth, and was not likely to prove beneficial at this eventful season.

Next day the Welshman arrived, and Sir John promised to come back in the evening. Sir Roger brought word from the coast that Lord Henry Seymour's fleet was in want both of men and powder. "Good Lord !" exclaimed Leicester, "how is this come to pass, that both he and my Lord-Admiral are so weakened of men. I hear they be running away. I beseech you, assemble your forces, and play not away this kingdom by delays. Hasten our horsemen hither and footmen. . . . . If the Spanish fleet come to 5 Aug. 1588.

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{25 \text{ July}}{4 \text{ Aug.}}$, MS. already cited.

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the narrow seas the Prince of Parma will play another part than is looked for."[1]

As the Armada approached Calais, Leicester was informed that the soldiers at Dover began to leave the coast. It seemed that they were dissatisfied with the penuriousness of the government. "Our soldiers do break away at Dover, or are not pleased. I assure you, without wages, the people will not tarry, and contributions go hard with them. Surely I find that her Majesty must needs deal liberally, and be at charges to entertain her subjects that have chargeably and liberally used themselves to serve her."[2] The lieutenant-general even thought it might be necessary for him to proceed to Dover in person, in order to remonstrate with these discontented troops; for it was possible that those ill-paid, undisciplined, and very meagre forces, would find much difficulty in opposing Alexander's march to London, if he should once succeed in landing. Leicester had a very indifferent opinion too of the train-bands of the metropolis. "For your Londoners," he said, "I see their *service will be little*, except they have their own captains, and having them, *I look for none at all by them*, when we shall meet the enemy."[3] This was not complimentary, certainly, to the training of the famous Artillery Garden, and furnished a still stronger motive for defending the road over which the capital was to be approached. But there was much jealousy, both among citizens and nobles, of any authority entrusted to professional soldiers. "I know what burghers be, well enough," said the Earl, "as brave and well-entertained as ever the Londoners were. If they should go forth from the city they should have good leaders. You know the imperfections of the time, how few leaders you have, and the gentlemen of the counties are very loth to have any captains placed with them. So that the beating out of our best captains is like to be cause of great danger."[4]

Sir John Smith, a soldier of experience, employed to drill and organize some of the levies, expressed still more dis-

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{26 \text{ July}}{5 \text{ Aug.}}$ MS. already cited.

[2] Same to same, $\frac{28 \text{ July}}{7 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

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paraging opinions than those of Leicester concerning the probable efficiency in the field of these English armies.[1] The Earl was very angry with the knight, however, and considered him imcompetent, insolent, and ridiculous. Sir John seemed, indeed, more disposed to keep himself out of harm's way, than to render service to the Queen by leading awkward recruits against Alexander Farnese. He thought it better to nurse himself.

"You would laugh to see how Sir John Smith has dealt since my coming," said Leicester. "He came to me, and told me that his disease so grew upon him as he must needs go to the baths. I told him I would not be against his health, but he saw what the time was, and what pains he had taken with his countrymen, and that I had provided a good place for him. Next day he came again, saying little to my offer then, and seemed desirous, for his health, to be gone. I told him what place I did appoint, which was a regiment of a great part of his countrymen. He said his health was dear to him, and he desired to take leave of me, which I yielded unto. Yesterday, being our muster-day, he came again to me to dinner; but such foolish and vain-glorious paradoxes he burst withal, without any cause offered, as made all that knew anything smile and answer little, but in sort rather to satisfy men present than to argue with him."[2]

And the knight went that day to review Leicester's choice troops—the four thousand men of Essex—but was not much more deeply impressed with their proficiency than he had been with that of his own regiment. He became very censorious.

"After the muster," said the lieutenant-general, "he entered again into such strange cries for ordering of men, and for the fight with the weapon, as made me think he was not well. God forbid he should have charge of men that knoweth so little, as I dare pronounce that he doth."[3]

[1] Hardwicke Papers, I. 575. Strype, iv. 47. Lingard, viii. 273.

[2] Leicester to Walsingham, $\frac{28 \text{ July}}{7 \text{ Aug.}}$ 1588, MS. already cited.

[3] Ibid.

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Yet the critical knight was a professional campaigner, whose opinions were entitled to respect; and the more so, it would seem, because they did not materially vary from those which Leicester himself was in the habit of expressing. And these interior scenes of discord, tumult, parsimony, want of organization, and unsatisfactory mustering of troops, were occurring on the very Saturday and Sunday when the Armada lay in sight of Dover cliffs, and when the approach of the Spaniards on the Dover road might at any moment be expected.

Leicester's jealous and overbearing temper itself was also proving a formidable obstacle to a wholesome system of defence. He was already displeased with the amount of authority entrusted to Lord Hunsdon, disposed to think his own rights invaded, and desirous that the Lord Chamberlain should accept office under himself. He wished saving clauses as to his own authority inserted in Hunsdon's patent. "Either it must be so, or I shall have wrong," said he, "if he absolutely command where my patent doth give me power. You may easily conceive what absurd dealings are likely to fall out, if you allow two absolute commanders."[1]

Looking at these pictures of commander-in-chief, officers, and rank and file—as painted by themselves—we feel an inexpressible satisfaction that in this great crisis of England's destiny, there were such men as Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Seymour, Winter, Fenner, and their gallant brethren, cruising that week in the Channel, and that Nassau and Warmond, De Moor and Van der Does, were blockading the Flemish coast.

There was but little preparation to resist the enemy once landed. There were no fortresses, no regular army, no population trained to any weapon. There were patriotism, loyalty, courage, and enthusiasm, in abundance; but the commander-in-chief was a queen's favourite, odious to the people, with very moderate abilities, and eternally quarrelling with officers more competent than himself; and all the arrangements were

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, MS. already cited.

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so hopelessly behind-hand, that although great disasters might have been avenged, they could scarcely have been avoided.

Remembering that the Invincible Armada was lying in Calais roads on the 6th of August, hoping to cross to Dover the next morning, let us ponder the words addressed on that very day to Queen Elizabeth by the Lieutenant-General of England.

"My most dear and gracious Lady," said the Earl, "it is most true that those enemies that approach your kingdom and person are your undeserved foes, and being so, and hating you for a righteous cause, there is the less fear to be had of their malice or their forces; for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocence of that heart. The cause you are assailed for is His and His Church's, and He never failed any that faithfully do put their chief trust in His goodness. He hath, to comfort you withal, given you great and mighty means to defend yourself, which means I doubt not but your Majesty will timely and princely use them, and your good God that ruleth all will assist you and bless you with victory."[1]

He then proceeded to give his opinion on two points concerning which the Queen had just consulted him—the propriety of assembling her army, and her desire to place herself at the head of it in person.

On the first point one would have thought discussion superfluous on the 6th of August. "For your army, *it is more than time it were gathered and about you*," said Leicester, "or so near you as you may have the use of it at a few hours' warning. The reason is that your mighty enemies are at hand, and if God suffers them to pass by your fleet, you are sure they will attempt their purpose of landing with all expedition. And albeit your navy be very strong, but, as we have always heard, the other is not only far greater, but their forces of men much beyond yours. No doubt if the Prince of Parma come forth, their forces by sea shall not only be

[1] Leicester to the Queen, $\frac{27 \text{ July}}{6 \text{ Aug.}}$, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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greatly augmented, but his power to land shall the easier take effect whensoever he shall attempt it. Therefore it is most requisite that your Majesty at all events have as great a force every way as you can devise; for there is no dalliance at such a time nor with such an enemy. You shall otherwise hazard your own honour, besides your person and country, and must offend your gracious God that gave you these forces and power, *though you will not use them when you should.*"[1]

It seems strange enough that such phrases should be necessary when the enemy was knocking at the gate; but it is only too true that the land-forces were never organized until the hour of danger had, most fortunately and unexpectedly, passed by. Suggestions at this late moment were now given for the defence of the throne, the capital, the kingdom, and the life of the great Queen, which would not have seemed premature had they been made six months before, but which, when offered in August, excite unbounded amazement. Alexander would have had time to march from Dover to Durham before these directions, now leisurely stated with all the air of novelty, could be carried into effect.

"Now for the placing of your army," says the lieutenant-general on the memorable Saturday, 6th of August, "no doubt but I think about London the meetest, and I suppose that others will be of the same mind. And your Majesty should forthwith give the *charge thereof to some special nobleman* about you, and likewise place all your chief officers that every man *may know what he shall do, and gather as many good horse* above all things as you can, and the oldest, best, and assuredest captains to lead; for therein will consist the greatest hope of good success under God. And so soon as your army is assembled, *let them by and by be exercised, every man to know his weapon*, and that there be all other things prepared in readiness for your army, as if they should march upon a day's warning, especially carriages, and a commissary of victuals, and a master of ordnance."[2]

Certainly, with Alexander of Parma on his way to London,

[1] Leicester to the Queen, MS. last cited. [2] Ibid.

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at the head of his Italian pikemen, his Spanish musketeers, his famous veteran legion—"that nursing mother of great soldiers"[1]—it was indeed more than time that every man should know what he should do, that an army of Englishmen should be assembled, and that every man should know his weapon. "By and by" was easily said, and yet on the 6th of August it was by and by that an army, not yet mustered, not yet officered, not yet provided with a general, a commissary of victuals, or a master of ordinance, was to be exercised—"every man to know his weapon."

English courage might ultimately triumph over the mistakes of those who governed the country, and over those disciplined brigands by whom it was to be invaded. But meantime every man of those invaders had already learned on a hundred battle-fields to know *his* weapon.

It was a magnificent determination on the part of Elizabeth to place herself at the head of her troops; and the enthusiasm which her attitude inspired, when she had at last emancipated herself from the delusions of diplomacy and the seductions of thrift, was some recompense at least for the perils caused by her procrastination. But Leicester could not approve of this hazardous though heroic resolution.[2]

The danger passed away. The Invincible Armada was

[1] "Aquel tercio viejo, padre de todos los demas, y semiuario de los mayores solados que ha visto en nuestro tiempo Europa." Coloma, ii. 26vo.

[2] Leicester to the Queen, MS. before cited.

"Now for your person," he said, "being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, especially finding your Majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to the uttermost confines of your realm to meet your enemies and defend your subjects, I cannot, most dear Queen, consent to that; for upon your well-doing consists all and some for your whole kingdom, and therefore preserve it above all! Yet will I not that, in some sort, so princely and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is, and thus far, if it please you, you may do it to draw yourself to your house at Havering; and your army, being about London, as at Stratford, Eastham, Hackney, and the villages there about, shall be alway not only a defence but a ready supply to those counties of Essex and Kent, if need be, and in the meantime your Majesty may comfort this army and the people of both those counties, and may see both the camp and the forts. It is not above fourteen miles from Havering, and a very convenient place for your Majesty to lie in by the way. To rest you at the camp, I trust you will be pleased with your poor lieutenant's cabin, and within a mile there is a gentleman's house where you may also lie. Thus you may comfort not only these thousands, but many more that shall hear of it, and thus far, but no farther, can I consent to adventure your person."

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driven out of the Channel by the courage, the splendid seamanship, and the enthusiasm of English sailors and volunteers. The Duke of Parma was kept a close prisoner by the fleets of Holland and Zeeland; and the great storm of the 14th and 15th of August at last completed the overthrow of the Spaniards.

It was, however, supposed for a long time that they would come back, for the disasters which had befallen them in the north were but tardily known in England. The sailors, by whom England had been thus defended in her utmost need, were dying by hundreds, and even thousands, of ship-fever, in the latter days of August. Men sickened one day, and died the next, so that it seemed probable that the ten thousand sailors by whom the English ships of war were manned, would have almost wholly disappeared, at a moment when their services might be imperatively required. Nor had there been the least precaution taken for cherishing and saving these brave defenders of their country. They rotted in their ships, or died in the streets of the naval ports, because there were no hospitals to receive them.[1]

"'Tis a most pitiful sight," said the Lord-Admiral, "to see here at Margate how the men, having no place where they can be received, die in the streets. I am driven of force myself to come on land to see them bestowed in some lodgings; and the best I can get is barns and such outhouses, and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would *grieve any man's heart to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably.*"[2]

The survivors, too, were greatly discontented; for, after having been eight months at sea, and enduring great privations, they could not get their wages. "Finding it to come thus scantily," said Howard, "it breeds a marvellous alteration among them."[3]

But more dangerous than the pestilence or the discontent

[1] Lord Howard to the Queen; Same to Walsingham; Same to Privy Council, $\frac{22 \text{ Aug.}}{1 \text{ Sept.}}$ (S. P. Office MSS.)

[2] Howard to Burghley, $\frac{10}{20}$ Aug. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Howard to Privy Council, $\frac{22 \text{ Aug.}}{1 \text{ Sept.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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was the misunderstanding which existed at the moment between the leading admirals of the English fleet. Not only was Seymour angry with Howard, but Hawkins and Frobisher were at daggers drawn with Drake; and Sir Martin—if contemporary affidavits can be trusted—did not scruple to heap the most virulent abuse upon Sir Francis, calling him, in language better fitted for the forecastle than the quarter-deck, a thief and a coward, for appropriating the ransom of Don Pedro Valdez, in which both Frobisher and Hawkins claimed at least an equal share with himself.[1]

[1] "The $\frac{10}{20}$th day of August, 1588, I arrived at Harwick," says Matthew Starke, mariner on board the 'Revenge,' flag ship of Sir Francis Drake, "and delivered letters sent by the Lord-Admiral to the Lord Sheffield. . . . . I found with him Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, with divers others. . . . Then Sir Martin Frobisher began some speeches concerning the service done in this action, and said:—Sir Francis Drake reporteth that no man hath done any good service but he, but he shall well understand that others have done as good service as he, and better too. He came bragging up at the first indeed, and gave them his prow and his broadside, and then kept his luff, and was glad that he was gone again, like a cowardly knave or traitor—I rest doubtful which, but the one I will swear.

"'Further, said he, he hath done good service indeed, for he took Don Pedro; for after he had seen her in the evening that she had spent her masts, then, like a coward, he kept by her all night, because he would have the spoil. He thinketh to cozen us of our shares of 15,000 ducats, but we will have our shares, *or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly*, for he hath done enough of those cozening cheats already.

"'He hath used certain speeches of me (continued Sir Martin) which I will make him eat again, or I will make him spend the best blood in his belly. Furthermore, he reporteth that no man hath done so good service as he, but he lieth in his teeth, for there are others that have done as good, and better too.

"'Then he demanded of me if we (in the 'Revenge') did not see Don Pedro overnight or no. Unto which I answered No. Then he told me that I lied, for she was seen to all the fleet. Unto which I answered I would lay my head that not any one man in the fleet did see her until it was morning, that we were within two or three cables' lengths of her. Whereunto he answered, Aye, marry, you were within two or three cables' lengths, for you were no farther off all night, but lay a-hull by her. Whereunto I answered No, for we bear a good sail all night, off and on.

"'Then he asked me to what end we stood off from the fleet all night. I answered that we had descried three or four hulks, and to that end we wrought, not knowing what they were. Then said he, Sir Francis was appointed to bear a light all that night, which light we looked for, but there was none to be seen; and in the morning, when we should have dealt with them, there was not about five or six near to the admiral, by reason we saw not his light. After this, and many more speeches which I am not able to remember, the Lord Sheffield demanded of me what I was. Unto which I answered I had been in the action with Sir Francis in the 'Revenge' this seven or eight months. Then he demanded of me, what art thou—a soldier? And I answered I am a mariner, like your Honour. Then said he, I have no more to say unto you. You may depart.'

"All this I do confess to be true, as

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And anxious enough was the Lord-Admiral, with his sailors perishing by pestilence, with many of his ships so weakly manned that—as Lord Henry Seymour declared—there were not mariners enough to weigh the anchors,[1] and with the great naval heroes, on whose efforts the safety of the realm depended, wrangling like fisherwomen among themselves, when rumours came, as they did almost daily, of the return of the Spanish Armada, and of new demonstrations on the part of Farnese. He was naturally unwilling that the fruits of English valour on the seas should now be sacrificed by the false economy of the government. He felt that, after all that had been endured and accomplished, the Queen and her counsellors were still capable of leaving England at the mercy of a renewed attempt. "I know not what you think at the court," said he; "but I think, and so do all here, that there cannot be too great forces maintained for the next five or six weeks. God knoweth whether the Spanish fleet will not, after refreshing themselves in Norway, Denmark, and the Orkneys, return. I think they dare not go back to Spain with this dishonour to their King and overthrow of the Pope's credit. Sir, sure bind, sure find. A kingdom is a grand wager. Security is dangerous, and, *if God had not been our best friend*, we should have found it so."[2]

Nothing could be more replete with sound common sense than this simple advice, given as it was in utter ignorance of the fate of the Armada, after it had been lost sight of by the English vessels off the Frith of Forth, and of the cold refresh-

it was spoken by Sir Martin Frobisher, and do acknowledge it in the presence of these parties whose names are hereunder written. Captain Platt: Captain Vaughan; Mr. Grange, master of the Arke; John Graye, master of the Revenge; Captain Spendeloe.

"Moreover, he said that Sir Francis was the cause of all these troubles, and in this action he showed himself the most coward. By me, Matthew Starke, Aug. $\frac{10}{20}$, 1588." (S. P. Office MS.)

[1] Seymour to Walsingham, $\frac{23 \text{ Aug.}}{2 \text{ Sept.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Howard to Walsingham, $\frac{8}{18}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"Some haply may say that winter cometh on apace," said Drake, "but my poor opinion is that I dare not advise her Majesty to hazard a kingdom with the saving of a little charge. The Duke of Parma is nigh, and will not let to send daily to the Duke of Sidonia, if he may find him." Drake to Walsingham, $\frac{8}{18}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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ment which it had found in Norway and the Orkneys. But Burghley had a store of pithy apophthegms, for which he knew he could always find sympathy in the Queen's breast, and with which he could answer these demands of admirals and generals. "To spend in time convenient is wisdom;" he observed—"to continue charges without needful cause bringeth repentance;"—"to hold on charges without knowledge of the certainty thereof and of means how to support them, is lack of wisdom;"[1] and so on.

Yet the Spanish fleet might have returned into the Channel—for aught the Lord-Treasurer on the 22nd August knew—or the Dutch fleet might have relaxed in its vigilant watching of Farnese's movements. It might have then seemed a most plentiful lack of wisdom to allow English sailors to die of plague in the streets for want of hospitals, and to grow mutinous for default of pay. To have saved under such circumstances would perhaps have brought repentance.

The invasion of England by Spain had been most portentous. That the danger was at last averted is to be ascribed to the enthusiasm of the English nation—both patricians and plebeians—to the heroism of the little English fleet, to the spirit of the naval commanders and volunteers, to the stanch and effective support of the Hollanders, and to the hand of God shattering the Armada at last; but very little credit can be conscientiously awarded to the diplomatic or the military efforts of the Queen's government.[2] Miracles alone, in the

[1] Memorial in Burghley's hand, $\frac{12}{22}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] An exception is always to be made in favour of the Secretary of State. Although stunned for a moment by the superhuman perfidy of Philip and Farnese, and deceived by false intelligence as to the conditions of the Armada after the gale near Coruña, Walsingham had been ever watchful, and constantly uttering words of solemn warning. "Plain dealing is best among friends," said Seymour. "I will not flatter you, but you have fought more with your pen than many here in our English navy with their enemies. But that your place and most necessary attendance about her Majesty cannot be spared, your value and deserts opposite the enemy had showed itself."

"For myself," added the bold sailor, who was much dissatisfied at the prospect of "being penned and moored in roads," instead of cruizing after the Spaniards, "I have not spared my body, which, I thank God, is able to go through thick and thin. . . . Spare me not while I am abroad, for when God shall return me, I will be kin to the bear. I will hold to the stake before I come abroad again." Lord

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opinion of Roger Williams, had saved England on this occasion from perdition.[1]

Towards the end of August, Admiral de Nassau paid a visit to Dover with forty ships, "well appointed and furnished."[2] He dined and conferred with Seymour, Palmer, and other officers—Winter being still laid up with his wound—and expressed the opinion that Medina Sidonia would hardly return to the Channel, after the banquet he had received from her Majesty's navy between Calais and Gravelines. He also gave the information that the States had sent fifty Dutch vessels in pursuit of the Spaniards, and had compelled all the herring-fishermen for the time to serve in the ships of war, although the prosperity of the country depended on that industry. "I find the man very wise, subtle, and cunning," said Seymour of the Dutch Admiral, "and therefore do I trust him."[3]

Nassau represented the Duke of Parma as evidently discouraged, as having already disembarked his troops, and as very little disposed to hazard any further enterprise against England. "I have left twenty-five Kromstevens," said he, "to prevent his egress from Sluys, and I am immediately returning thither myself. The tide will not allow his vessels at present to leave Dunkerk, and I shall not fail—before the next full moon—to place myself before that place, to prevent their coming out, or to have a brush with them if they venture to put to sea."[4]

But after the scenes on which the last full moon had looked down in those waters, there could be no further pretence on the part of Farnese to issue from Sluys and Dunkerk, and

H. Seymour to Walsingham, from the Rainbow, $\frac{18}{28}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.) Same to same, $\frac{23 \text{ Aug.}}{2 \text{ Sept.}}$ MS.

[1] R. Williams to Walsingham, July, 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Seymour to Walsingham, $\frac{17}{27}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[3] Seymour to Walsingham, $\frac{14}{24}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] "Cependant je ne fauldrai de me retourner contre la prochaine lune devant Dunquerque pour empecher la sortie a ceux dedans, ou de me mêler avec eux s'ils se deliberent se mettre en mer." Just. de Nassau to Walsingham, $\frac{17}{27}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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England and Holland were thenceforth saved from all naval enterprises on the part of Spain.

Meantime, the same uncertainty which prevailed in England as to the condition and the intentions of the Armada was still more remarkable elsewhere. There was a systematic deception practised not only upon other governments, but upon the King of Spain as well. Philip, as he sat at his writing-desk, was regarding himself as the monarch of England, long after his Armada had been hopelessly dispersed.[1]

In Paris, rumours were circulated during the first ten days of August that England was vanquished, and that the Queen was already on her way to Rome as a prisoner, where she was to make expiation, barefoot, before his Holiness. Mendoza—now more magnificent than ever—stalked into Notre Dame with his drawn sword in his hand, crying out with a loud voice, "Victory, victory!"[2] and on the 10th of August ordered bonfires to be made before his house; but afterwards thought better of that scheme.[3] He had been deceived by a variety of reports sent to him day after day by agents on the coast; and the King of France—better informed by Stafford, but not unwilling thus to feed his spite against the insolent ambassador—affected to believe his fables. He even confirmed them by intelligence, which he pretended to have himself received from other sources, of the landing of the Spaniards in England without opposition, and of the entire subjugation of that country without the striking of a blow.[4]

Hereupon, on the night of August 10th, the envoy—"like a wise man," as Stafford observed[5]—sent off four couriers, one after another, with the great news to Spain, that his master's heart might be rejoiced, and caused a pamphlet on the subject to be printed and distributed over Paris.[6] "I will not waste a large sheet of paper to express the joy which we must all feel," he wrote to Idiaquez, "at this good news. God be

[1] Philip II. to Parma, 18 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] Stowe, 744-750.
[3] Sir E. Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)
[4] Reyd, viii. 148.
[5] Stafford to Walsingham, MS. last cited.
[6] Ibid. Reyd, *ubi sup.*

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praised for all, who gives us small chastisements to make us better, and then, like a merciful Father, sends us infinite rewards."[1] And in the same strain he wrote, day after day, to Moura and Idiaquez, and to Philip himself.

Stafford, on his side, was anxious to be informed by his government of the exact truth, whatever it were, in order that these figments of Mendoza might be contradicted. "That which cometh from me," he said, "will be believed, for I have not been used to tell lies, and in very truth I have not the face to do it.'[2]

And the news of the Calais squibs, of the fight off Gravelines, and the retreat of the Armada towards the north, could not be very long concealed. So soon, therefore, as authentic intelligence reached the English envoy of those events—which was not however for *nearly ten days* after their occurrence[3]—Stafford in his turn wrote a pamphlet, in answer to that of Mendoza, and decidedly the more successful one of the two. It cost him but five crowns, he said, to print four hundred copies of it; but those in whose name it was published got one hundred crowns by its sale. The English ambassador was unwilling to be known as the author—although "desirous of touching up the impudence of the Spaniard;"—but the King had no doubt of its origin. Poor Henry, still smarting under the insults of Mendoza and 'Mucio,' was delighted with this blow to Philip's presumption, was loud in his praises of Queen Elizabeth's valour, prudence, and marvellous fortune, and declared that what she had just done could be compared to the greatest exploits of the most illustrious men in history.[4]

[1] "No quiero ocupar V. M. con larga carta el Regozijo que tendra con las buenas nuevas con que queria despachar. Dios sea alavado por todo, qui nos muestra chicos castigos por enmendarnos, y da como padre de misericordia infinitos mercedes y beneficios." Mendoza to Idiaquez, 13 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.) Same to Philip II. same date.

The envoy thought that the "Almighty Father of mercy had conferred as infinite rewards and benefits," upon His Spanish children, the sacking of London, and the butchering of the English nation—rewards and benefits similar to those which they had formerly enjoyed in the Netherlands.

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, $\frac{1}{11}$ Aug. MS. before cited.

[3] Same to same, $\frac{9}{19}$ Aug. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

[4] "Este Rey ha loado, hablandose con algunos de sus favoridos grande-

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"So soon as ever he saw the pamphlet," said Stafford, "he offered to lay a wager it was my doing, and laughed at it heartily."[1] And there were malicious pages about the French court, who also found much amusement in writing to the ambassador, begging his interest with the Duke of Parma that they might obtain from that conqueror some odd refuse town or so in England, such as York, Canterbury, London, or the like—till the luckless Don Bernardino was ashamed to show his face.[2]

A letter from Farnese, however, of 10th August, apprized Philip before the end of August of the Calais disaster, and caused him great uneasiness, without driving him to despair. "At the very moment," wrote the King to Medina Sidonia, "when I was expecting news of the effect hoped for from my Armada, I have learned the retreat from before Calais, *to which it was compelled by the weather;* [!] and I have received a very great shock, which keeps me in anxiety not to be exaggerated. Nevertheless I hope in our Lord that he will have provided a remedy, and that if it was possible for you to return upon the enemy, to come back to the appointed post, and to watch an opportunity for the great stroke, you will have done as the case required; and so I am expecting, with solicitude, to hear what has happened, and please God it may be that which is so suitable for his service."[3]

mente del valor, animo, y prudencia de la Reyna de Inglaterra, favorecida de una maravillosa fortuna, diziendo que lo que ella avia hecho ultimamente se podia comparar con las mayores hazañas de los hombres mas ilustres del tiempo passado, pues avia osado con solas sus fuerzas aguardar las que eran tan pujantes como las de España y combatir las, cerrando juntamente el paso a la armada del duca de Parma, que era no menos poderosa, y aver tardado quatro años V. Mag^{d}. con juntar semejantes armadas, poniendo al mundo en admiracion de ser las de las quales se podia dezir aver trionfado la Reyna de Inglaterra." Mendoza to Philip, 13 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MS.)

Of course all the exploits of the English and Dutch admirals and their crews were, in the opinion of Henry III., the work of Queen Elizabeth. It was the royal prudence, valor, and good fortune, which saved England, not the merits of Drake and Howard, Nassau and De Moor.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, MS. before cited.

[2] Stowe, 744-750.

[3] "Al tiempo que se aguardavan nuevas del effeto que de las fuerzas dessa armada se esperaba, se ha entendido la derrota que desde sobre Cales la forço a tomar el temporal, y recibido muy gran sobresalto que me tiene con mas cuydado que se puede encarecer, aunque espero en nuestro Señor que avra proveydo de remedio, y que os fue posible rebolver sobre el enemigo y

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And in the same strain, melancholy yet hopeful, were other letters despatched on that day to the Duke of Parma. "The satisfaction caused by your advices on the 8th August of the arrival of the Armada near Calais, and of your preparations to embark your troops, was changed into a sentiment which you can imagine, by your letter of the 10th. The anxiety thus occasioned it would be impossible to exaggerate, although —the cause being such as it is—there is no ground for distrust. Perhaps the Armada, keeping together, has returned upon the enemy, and given a good account of itself, with the help of the Lord. So I still promise myself that you will have performed your part in the enterprise in such wise as that the service intended to the Lord may have been executed, and repairs made to the reputation of all, which has been so much compromised."[1]

And the King's drooping spirits were revived by fresh accounts which reached him in September, by way of France. He now learned that the Armada had taken captive four Dutch men-of-war and many English ships; that, after the Spaniards had been followed from Calais roads by the enemy's fleet, there had been an action, which the English had attempted in vain to avoid, off Newcastle; that Medina Sidonia had charged upon them so vigorously as to sink twenty of their ships, and to capture twenty-six others, good and sound; that the others, to escape perdition, had fled, after suffering great damage, and had then gone to pieces, all hands perishing; that the Armada had taken a port in Scotland, where it was very comfortably established; that the

acudir al puesto señalado, y atender el effecto principal lo pariades como pedia el caso, y assi aguardo con desseo aviso de lo sucedido, que plega a Dios sea lo que tanto conviene a su servicio." Philip II. to Medina Sidonia, 31 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[1] "Prometo me de vos que avreys executado lo que os toca de manera que se consiga al servicio que se ha pretendido hazer a Dios, *y el reparo de la reputacion de todos que esta tan empeñada.*" The underlined words were stricken out by Philip, from the draft of the letter—prepared as usual by the secretary—with the note in the King's hand: "See if it be well to omit the passage erased, because in that which God does, or by which He is served, there is no gaining or losing of reputation, and it is better not to speak of it at all." ("Pues en lo que Dios haze, y es servido, no ay que perder ni ganar reputacion, y es major no hablar en ello.") Philip II. to Parma, 31 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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flag-ship of Lord-admiral Howard, of Drake, and of that "distinguished mariner Hawkins," had all been sunk in action, and that no soul had been saved except Drake, who had escaped in a cock-boat. "This is good news," added the writer, "and it is most certain."[1]

The King pondered seriously over these conflicting accounts, and remained very much in the dark. Half the month of September went by, and he had heard nothing official since the news of the Calais catastrophe. It may be easily understood that Medina Sidonia, while flying round the Orkneys had not much opportunity for despatching couriers to Spain, and as Farnese had not written since the 10th August, Philip was quite at a loss whether to consider himself triumphant or defeated. From the reports by way of Calais, Dunkerk, and Rouen, he supposed that the Armada had inflicted much damage on the enemy. He suggested accordingly, on the 3rd September, to the Duke of Parma, that he might now make the passage to England, while the English fleet, if anything was left of it, was repairing its damages. "'Twill be easy enough to conquer the country," said Philip, "so soon as you set foot on the soil. Then perhaps our Armada can come back and station itself in the Thames to support you."[2]

Nothing could be simpler. Nevertheless the King felt a pang of doubt lest affairs, after all, might not be going on so swimmingly; so he dipped his pen in the inkstand again, and observed with much pathos, "But if this hope must be given up, you must take the Isle of Walcheren: something must be done to console me."[3]

And on the 15th September he was still no wiser. "This business of the Armada leaves me no repose," he said; "I can think of nothing else. I don't content myself with what I have written, but write again and again, although in great want of light. I hear that the Armada has sunk and captured many English ships, and is refitting in a Scotch port. If this

[1] Avisos de Dunquerque, 30 Aug. 1588. Carta de Roan de Juan de Gamarra, 31 Aug. 1588. "A sido buena nueva, y esto es certissimo." (Arch. de Sim. [Paris.] MSS.)

[2] Philip II. to Parma, 3 Sept. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[3] Ibid.

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is in the territory of Lord Huntley, I hope he will stir up the Catholics of that country."[1]

And so, in letter after letter, Philip clung to the delusion that Alexander could yet cross to England, and that the Armada might sail up the Thames. The Duke was directed to make immediate arrangements to that effect with Medina Sidonia, at the very moment when that tempest-tossed grandee was painfully creeping back towards the Bay of Biscay, with what remained of his invincible fleet.

Sanguine and pertinacious, the King refused to believe in the downfall of his long-cherished scheme; and even when the light was at last dawning upon him, he was like a child crying for a fresh toy, when the one which had long amused him had been broken. If the Armada were really very much damaged, it was easy enough, he thought, for the Duke of Parma to make him a new one, while the old one was repairing. "In case the Armada is too much shattered to come out," said Philip, "and winter compels it to stay in that port, *you must cause another Armada to be constructed at Emden* and the adjacent towns, at my expense, and, with the two together, you will certainly be able to conquer England."[2]

And he wrote to Medina Sidonia in similar terms. That naval commander was instructed to enter the Thames at once, if strong enough. If not, he was to winter in the Scotch port which he was supposed to have captured. Meantime Farnese would build a new fleet at Emden, and in the spring the two dukes would proceed to accomplish the great purpose.[3]

But at last the arrival of Medina Sidonia at Santander[4] dispelled these visions, and now the King appeared in another attitude. A messenger, coming post-haste from the captain-general, arrived in the early days of October at the Escorial. Entering the palace he found Idiaquez and Moura pacing up and down the corridor, before the door of Philip's cabinet,

[1] Philip II. to Parma, 15 Sept. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[2] Ibid.
[3] Philip II. to Medina Sidonia, 15 Sept. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)
[4] Philip II. to Parma, 10 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

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and was immediately interrogated by those counsellors, most anxious, of course, to receive authentic intelligence at last as to the fate of the Armada.[1] The entire overthrow of the great project was now, for the first time, fully revealed in Spain; the fabulous victories over the English, and the annihilation of Howard and all his ships, were dispersed in air. Broken, ruined, forlorn, the invincible Armada—so far as it still existed—had reached a Spanish port. Great was the consternation of Idiaquez and Moura, as they listened to the tale, and very desirous was each of the two secretaries that the other should discharge the unwelcome duty of communicating the fatal intelligence to the King.[2]

At last Moura consented to undertake the task, and entering the cabinet, he found Philip seated at his desk. Of course he was writing letters.[3] Being informed of the arrival of a messenger from the north, he laid down his pen, and inquired the news. The secretary replied that the accounts concerning the Armada were by no means so favourable as could be wished. The courier was then introduced, and made his dismal report. The King did not change countenance. "Great thanks," he observed, "do I render to Almighty God, by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power, that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted, so long as the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible."

So saying he resumed his pen, and serenely proceeded with his letters.[4] Christopher Moura stared with unaffected amazement at his sovereign, thus tranquil while a shattered world was falling on his head, and then retired to confer with his colleague.

"And how did his Majesty receive the blow?" asked Idiaquez.

"His Majesty thinks nothing of the blow," answered Moura,

[1] Strada, II. ix. 564.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "Regem literas scribentem reperit." (Ibid.)
[4] Ibid. "His dictis calamum resumit, et eadem qua ceperat tranquillitate vultus ad scribendum redit.

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"nor do I, consequently, make more of this great calamity than does his Majesty."[1]

So the King—as fortune flew away from him, wrapped himself in his virtue; and his counsellors, imitating their sovereign, arrayed themselves in the same garment. Thus draped, they were all prepared to bide the pelting of the storm which was only beating figuratively on their heads, while it had been dashing the King's mighty galleons on the rocks, and drowning by thousands the wretched victims of his ambition. Soon afterwards, when the particulars of the great disaster were thoroughly known, Philip ordered a letter to be addressed in his name to all the bishops of Spain, ordering a solemn thanksgiving to the Almighty for the safety of that portion of the invincible Armada which it had pleased Him to preserve.[2]

And thus, with the sound of mourning throughout Spain—for there was scarce a household of which some beloved member had not perished in the great catastrophe—and with the peals of merry bells over all England and Holland, and with a solemn 'Te Deum' resounding in every church, the curtain fell upon the great tragedy of the Armada.

[1] "Rex, inquit, totum hoc infortunium nihili facit, nec ego pluris quam ipse." (Ibid.)

[2] Strada, II. ix. 565. Herrera, III. iii. 113.

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CHAPTER XX.

Alexander besieges Bergen-op-Zoom—Pallavicini's Attempt to seduce Parma—Alexander's Fury—He is forced to raise the Siege of Bergen—Gertruydenberg betrayed to Parma—Indignation of the States—Exploits of Schenk—His Attack on Nymegen—He is defeated and drowned—English-Dutch Expedition to Spain—Its meagre Results—Death of Guise and of the Queen-Mother—Combinations after the Murder of Henry III. —Tandem fit Surculus Arbor.

THE fever of the past two years was followed by comparative languor. The deadly crisis was past, the freedom of Europe was saved, Holland and England breathed again; but tension now gave place to exhaustion. The events in the remainder of the year 1588, with those of 1589—although important in themselves—were the immediate results of that history which has been so minutely detailed in these volumes, and can be indicated in a very few pages.

The Duke of Parma, melancholy, disappointed, angry—stung to the soul by calumnies as stupid as they were venomous, and already afflicted with a painful and lingering disease, which his friends attributed to poison administered by command of the master whom he had so faithfully served—determined, if possible, to afford the consolation which that master was so plaintively demanding at his hands.

So Alexander led the splendid army which had been packed in, and unpacked from, the flat boats of Newport and Dunkerk, against Bergen-op-Zoom, and besieged that city in form. Once of great commercial importance, although somewhat fallen away from its original prosperity, Bergen was well situate on a little stream which connected it with the tide-waters of the Scheldt, and was the only place in Brabant, except Willemstad, still remaining to the States. Opposite lay the Isle of Tholen from which it was easily to be supplied and rein-

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forced. The Vosmeer, a branch of the Scheldt, separated the island from the main, and there was a path along the bed of that estuary, which, at dead low-water, was practicable for wading. Alexander, accordingly, sent a party of eight hundred pikemen, under Montigny, Marquis of Renty, and Ottavio Mansfeld, supported on the dyke by three thousand musketeers, across the dangerous ford, at ebb-tide, in order to seize this important island. It was an adventure similar to those, which, in the days of the grand commander, and under the guidance of Mondragon, had been on two occasions so brilliantly successful. But the Isle of Tholen was now defended by Count Solms and a garrison of fierce amphibious Zeelanders—of those determined bands which had just been holding Farnese and his fleet in prison, and daring him to the issue—and the invading party, after fortunately accomplishing their night-journey along the bottom of the Vosmeer, were unable to effect a landing, were driven with considerable loss into the waves again, and compelled to find their way back as best they could, along their dangerous path, and with a rapidly rising tide. It was a blind and desperate venture, and the Vosmeer soon swallowed four hundred of the Spaniards. The rest, half-drowned or smothered, succeeded in reaching the shore—the chiefs of the expedition, Renty and Mansfeld, having been with difficulty rescued by their followers, when nearly sinking in the tide.[1]

The Duke continued the siege, but the place was well defended by an English and Dutch garrison, to the number of five thousand, and commanded by Colonel Morgan, that bold and much experienced Welshman, so well known in the Netherland wars. Willoughby and Maurice of Nassau, and Olden-Barneveld were, at different times, within the walls; for the Duke had been unable to invest the place so closely as to prevent all communications from without; and, while Maurice was present, there were almost daily sorties from the town, with many a spirited skirmish, to give pleasure to the martial

[1] Bor. III. xxv. 338-341. Parma to Philip II., 1 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.) Herrera, III. ii. 114, *seq.*

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young Prince.[1] The English officers, Vere and Baskerville, and two Netherland colonels, the brothers Bax, 10 Oct. 1588. most distinguished themselves on these occasions. The siege was not going on with the good fortune which had usually attended the Spanish leaguer of Dutch cities, while, on the 29th September, a personal incident came to increase Alexander's dissatisfaction and melancholy.

On that day the Duke was sitting in his tent, brooding, as he was apt to do, over the unjust accusations which had been heaped upon him in regard to the failure of the Armada, when a stranger was announced. His name, he said, was Giacomo Morone, and he was the bearer of a letter from Sir Horace Pallavicini, a Genoese gentleman long established in London, and known to be on confidential terms with the English government. Alexander took the letter, and glancing at the bottom of the last page, saw that it was not signed.

"How dare you bring me a dispatch without a signature?" he exclaimed. The messenger, who was himself a Genoese, assured the Duke that the letter was most certainly written by Pallavicini—who had himself placed it, sealed, in his hands—and that he had supposed it signed, although he had of course, not seen the inside.

Alexander began to read the note, which was not a very long one, and his brow instantly darkened. He read a line or two more, when, with an exclamation of fury, he drew his dagger, and, seizing the astonished Genoese by the throat, was about to strike him dead. Suddenly mastering his rage, however, by a strong effort, and remembering that the man might be a useful witness, he flung Morone from him.

"If I had Pallavicini here," he said, "I would treat him as I have just refrained from using you. And if I had any suspicion that you were aware of the contents of this letter, I would send you this instant to be hanged."[2]

The unlucky despatch-bearer protested his innocence of all

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.*

[2] "Y como fué viendo la desverguenza y vellaqueria me altero de manera que me levanto de donde estaba con resolucion de darle estocadas, y Dios me alumbró con ponerme

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complicity with Pallavicini, and his ignorance of the tenor of the communication by which the Duke's wrath had been so much excited. He was then searched and cross-examined most carefully by Richardot and other counsellors, and—his innocence being made apparent—he was ultimately discharged.

The letter of Pallavicini was simply an attempt to sound Farnese as to his sentiments in regard to a secret scheme, which could afterwards be arranged in form, and according to which he was to assume the sovereignty of the Netherlands himself, to the exclusion of his King, to guarantee to England the possession of the cautionary towns, until her advances to the States should be refunded, and to receive the support and perpetual alliance of the Queen in his new and rebellious position.[1]

Here was additional evidence, if any were wanting, of the universal belief in his disloyalty; and Alexander, faithful, if man ever were to his master—was cut to the heart, and irritated almost to madness, by such insolent propositions. There is neither proof nor probability that the Queen's government was implicated in this intrigue of Pallavicini, who appears to have been inspired by the ambition of achieving a bit of Machiavellian policy quite on his own account. Nothing came of the proposition, and the Duke, having transmitted to the King a minute narrative of the affair, together with indignant protestations of the fidelity which all the world seemed determined to dispute, received most affectionate replies from that monarch, breathing nothing but unbounded confidence in his nephew's innocence and devotion.[2]

delante que convenia que este hombre se guardase a buen recado, porque V. M. pueda entender del lo que para esto negº reporte me; y le dije que si yo tuviesse al Palavicino se la daria cual él merece, y a vos si supiese que sabeis este negº, os mandaria luego colgar. Acabé de leer la carta, y cuanto mas la vi y consideré la hallé mas vellaca y enconsonada." Parma to Philip II. 29 Sept. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.) Compare Strada, II. l. iii. 573, *seq.*

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited. Orazio Pallavicini to Giacomo Morone, 31 Aug. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MSS.) Strada, *ubi sup.*

[2] Parma to Idiaquez, 1 Oct. 1588. Philip to Parma, 17 Oct. 1588. Idiaquez to Parma, 17 Oct. 1588. (Arch de Sim. MSS.)

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Such assurances from any other man in the world might have disarmed suspicion, but Alexander knew his master too well to repose upon his word, and remembered too bitterly the last hours of Don John of Austria—whose dying pillow he had soothed, and whose death had been hastened, as he knew, either by actual poison or by the hardly less fatal venom of slander—to regain tranquillity as to his own position.

The King was desirous that Pallavicini should be invited over to Flanders, in order that Alexander, under pretence of listening to his propositions, might draw from the Genoese all the particulars of his scheme, and then, at leisure, inflict the punishment which he had deserved.[1] But insuperable obstacles presented themselves, nor was Alexander desirous of affording still further pretexts for his slanderers.

Very soon after this incident—most important as showing the real situation of various parties, although without any immediate result—Alexander received a visit in his tent from another stranger. This time the visitor was an Englishman, one Lieutenant Grimstone, and the object of his interview with the Duke was not political, but had a direct reference to the siege of Bergen. He was accompanied by a countryman of his own, Redhead by name, a camp-suttler by profession. The two represented themselves as deserters from the besieged city, and offered, for a handsome reward, to conduct a force of Spaniards, by a secret path, into one of the gates. The Duke questioned them narrowly, and being satisfied with their intelligence and coolness, caused them to take an oath on the Evangelists, that they were not playing him false. He then selected a band of one hundred musketeers, partly Spaniards, partly Walloons—to be followed at
20 Oct. a distance by a much more considerable force,
1588. two thousand in number, under Sancho de Leyva and the Marquis of Renti—and appointed the following night for an enterprise against the city, under the guidance of Grimstone.

It was a wild autumnal night, moonless, pitch-dark, with a

[1] Idiaquez to Parma, MS. last cited.

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storm of wind and rain. The waters were out—for the dykes had been cut in all directions by the defenders of the city—and, with exception of some elevated points occupied by Parma's forces, the whole country was overflowed. Before the party set forth on their daring expedition, the two Englishmen were tightly bound with cords, and led, each, by two soldiers instructed to put them to instant death if their conduct should give cause for suspicion. But both Grimstone and Redhead preserved a cheerful countenance, and inspired a strong confidence in their honest intention to betray their countrymen. And thus the band of bold adventurers plunged at once into the darkness, and soon found themselves contending with the tempest, and wading breast high in the black waters of the Scheldt.

After a long and perilous struggle, they at length reached the appointed gate. The external portcullis was raised, and the fifteen foremost of the band rushed into the town. At the next moment, Lord Willoughby, who had been privy to the whole scheme, cut with his own hand the cords which held the portcullis, and entrapped the leaders of the expedition, who were all at once put to the sword, while their followers were thundering at the gate. The lieutenant and suttler, who had thus overreached that great master of dissimulation, Alexander Farnese, were at the same time unbound by their comrades, and rescued from the fate intended for them.

Notwithstanding the probability—when the portcullis fell—that the whole party had been deceived by an artifice of war, the adventurers, who had come so far, refused to abandon the enterprise, and continued an impatient battery upon the gate. At last it was swung wide open, and a furious onslaught was made by the garrison upon the Spaniards. There was a fierce, brief struggle, and then the assailants were utterly routed. Some were killed under the walls, while the rest were hunted into the waves. Nearly every one of the expedition (a thousand in number) perished.[1]

[1] Parma to Philip II. 30 Oct. 1588. (Arch. de Sim. MS.) Meteren, xv. 275ᵛᵒ. Bor, III. xxv. 340. Herrera, III. ii. 118, *seq.* Strada, II. x. 582, 585.

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It had now become obvious to the Duke that his siege must be raised. The days were gone when the walls of Dutch towns seemed to melt before the first scornful glance of the Spanish invader, and when a summons meant a surrender, and a surrender a massacre. Now, strong in the feeling of independence, and supported by the courage and endurance of their English allies, the Hollanders had learned to humble the pride of Spain as it had never been humbled before. The hero of a hundred battle-fields, the inventive and brilliant conqueror of Antwerp, seemed in the deplorable issue of the English invasion to have lost all his genius, all his fortune. A cloud had fallen upon his fame, and he now saw himself, at the head of the best army in Europe, compelled to retire, defeated and humiliated, from the walls of Bergen. Winter was coming on apace; the country was flooded; the storms in that bleak region and inclement season were incessant; and he was obliged to retreat before his army should be drowned.

On the night of 12-13 November he set fire to his camp, and took his departure. By daybreak he was descried in full retreat, and was hotly pursued by the English and Dutch from the city, who drove the great Alexander and his legions before them in ignominious flight. Lord Willoughby, in full view of the retiring enemy, indulged the allied forces with a chivalrous spectacle. Calling a halt, after it had become obviously useless, with their small force of cavalry, to follow any

Camero, Guerras de Flandes (Bruseles, 1625), p. 231, 232. Coloma, Guerras de los Estados Baxos, I. 10, 11. Sir W. Drury to Burghley, $\frac{20}{30}$ Oct. 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

"Seemeth to my simple opinion a great commendation unto the gentleman that could so sweetly charm so wise and learned a master in his own art as the Duke of Parma is," &c.

The Jesuit Strada, however—who narrates all the trickeries of Philip and of Farnese with so much applause—is shocked at the duplicity of Lieutenant Grimstone; and Coloma is ineffably disgusted at such sharp practice.

It has been stated by Meteren (xv. 275[vo]) and others, that Sir William Stanley was in this expedition, and that he very narrowly escaped being taken with the first fifteen. This would have been probable enough, had he been there, for his valour was equal to his treachery. But Parma does not mention his name in the letters describing the adventure, and it is therefore unlikely that he was present. At any rate he escaped capture, and, with it, a traitor's death. Strada says expressly, "Stanlaeo ad id operis nequaquam adhibito."

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longer, through a flooded country, an enemy who had abandoned his design, he solemnly conferred the honour of knighthood, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, on the officers who had most distinguished themselves during the siege, Francis Vere, Baskerville, Powell, Parker, Knowles, and on the two Netherland brothers, Paul and Marcellus Bax.[1]

The Duke of Parma then went into winter quarters in Brabant, and, before the spring, that obedient Province had been eaten as bare as Flanders had already been by the friendly Spaniards.

An excellent understanding between England and Holland had been the result of their united and splendid exertions against the Invincible Armada. Late in the year 1588 Sir John Norris had been sent by the Queen to offer her congratulations and earnest thanks to the States for their valuable assistance in preserving her throne, and to solicit their cooperation in some new designs against the common foe.[2] Unfortunately, however, the epoch of good feeling was but of brief duration. Bitterness and dissension seemed the inevitable conditions of the English-Dutch alliance. It will be remembered, that, on the departure of Leicester, several cities had refused to acknowledge the authority of Count Maurice and the States; and that civil war in the scarcely-born commonwealth had been the result. Medenblik, Naarden, and the other contumacious cities, had however been reduced to obedience after the reception of the Earl's resignation, but the important city of Gertruydenberg had remained in a chronic state of mutiny. This rebellion had been partially appeased during the year 1588 by the efforts of Willoughby, who had strengthened the garrison by reinforcements of English troops under command of his brother-in-law, Sir John Wingfield. Early in 1589 however, the whole garrison became rebellious, disarmed and maltreated the burghers, and demanded immediate payment of the heavy arrearages still due to the troops. Wil-

1589.

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* Meteren. Compare Coloma, I. 11, 12. Herrera, *ubi sup.* Strada, x. 588.

[2] Propositions of Sir John Norris to Council of State. Bor, III. xxv. 361, 362. Sir Ed. Norris to ——, $\frac{29 \text{ Oct.}}{8 \text{ Nov.}}$ 1588. (S. P. Office MS.)

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loughby, who—much disgusted with his career in the Netherlands—was about leaving for England, complaining that the States had not only left him without remuneration for his services, but had not repaid his own advances, nor even given him a complimentary dinner, tried in vain to pacify them. A rumour became very current, moreover, that the garrison had opened negotiations with Alexander Farnese, and accordingly Maurice of Nassau—of whose patrimonial property the city of Gertruydenberg made a considerable proportion, to the amount of eight thousand pounds sterling a year[1]—after summoning the garrison, in his own name and that of the States, to surrender, laid siege to the place in form. It would have been cheaper, no doubt, to pay the demands of the garrison in full, and allow them to depart. But Maurice considered his honour at stake. His letters of summons, in which he spoke of the rebellious commandant and his garrison as self-seeking foreigners and mercenaries, were taken in very ill part. Wingfield resented the statement in very insolent language, and offered to prove its falsehood with his sword against any man and in any place whatever. Willoughby wrote to his brother-in-law, from Flushing, when about to embark, disapproving of his conduct and of his language; and to Maurice, deprecating hostile measures against a city under the protection of Queen Elizabeth. At any rate, he claimed that Sir John Wingfield and his wife, the Countess of Kent, with their newly-born child, should be allowed to depart from the place. But Wingfield expressed great scorn at any suggestion of retreat, and vowed that he would rather surrender the city to the Spaniards than tolerate the presumption of Maurice and the States. The young Prince accordingly opened his batteries, but before an entrance could be effected into the town, was obliged to retire at the approach of Count Mansfeld with a much superior force. Gertruydenberg was now surrendered to the Spaniards (10 April, 1589) in accordance with a secret negociation which had been proceeding all the spring, and had been brought to a conclu- 10 April, 1589.

[1] Ortell to Wolley, 9 April, 1589. (S. P. Office MS.)

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sion at last. The garrison received twelve months' pay in full and a gratuity of five months in addition, and the city was then reduced into obedience to Spain and Rome on the terms which had been usual during the government of Farnese.[1]

The loss of this city was most severe to the republic, for the enemy had thus gained an entrance into the very heart of Holland. It was a more important acquisition to Alexander than even Bergen-op-Zoom would have been, and it was a bitter reflection that to the treachery of Netherlanders and of their English allies this great disaster was owing. All the wrath aroused a year before by the famous treason of York and Stanley, and which had been successfully extinguished, now flamed forth afresh. The States published a placard denouncing the men who had thus betrayed the cause of freedom, and surrendered the city of Gertruydenberg to the Spaniards, as perjured traitors whom it was made lawful to hang, whenever or wherever caught, without trial or sentence, and offering fifty florins a-head for every private soldier and one hundred florins for any officer of the garrison. A list of these Englishmen and Netherlanders, so far as known, was appended to the placard, and the catalogue was headed by the name of Sir John Wingfield.[2]

Thus the consequences of the fatal event were even more deplorable than the loss of the city itself. The fury of Olden-Barneveld at the treason was excessive, and the great Advocate governed the policy of the republic, at this period, almost like a dictator.[3] The States, easily acknowledging the sway

[1] Bor, III. xxvi. 403-419. Strada, II. x. 600-609. Coloma, I. 20-23.

[2] Bor, *ubi sup.* Bodley to Burghley, $\frac{10}{20}$ April, 1589. (B. Mus. Galba, D. iv. 144, MS.)

[3] "For all here is directed by Holland, and Holland is carried away by Barneveld, whose resolutions are so full of self-will, and so opposite to her Majesty's proceedings, as there are of the wisest among themselves that fear by his dealing some great alteration. For the hindrance of which, I cannot propose any better means than if that course which is held between him and Ortell might be stopped in England. For matters here are so handled at this present, as in whatsoever cause the States-General, or they of Holland and Zeeland, have to deal with her Majesty, they neither propose it before to the council of state, nor impart it with her Majesty's lieutenant or counsellors; but, by Barneveld's direction

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of the imperious orator, became bitter and wrathful with the English, side by side with whom they had lately been so cordially standing.

Willoughby, on his part, now at the English court, was furious with the States, and persuaded the leading counsellors of the Queen as well as her Majesty herself, to adopt his view of the transaction. Wingfield, it was asserted, was quite innocent in the matter; he was entirely ignorant of the French language, and therefore was unable to read a word of the letters addressed to him by Maurice and the replies which had been signed by himself. Whether this strange excuse ought to be accepted or not, it is quite certain that he was no traitor like York and Stanley, and no friend to Spain; for he had stipulated for himself the right to return to England, and had neither received nor desired any reward. He hated Maurice and he hated the States, but he asserted that he had been held in durance, that the garrison was mutinous, and that he was no more responsible for the loss of the city than Sir Francis Vere had been, who had also been present, and whose name had been subsequently withdrawn, in honourable fashion from the list of traitors, by authority of the States. His position—so far as he was personally concerned—seemed defensible, and the Queen was thoroughly convinced of his innocence. Willoughby complained that the republic was utterly in the hands of Barneveld, that no man ventured to lift his voice or his eyes in presence of the terrible Advocate who ruled every Netherlander with a rod of iron, and that his violent and threatening language to Wingfield and himself at the dinner-table in Bergen-op-Zoom on the subject of the mutiny (when one hundred of the Gertruydenberg garrison were within sound of his voice) had been the chief cause of the rebellion.[1] Inspired by these remonstrances, the Queen once more emptied the vials of her wrath upon the United

solicit all by Ortell, and so receive their despatch. Whereunto the reputation of every action doth redound unto him, and her Majesty's lieutenant and ministers are little regarded."

Bodley to Burghley, $\frac{20 \text{ Feb.}}{2 \text{ March}}$, 1589. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. iv. 55, MS.)

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.*

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Netherlands. The criminations and recriminations seemed endless, and it was most fortunate that Spain had been weakened, that Alexander, a prey to melancholy and to lingering disease, had gone to the baths of Spa to recruit his shattered health, and that his attention and the schemes of Philip for the year 1589 and the following period were to be directed towards France. Otherwise the commonwealth could hardly have escaped still more severe disasters than those already experienced in this unfortunate condition of its affairs, and this almost hopeless misunderstanding with its most important and vigorous friend.[1]

While these events had been occurring in the heart of the republic, Martin Schenk, that restless freebooter, had been pursuing a bustling and most lucrative career on its outskirts. All the episcopate of Cologne—that debatable land of the two rival paupers, Bavarian Ernest and Gebhard Truchsess—trembled before him. Mothers scared their children into quiet with the terrible name of Schenk, and farmers and land-younkers throughout the electorate and the land of Berg, Cleves, and Juliers, paid their black-mail, as if it were a constitutional impost, to escape the levying process of the redoubtable partisan.

But Martin was no longer seconded, as he should have been, by the States, to whom he had been ever faithful since he forsook the banner of Spain for their own; and he had

[1] Bor, *ubi sup.* and 443-457.

Willoughby published a very bitter pamphlet in reply to the severe attacks of Olden-Barneveld and his partisans. "The child of Milord Willoughby is born at last," said Joachim Ortell; "the book is printed, and is as full of lies as an egg is of meat" (so vol leugens als een ey vol suyvels).

Walsingham—as might be supposed—much regretted these misunderstandings, although he was inclined to censure the States. "I like very well," he said, "that the placcard should rather be answered by Lord Willoughby than by her Majesty. But to have it not answered at all were the best. . . . . Their ingratitude is great, yet seeing we cannot sever ourselves from them without infinite danger, their errors are to be winked at for a time. It may be that the disgrace inflicted on them through the loss of Gertruydenberg will somewhat humble them; for seeing Barnevelt, the principal ringleader amongst them, begins to stick sail, I think the rest will stoop. But when I look into their strange course in publishing their placcard, after the loss of the town to hazard the loss of her Majesty's favour, I must conclude that with the loss of the town they have lost their wits." Walsingham to Burghley, $\frac{27 \text{ April}}{9 \text{ May}}$, 1589. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. iv. 171, MS.)

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even gone to England and complained to the Queen of the short-comings of those who owed him so much. His ingenious and daring exploit—the capture of Bonn—has already been narrated, but the States had neglected the proper precautions to secure that important city. It had consequently, after a six months' siege, been surrendered to the Spaniards under Prince Chimay, on the 19th of September;[1] while, in December following, the city of Wachtendonk, between the Rhine and Meuse, had fallen into Mansfeld's hands.[2] Rheinberg, the only city of the episcopate which remained to the deposed Truchsess, was soon afterwards invested by the troops of Parma, and Schenk in vain summoned the States-General to take proper measures for its defence. But with the enemy now eating his way towards the heart of Holland, and with so many dangers threatening them on every side, it was thought imprudent to go so far away to seek the enemy. So Gebhard retired in despair into Germany, and Martin did what he could to protect Rheinberg, and to fill his own coffers at the expense of the whole country side.

He had built a fort, which then and long afterwards bore his name—Schenken Schans, or Schenk's Sconce—at that important point where the Rhine, opening its two arms to enclose the "good meadow" island of Batavia, becomes on the left the Waal, while on the right it retains its ancient name; and here, on the outermost edge of the republic, and looking straight from his fastness into the fruitful fields of Munster, Westphalia, and the electorate, the industrious Martin devoted himself with advantage to his favourite pursuits.

On the 7th of August, on the heath of Lippe, he had attacked a body of Spanish musketeers, more than a thousand

[1] Strada, X. 584-595. Coloma, I. 12-14. Bor, III. xxv. 328.

[2] Strada, X. 599, who states that bomb-shells—which he elaborately describes, were first used at this siege of Wachtendonk. They had been invented, he says, a few days before its commencement, by an artizan of Venlo, for his own misfortune and that of his city; for he set the town of Venlo on fire, and burned down two-thirds of it, by a premature explosion of his new projectiles.

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strong, who were protecting a convoy of provisions, treasure, and furniture, sent by Farnese to Verdugo, royal governor of Friesland. Schenk, without the loss of a single man, had put the greater part of these Spaniards and Walloons to the sword, and routed the rest. The leader of the expedition, Colonel Aristotle Patton, who had once played him so foul a trick in the surrender of Gelder, had soon taken to flight, when he found his ancient enemy upon him, and, dashing into the Lippe, had succeeded, by the strength and speed of his horse, in gaining the opposite bank, and effecting his escape. Had he waited many minutes longer it is probable that the treacherous Aristotle would have passed a comfortless half-hour with his former comrade. Treasure to the amount of seven thousand crowns in gold, five hundred horses, with jewels, plate, and other articles of value, were the fruit of this adventure, and Schenk returned with his followers, highly delighted, to Schenkenschans,[1] and sent the captured Spanish colours to her Majesty of England as a token.[2]

7 Aug. 1589.

A few miles below his fortress was Nymegen, and towards that ancient and wealthy city Schenk had often cast longing eyes. It still held for the King, although on the very confines of Batavia; but while acknowledging the supremacy of Philip, it claimed the privileges of the empire. From earliest times it had held its head very high among imperial towns, had been one of the three chief residences of the Emperor Charlemagne, and still paid the annual tribute of a glove full of pepper to the German empire.[3]

On the evening of the 10th of August, 1589, there was a wedding-feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festivities were prolonged until deep in the midsummer's night, and harp and viol were still inspiring the feet of the dancers, when on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday-groups, appeared the grim visage of Martin Schenk, the man

[1] Strada, X. 630, 631. Coloma, II. 26-27. Bor, III. xxvi. 459. Bodley to Walsingham, $\frac{2}{12}$ Aug. 1589. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. v. p. 60. MS.)

[2] Bodley to Burghley, $\frac{20}{30}$ Aug. 1589. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. iv. p. 55, MS.)

[3] Guicciardini, *in voce*.

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who never smiled. Clad in no wedding-garment, but in armour of proof, with morion on head, and sword in hand, the great freebooter strode heavily through the ball-room, followed by a party of those terrible musketeers who never gave or asked for quarter, while the affrighted revellers fluttered away before them.

Taking advantage of a dark night, he had just dropped down the river from his castle, with five-and-twenty barges, had landed with his most trusted soldiers in the foremost vessels, had battered down the gate of St. Anthony, and surprised and slain the guard. Without waiting for the rest of his boats, he had then stolen with his comrades through the silent streets, and torn away the lattice-work, and other slight defences on the rear of the house which they had now entered, and through which they intended to possess themselves of the market-place. Martin had long since selected this mansion as a proper position for his enterprise, but he had not been bidden to the wedding, and was somewhat disconcerted when he found himself on the festive scene which he had so grimly interrupted. Some of the merry-makers escaped from the house, and proceeded to alarm the town; while Schenk hastily fortified his position, and took possession of the square. But the burghers and garrison were soon on foot, and he was driven back into the house. Three times he recovered the square by main strength of his own arm, seconded by the handful of men whom he had brought with him, and three times he was beaten back by overwhelming numbers into the wedding mansion. The arrival of the greater part of his followers, with whose assistance he could easily have mastered the city in the first moments of surprise, was mysteriously delayed. He could not account for their prolonged absence, and was meanwhile supported only by those who had arrived with him in the foremost barges.

The truth—of which he was ignorant—was, that the remainder of the flotilla, borne along by the strong and deep current of the Waal, then in a state of freshet, had shot past the landing-place, and had ever since been vainly struggling

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against wind and tide to force their way back to the necessary point. Meantime Schenk and his followers fought desperately in the market-place, and desperately in the house which he had seized. But a whole garrison, and a town full of citizens in arms proved too much for him, and he was now hotly besieged in the mansion, and at last driven forth into the streets.

By this time day was dawning, the whole population, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and children, were thronging about the little band of marauders, and assailing them with every weapon and every missile to be found. Schenk fought with his usual ferocity, but at last the musketeers, in spite of his indignant commands, began rapidly to retreat towards the quay. In vain Martin stormed and cursed, in vain with his own hand he struck more than one of his soldiers dead.[1] He was swept along with the panic-stricken band, and when, shouting and gnashing his teeth with frenzy, he reached the quay at last, he saw at a glance why his great enterprise had failed. The few empty barges of his own party were moored at the steps; the rest were half a mile off, contending hopelessly against the swollen and rapid Waal. Schenk, desperately wounded, was left almost alone upon the wharf, for his routed followers had plunged helter skelter into the boats, several of which, overladen in the panic, sank at once, leaving the soldiers to drown or struggle with the waves. The game was lost. Nothing was left the freebooter but retreat. Reluctantly turning his back on his enemies, now in full cry close behind him, Schenk sprang into the last remaining boat just pushing from the quay. Already overladen, it foundered with his additional weight, and Martin Schenk, encumbered with his heavy armour, sank at once to the bottom of the Waal.[2]

Some of the fugitives succeeded in swimming down the

[1] Schencius irâ furens et frendens . . . . . suorum nonnullis sua manu interemptis," &c. Strada, X. 632.

[2] Bor, III. xxvi. 459-460. Wagenaar, viii. 307, 308. Strada, X. 631-633. Coloma, II. 27. Bodley to Walsingham, $\frac{3}{13}$ Aug. 1589. (S. P. Office MS.) Bentivoglio, II. v. 335. Harsel Tum. Belg. III. 425.

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stream, and were picked up by their comrades in the barges below the town, and so made their escape. Many were drowned with their captain. A few days afterwards, the inhabitants of Nymegen fished up the body of the famous partisan. He was easily recognized by his armour, and by his truculent face, still wearing the scowl with which he had last rebuked his followers. His head was taken off at once, and placed on one of the turrets of the town, and his body, divided in four, was made to adorn other portions of the battlements; so that the burghers were enabled to feast their eyes on the remnants of the man at whose name the whole country had so often trembled.

This was the end of Sir Martin Schenk of Niddegem, knight, colonel, and brigand; save that ultimately his dissevered limbs were packed in a chest, and kept in a church-tower, until Maurice of Nassau, in course of time becoming master of Nymegen, honoured the valiant and on the whole faithful freebooter with a Christian and military burial.[1]

A few months later (October, 1589) another man who had been playing an important part in the Netherlands' drama lost his life. Count Moeurs and Niewenaar, stadholder of Utrecht, Gelderland, and Overyssel, while inspecting some newly-invented fireworks, was suddenly killed by their accidental ignition and explosion.[2] His death left vacant three great stadholderates, which before long were to be conferred upon a youth whose power henceforth was rapidly to grow greater.

The misunderstanding between Holland and England continuing, Olden-Barneveld, Aerssens, and Buys, refusing to see that they had done wrong in denouncing the Dutch and English traitors who had sold Gertruydenberg to the enemy, and the Queen and her counsellors persisting in their anger

[1] Bor, Wagenaar, Strada, *ubi sup.* "The townsmen since have fished for Schenk, and found him in his armour, and since have cut him in quarters and set him on their gates; which extraordinary inhumanity doth so exasperate the States as they will publish an edict upon it, that no quarter shall be kept with Nymegen." Bodley to Walsingham, $\frac{9}{19}$ Aug. 1589. (S. P. Office MS.)

[2] Bor, III. xxvi. 480.

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at so insolent a proceeding, it may easily be supposed that there was no great heartiness in the joint expedition against Spain, which had been projected in the autumn of 1588, and was accomplished in the spring and summer of 1589.

Nor was this well-known enterprise fruitful of any remarkable result. It had been decided to carry the war into Spain itself, and Don Antonio, prior of Crato, bastard of Portugal, and pretender to its crown, had persuaded himself and the English government that his name would be potent to conjure with in that kingdom, hardly yet content with the Spanish yoke. Supported by a determined force of English and Dutch adventurers, he boasted that he should excite a revolution by the magic of his presence, and cause Philip's throne to tremble, in return for the audacious enterprise of that monarch against England.

If a foray were to be made into Spain, no general and no admiral could be found in the world so competent to the adventure as Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake. They were accompanied, too, by Sir Edward Norris, and another of those 'chickens of Mars,' Henry Norris; by the indomitable and ubiquitous Welshman, Roger Williams, and by the young Earl of Essex, whom the Queen in vain commanded to remain at home, and who, somewhat to the annoyance of the leaders of the expedition, concealed himself from her Majesty's pursuit, and at last embarked in a vessel which he had equipped, in order not to be cheated of his share in the hazard and the booty. "If I speed well," said the spendthrift but valiant youth, "I will adventure to be rich; if not, I will never live to see the end of my poverty."[1]

But no great riches were to be gathered in the expedition. With some fourteen thousand men, and one hundred and sixty vessels—of which six were the Queen's ships of war, including the famous *Revenge* and the *Dreadnought*, and the rest armed merchantmen, English, and forty Hollanders—and with a contingent of fifteen hundred Dutchmen under

[1] Essex to the Vice-Chamberlain, March, 1589, in Barrow's 'Life of Drake,' 377.

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Nicolas van Meetkerke and Van Laen, the adventurers set sail from Plymouth on the 18th of April, 1589. 18 April, 1589.

They landed at Coruña—at which place they certainly could not expect to create a Portuguese revolution, which was the first object of the expedition—destroyed some shipping in the harbour, captured and sacked the lower town, and were repulsed in the upper; marched with six thousand men to Burgos, crossed the bridge at push of pike, and routed ten thousand Spaniards under Andrada and Altamira—Edward Norris receiving a desperate blow on the head at the passage of the bridge, and being rescued from death by his brother John—took sail for the south after this action, in which they had killed a thousand Spaniards, and had lost but two men of their own; were joined off Cape Finisterre by Essex; landed a force at Peniche, the castle of which place surrendered to them, and acknowledged the authority of Don Antonio; and thence marched with the main body of the troops, under Sir John Norris, forty-eight miles to Lisbon, while Drake, with the fleet, was to sail up the Tagus.

Nothing like a revolution had been effected in Portugal. No one seemed to care for the Pretender, or even to be aware that he had ever existed, except the governor of Peniche Castle, a few ragged and bare-footed peasants, who, once upon the road, shouted "Viva Don Antonio," and one old gentleman by the way side, who brought him a plate of plums. His hopes of a crown faded rapidly, and when the army reached Lisbon it had dwindled to not much more than four thousand effective men—the rest being dead of dysentery, or on the sick-list from imprudence in eating and drinking—while they found that they had made an unfortunate omission in their machinery for assailing the capital, having not a single field-piece in the whole army. Moreover, as Drake was prevented by bad weather and head-winds from sailing up the Tagus, it seemed a difficult matter to carry the city. A few cannon, and the co-operation of the fleet, were hardly to be dispensed with on such an occasion. Nevertheless it would perhaps

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have proved an easier task than it appeared—for so great was the panic within the place that a large number of the inhabitants had fled, the Cardinal Viceroy Archduke Albert had but a very insufficient guard, and there were many gentlemen of high station who were anxious to further the entrance of the English, and who were afterwards hanged or garotted for their hostile sentiments to the Spanish government.[1]

While the leaders were deliberating what course to take, they were informed that Count Fuentes and Henriquez de Guzman, with six thousand men, lay at a distance of two miles from Lisbon, and that they had been proclaiming by sound of trumpet that the English had been signally defeated before Lisbon, and that they were in full retreat.

Fired at this bravado, Norris sent a trumpet to Fuentes and Guzman, with a letter signed and sealed, giving them the lie in plainest terms, appointing the next day for a meeting of the two forces, and assuring them that when the next encounter should take place, it should be seen whether a Spaniard or an Englishman would be first to fly; while Essex, on his part, sent a note, defying either or both those boastful generals to single combat. Next day the English army took the field, but the Spaniards retired before them; and nothing came of this exchange of cartels, save a threat on the part of Fuentes to hang the trumpeter who had brought the messages. From the execution of this menace he refrained, however, on being assured that the deed would be avenged by the death of the Spanish prisoner of highest rank then in English hands, and thus the trumpeter escaped.

Soon afterwards the fleet set sail from the Tagus, landed, and burned Vigo on their way homeward, and returned to Plymouth about the middle of July.

Of the thirteen thousand came home six thousand, the rest having perished of dysentery and other disorders. They had braved and insulted Spain, humbled her generals, defied her power, burned some defenceless villages, frightened the peasantry, set fire to some shipping, destroyed wine, oil, and other

[1] Bor, III. xxvi. 439.

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merchandize, and had divided among the survivors of the expedition, after landing in England, five shillings a head prize-money; but they had not effected a revolution in Portugal. Don Antonio had been offered nothing by his faithful subjects but a dish of plums—so that he retired into obscurity from that time forward—and all this was scarcely a magnificent result for the death of six or seven thousand good English and Dutch soldiers, and the outlay of considerable treasure.

As a freebooting foray—and it was nothing else—it could hardly be thought successful; although it was a splendid triumph compared with the result of the long and loudly heralded Invincible Armada.[1]

In France, great events during the remainder of 1588 and the following year, and which are well known even to the most superficial student of history, had much changed the aspect of European affairs. It was fortunate for the two com-

[1] For particulars of this expedition, see Camden, IV. 429-433. Stowe, 751-756. Barrow's 'Life of Drake,' with the letters of Drake, Norris, and others, 335-379. Bor, III. xxvi. 430-443. Herrera, III. v. 170, *seq.*

Sir Roger Williams to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Secretary Walsingham, July, 1589: (S. P. Office MS.)—

"Had we gone to Lisbon," says the Welsh knight, "and not touched at the Groyne, we had found the town unprovided with men of war; in such sort, with the favour of God, we had carried it away without blows . . . . We have returned the most of our ships into England that *should have been* laden with rich merchandise and great treasure. With that lading, our sovereign and your honours might have returned our shipping unto us with a new supply. In going into the Groyne, we lost a number of brave men in dislodging. At the least 2000 took their course—some for England, some for France. There we took our sickness, partly by the hot winds, but chiefly by the old clothes and baggage of those which returned with the Duke of Medina out of England. There we lost many a day, in the which time the enemy arrived, and placed his forces where he thought most necessariest, chiefly in Lisbon. Notwithstanding, when we arrived, we gave the law in the field, that none durst fight with us, in twelve days, with 5000 footmen, and, God knows, poor people, save 2000, and those all volunteers. All the horsemen we had amounted not to 45; we had not any Portuguese to speak of, and such as we had did us more hurt than good. . . . . Some will say, How could you have kept Lisbon? Believe it not. With six thousand we would have kept it against all Spain and Portugal. . . . . Our journey was most honourable and profitable unto our sovereign and estate. First, and principally, the world will speak how 5000 Englishmen dared the Spaniards to battle at the gates of Lisbon—not stealing, but after giving leave to arm two months; for the world must think they knew where we meant to direct our course, when Don Antonio dislodged from his house at London," &c. &c.

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monwealths of Holland and England, engaged in the great struggle for civil and religious liberty, and national independence, that the attention of Philip became more and more absorbed—as time wore on—with the affairs of France. It seemed necessary for him firmly to establish his dominion in that country before attempting once more the conquest of England, or the recovery of the Netherlands. For France had been brought more nearly to anarchy and utter decomposition than ever. Henry III., after his fatal forgiveness of the deadly offence of Guise, felt day by day more keenly that he had transferred his sceptre—such as it was—to that dangerous intriguer. Bitterly did the King regret having refused the prompt offer of Alphonse Corse on the day of the barricades; for now, so long as the new generalissimo should live, the luckless Henry felt himself a superfluity in his own realm. The halcyon days were for ever past, when, protected by the swords of Joyeuse and of Epernon, the monarch of France could pass his life playing at cup and ball, or snipping images out of pasteboard, or teaching his parrots to talk, or his lap-dogs to dance. His royal occupations were gone, and murder now became a necessary preliminary to any future tranquillity or enjoyment. Discrowned as he felt himself already, he knew that life or liberty was only held by him now at the will of Guise. The assassination of the Duke in December was the necessary result of the barricades in May; and accordingly that assassination was arranged with an artistic precision of which the world had hardly suspected the Valois to be capable, and which Philip himself might have envied.

The story of the murders of Blois—the destruction of Guise and his brother the Cardinal, and the subsequent imprisonment of the Archbishop of Lyons, the Cardinal Bourbon, and the Prince de Joinville, now, through the death of his father, become the young Duke of Guise—all these events are too familiar in the realms of history, song, romance, and painting, to require more than this slight allusion here.

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Never had an assassination been more technically successful; yet its results were not commensurate with the monarch's hopes. The deed which he had thought premature in May was already too late in December. His mother denounced his cruelty now, as she had, six months before, execrated his cowardice. And the old Queen, seeing that her game was played out—that the cards had all gone against her—that her son was doomed, and her own influence dissolved in air, felt that there was nothing left for her but to die. In a week she was dead, and men spoke no more of Catharine de' Medici, and thought no more of her than if—in the words of a splenetic contemporary—"she had been a dead she-goat."[1] Paris howled with rage when it learned the murders of Blois, and the sixteen quarters became more furious than ever against the Valois. Some wild talk there was of democracy and republicanism after the manner of Switzerland, and of dividing France into cantons—and there was an earnest desire on the part of every grandee, every general, every soldier of fortune, to carve out a portion of French territory with his sword, and to appropriate it for himself and his heirs. Disintegration was making rapid progress, and the epoch of the last Valois seemed more dark and barbarous than the times of the degenerate Carlovingians had been. The letter-writer of the Escorial, who had earnestly warned his faithful Mucio,[2] week after week, that dangers were impending over him, and that "some trick would be played upon him," should he venture into the royal presence, now acquiesced in his assassination, and placidly busied himself with fresh combinations and newer tools.

Baffled, hunted, scorned by all beside, the luckless Henry now threw himself into the arms of the Béarnese—the man who could and would have protected him long before, had the King been capable of understanding their relative positions

[1] 'L'Etoile.'

[2] A. 56. 148. Arch. de Simancas, [at Paris,] MS. *passim*.

E. g., "Con Mucio a quien siempre aconsejad que mire por si y no se dexe engañar y *hazer alguna burla*, pues anda a tanto peligro." And, in the King's own hand, "Y se acuerde de su padre." Philip to Mendoza, 3 Sept. 1588, MS.

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and his own true interests. Could the Valois have conceived the thought of religious toleration, his throne even then might have been safe. But he preferred playing the game of the priests and bigots, who execrated his name and were bent upon his destruction. At last, at Plessis les Tours, the Béarnese, in his shabby old chamois jacket and his well-dinted cuirass took the silken Henry in his arms, and the two—the hero and the fribble—swearing eternal friendship, proceeded to besiege Paris. A few weeks later, the dagger of Jacques Clément put an end for ever to the line of Valois.[1] Luckless Henry III. slept with his forefathers, and Henry of Bourbon and Navarre proclaimed himself King of France. Catharine and her four sons had all past away at last, and it would be a daring and a dexterous schemer who should now tear the crown, for which he had so long and so patiently waited, from the iron grasp of the Béarnese. Philip had a more difficult game than ever to play in France. It would be hard for him to make valid the claims of the Infanta and any husband he might select for her to the crown of her grandfather Henry II. It seemed simple enough for him, while waiting the course of events, to set up a royal effigy before the world in the shape of an effete old Cardinal Bourbon, to pour oil upon its head and to baptize it Charles X.; but meantime the other Bourbon was no effigy, and he called himself Henry IV.

2 Aug., 1589.

It was easy enough for Paris, and Madam League, and Philip the Prudent, to cry wo upon the heretic; but the cheerful

[1] The spelling of the sixteenth century, in all European languages, was capricious and unsettled; yet the fittle note in which the Duchess Mary of Luxemburg announced the death of Henry III. is a curiosity, even for that age;—

"Qui la ette tue—sa ette par un Jacobin qui luy a donne dun cou de pissetolle dan la tayte. Ill i a dotre nouvelle beaucoup avantajeuse pour les bon Catolique. jay donne charge a se deporteur de les vous dire." Duchess Maria de Luxembourg au Commandeur Moreo, 9 Aug. 1589. (Archivo de Simancas, MS.)

Philip's wonderful comment on the words "pissetolle" and "tayte" in this communication, has been already published, but will bear repetition:—

"Perhaps," he wrote with his own hand, "'pissetolle' is some kind of knife, and 'tayte,' I don't know if it can be anything else than head, which is not 'tayte,' but 'tete' or 'teyte,' as you know."

"Quizá es alguna manera de cuchillo, y la tayte no sé si podria ser otra coza que cabeza, qui no es tayte, sino tete, o teyte, como sabreys."

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leader of the Huguenots was a philosopher, who in the days of St. Bartholomew had become orthodox to save his life, and who was already "instructing himself" anew in order to secure his crown. Philip was used to deal with fanatics, and had often been opposed by a religious bigotry as fierce as his own; but he might perhaps be baffled by a good-humoured free-thinker, who was to teach him a lesson in political theology of which he had never dreamed.

The Leaguers were not long in doubt as to the meaning of "instruction," and they were thoroughly persuaded that—so soon as Henry IV. should reconcile himself with Rome—their game was likely to become desperate.

Nevertheless prudent Philip sat in his elbow-chair, writing his apostilles, improving himself and his secretaries in orthography, but chiefly confining his attention to the affairs of France. The departed Mucio's brother Mayenne was installed as chief stipendiary of Spain and lieutenant-general for the League in France, until Philip should determine within himself in what form to assume the sovereignty of that kingdom. It might be questionable however whether that corpulent Duke, who spent more time in eating than Henry IV. did in sleeping, and was longer in reading a letter than Henry in winning a battle, were likely to prove a very dangerous rival —even with all Spain at his back—to the lively Béarnese. But time would necessarily be consumed before the end was reached, and time and Philip were two. Henry of Navarre and France was ready to open his ears to instruction; but even he had declared, several years before, that "a religion was not to be changed like a shirt." So while the fresh garment was airing for him at Rome, and while he was leisurely stripping off the old, he might perhaps be taken at a disadvantage. Fanaticism on both sides, during this process of instruction, might be roused. The Huguenots on their part might denounce the treason of their great chief, and the Papists, on theirs, howl at the hypocrisy of the pretended conversion. But Henry IV. had philosophically prepared himself for the denunciations of the Protestants, while determined to protect

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them against the persecutions of the Romanism to which he meant to give his adhesion. While accepting the title of renegade, together with an undisputed crown, he was not the man to rekindle those fires of religious bigotry which it was his task to quench, now that they had lighted his way to the throne. The demands of his Catholic supporters for the exclusion from the kingdom of all religions but their own, were steadily refused.[1]

And thus the events of 1588 and 1589 indicated that the great game of despotism against freedom would be played, in the coming years, upon the soil of France. Already Elizabeth had furnished the new King with 22,000*l.* in gold—a larger sum, as he observed, than he had ever seen before in his life,[2] and the States of the Netherlands had provided him with as much more.[3] Willoughby too, and tough Roger Williams, and Baskerville, and Umpton, and Vere, with 4000 English pikemen at their back, had already made a brief but spirited campaign in France;[4] and the Duke of Parma, after recruiting his health, so far as it was possible, at Spa, was preparing himself to measure swords with that great captain of Huguenots, who now assumed the crown of his ancestors, upon the same ground. It seemed probable that for the coming years England would be safe from Spanish invasion, and that Holland would have a better opportunity than it had ever enjoyed before of securing its liberty and perfecting its political organization. While Parma, Philip, and Mayenne were fighting the Béarnese for the crown of France, there might be a fairer field for the new commonwealth of the United Netherlands.

And thus many of the personages who have figured in these volumes have already passed away. Leicester had died just after the defeat of the Armada, and the thrifty Queen, while dropping a tear upon the grave of 'sweet Robin,' had sold his goods at auction to defray his debts to herself; and Moeurs,

[1] De Thou, X. l. 89, pp. 270, 680. Péréfixe, 80, 96. 'L'Etoile,' 258, 291.
[2] Camden, IV. 436.
[3] Bodley to Burghley, 20 Aug. 1589. (Br. Mus. Galba, D. iv. p. 55, MS.)
[4] Camden, *ubi sup.*

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and Martin Schenk, and 'Mucio,' and Henry III., and Catharine de' Medici, were all dead. But Philip the Prudent remained, and Elizabeth of England, and Henry of France and Navarre, and John of Olden-Barneveld; and there was still another personage, a very young man still, but a deep-thinking, hard-working student, fagging steadily at mathematics and deep in the works of Stevinus, who, before long, might play a conspicuous part in the world's great drama. But, previously to 1590, Maurice of Nassau seemed comparatively insignificant, and he could be spoken of by courtiers as a cipher, and as an unmannerly boy just let loose from school.

END OF VOL. II.

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